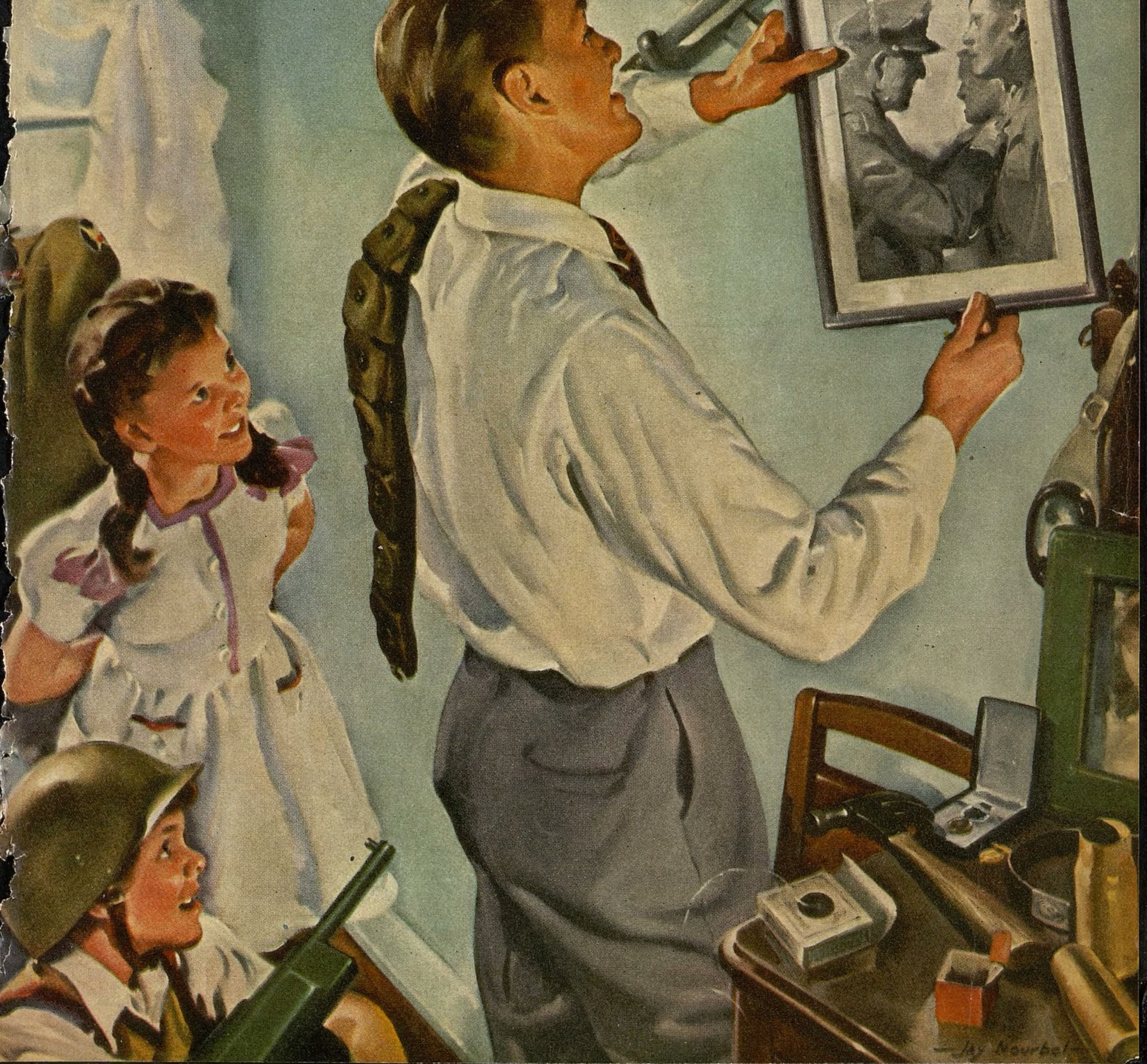
Liberty

JAN. 20, 1945 10c

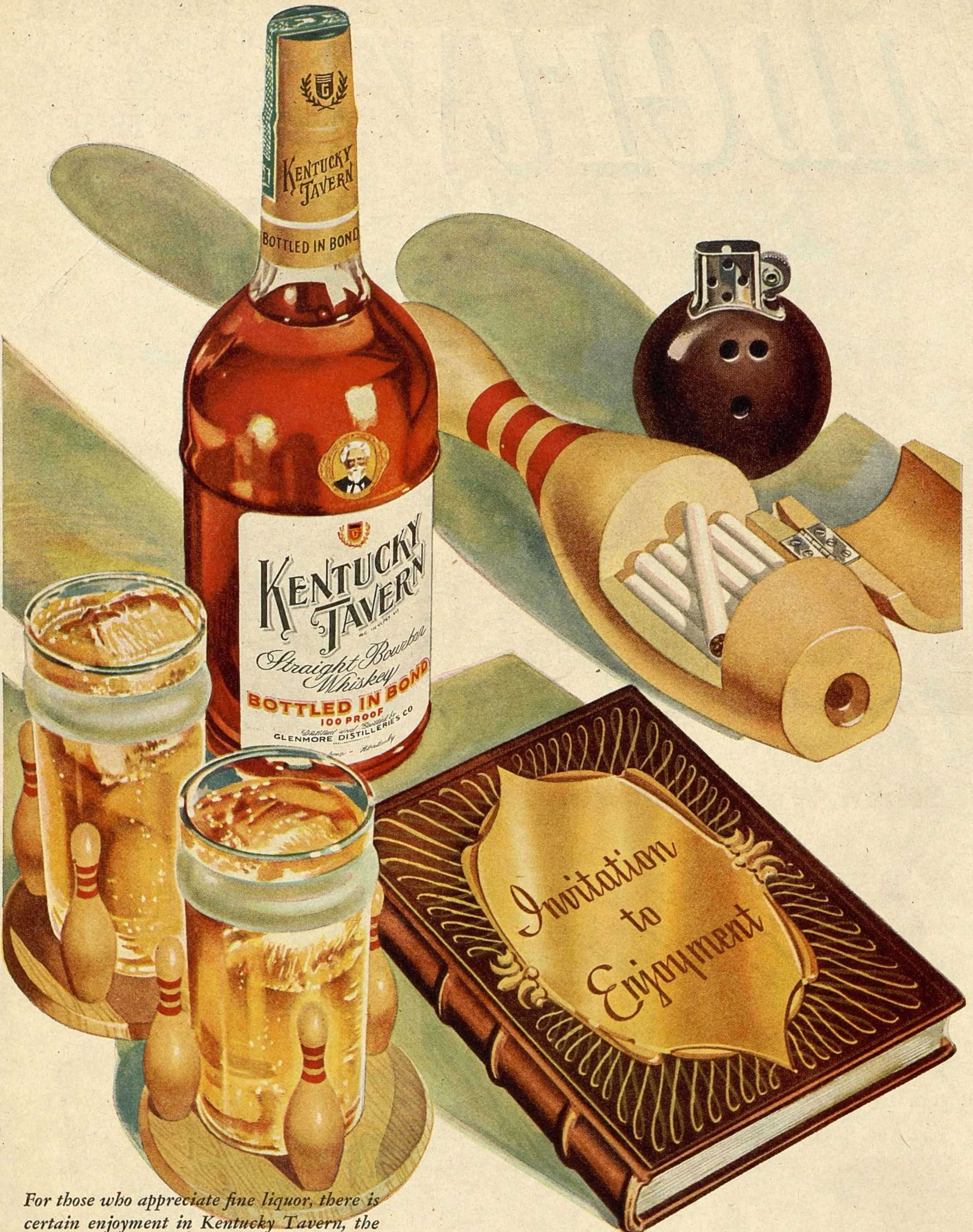
Book: THE VETERAN COMES BACK

G. I. Joe's Place in the Postwar World

DESTITUTE ITALY— An Unsolved Problem



THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Painted by Jay Nourbel

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Liberty, January 20, 1945. Vol. 22, No. 3. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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How can No. 2 help Perry Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3? Why had the victim concealed her true identity from a traffic cop? How did Diana **really** get that black eye and what does it have to do with the murder? And how can Perry Mason keep his mind on his work with so many blondes around?

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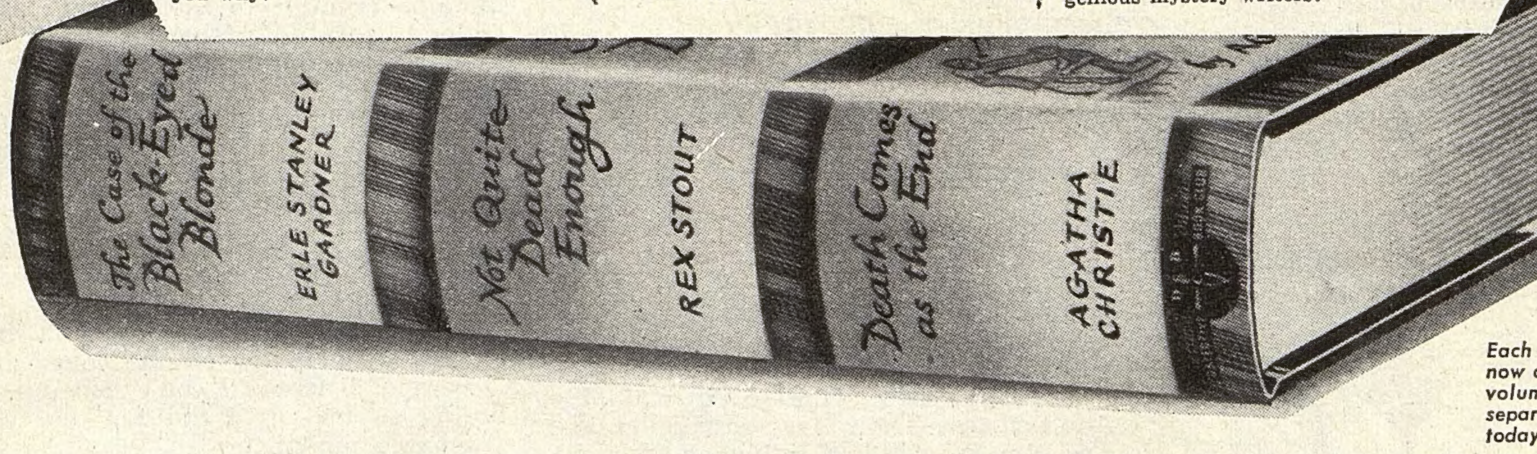
What can they do? What would **you** do? The clues are all before you. Yet if you can piece them together in a logical pattern, you may count yourself more clever than one of the world's most devilishly ingenious mystery writers!



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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

MICA

Laredo, Tex.—Being an aerial gunner I never read Liberty without reading On the Beam first, and I couldn't resist the temptation to make one little correction, which, however, doesn't pertain to flying. It was in the article about the A. T. C. and the N. A. T. S. (December 2) which stated, "From India, Brazil, and Africa comes mica, which has important war uses and is not found in the United States."

Only last month, while home on furlough, I saw my granddad dig mica out of the ground, shell it and sell it, like he has done for most his life. I know that considerable quantities are found in the mountains of western North Carolina. It was supposed to have been first mined by the Indians, and is still being mined today. *—S/Sgt. L. P., Jr.*

CONCERNING CRANE

Los Angeles, Calif.—I especially want to compliment you on the December 2 Liberty. Yours is a great magazine with an appropriate name. I want to sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for the letter in Vox Pop titled Practicin' What We Preach. You see, I am an American of Negro descent.

Another letter, The Filibuster Expert, struck a familiar note. It reminded me of a book I once glanced through. The book was once Germany's best seller—Mein Kampf, by Adolf Hitler. Their new best seller is How to Win Friends and Influence People. Mr. Crane, who wrote the letter against the Negroes, should read this book also.

Here in L. A. I went to a school where my friends consisted of white, Chinese, Mexican, Jewish, and colored heritage, but above all *American heritage.* We all got along and will continue to do so.*—Jerome Louis Goff.*

Portland, Ore.—This Billy Crane of Texarkana, Arkansas, who sounds off in Vox Pop: Is *he* an American? I mean, a citizen of the United States of North America, the nation that George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and others strove to make "the land of the *free* and the home of the *brave?"*

Has this Billy Crane any more right to the privileges of citizenship than the colored man whose antecedents in these United States *may* date back much further than his, Billy Crane's?

There are probably just as many morons and individuals lacking patriotic morals among "poor white trash" as among the colored people, whose vote can be, and *is,* bought just as cheaply down Arkansaw way.*—H. Berkeley.*

Chanute Field Hospital, Ill. — What Billy Crane wrote indicates that his mental status is narrowed down to those lower than the world's enemies, Hitler and Tojo. It can be easily seen that he is not a God-fearing man but a backbiter to the men fighting to protect his home, his kids, and his freedom to live and let live.

For what does he think this war is being fought? If he was on the line staring hot lead in the face he would examine his conscience, but good. Imagine having guys like him on the Axis front! Boy, oh, boy!—*Pvt. Benjamin J. Davis.*

CONGRESS ON THE AIR

Seattle, Wash.—Our union, The Building Service Employees International, Local No. 6, has been sponsoring since 1938 a proposal to have the proceedings of Congress broadcast to the people of the nation.

The American people have found this to be a very intriguing proposal. They feel that as long as they have to foot the bills, salaries, and expenses of a Congressman, they may as well know where he is at, what he is doing, and how he is voting on important measures that affect their lives.

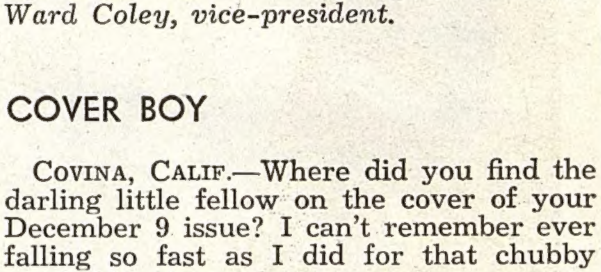
Another outstanding feature of this proposal, if enacted into law, is that it would afford all of the school children of America an opportunity to hear democracy in action. It would prepare them to accept their responsibility as citizens; they would have a very realistic understanding of the citizen's responsibility of fulfilling the duties as a citizen of our great nation.—*Ward Coley, vice-president.*

COVER BOY

Covina, Calif.—Where did you find the darling little fellow on the cover of your December 9 issue? I can't remember ever falling so fast as I did for that chubby pinchable pin-up boy.

I tore him off the magazine even before the family had a chance to read it, as I didn't want his dress whites soiled.

I am framing him and he's rating a place of honor in the nursery. Couldn't you furnish a little soldier to keep him company?



It would cool my husband's wrath, when he comes home, to find a "Gee Eye" alongside the "gob."

Incidentally, your magazine is swell, and my husband somehow finds time to read it in a foxhole in Germany. He asks me to keep them coming. I hope he doesn't mind receiving one minus the cover.—*Mrs. V. Hargrave.*

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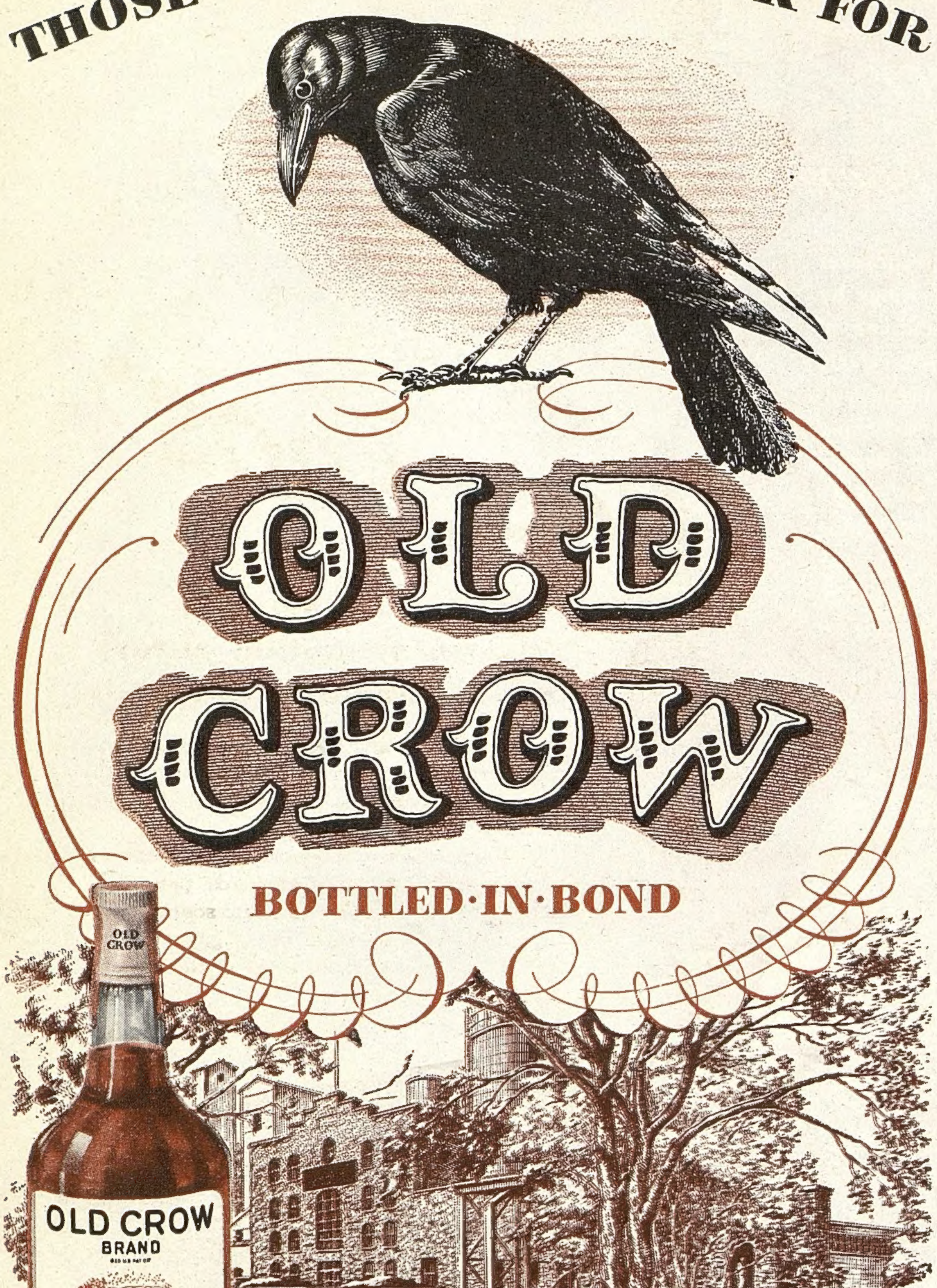
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JAN. 27, 1945 10c
Book: LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN
BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS
ARGENTINA HAS AN UNDE

NEXT WEEK

✓ LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

By Ben Ames Williams

Liberty's Book Condensation

Probably the most widely-discussed character of this season's crop of fiction is Ellen Harland, the brilliant and beautiful woman who loved her husband but had to possess him one hundred per cent, body and soul . . . or else. It took a craftsman of great skill and sincerity to write this compelling and vitally interesting story.

✓ ARGENTINA HAS AN UNDERGROUND

By Stanley Ross

The only Yankee ever to be a member of it tells how a growing underground army is fighting to restore democracy in Argentina.

✓ THEY KEPT 'EM FLYING AT TACLOBAN

By Lucien Hubbard

The air strip on Leyte was only well begun when planes from our crippled carriers showed up, desperate to land. Quick thinking turned a threatened wholesale tragedy into disaster for the Japs.

✓ BABIES ARE THEIR BUSINESS

By Ruth Moore

Matching healthy babies to just the right new homes is the business of this conscientious adoption nursery where you have to meet rigorous specifications to qualify as a foster parent.

✓ GRAPEVINE FOR OPA

By Louise Dickinson Rich

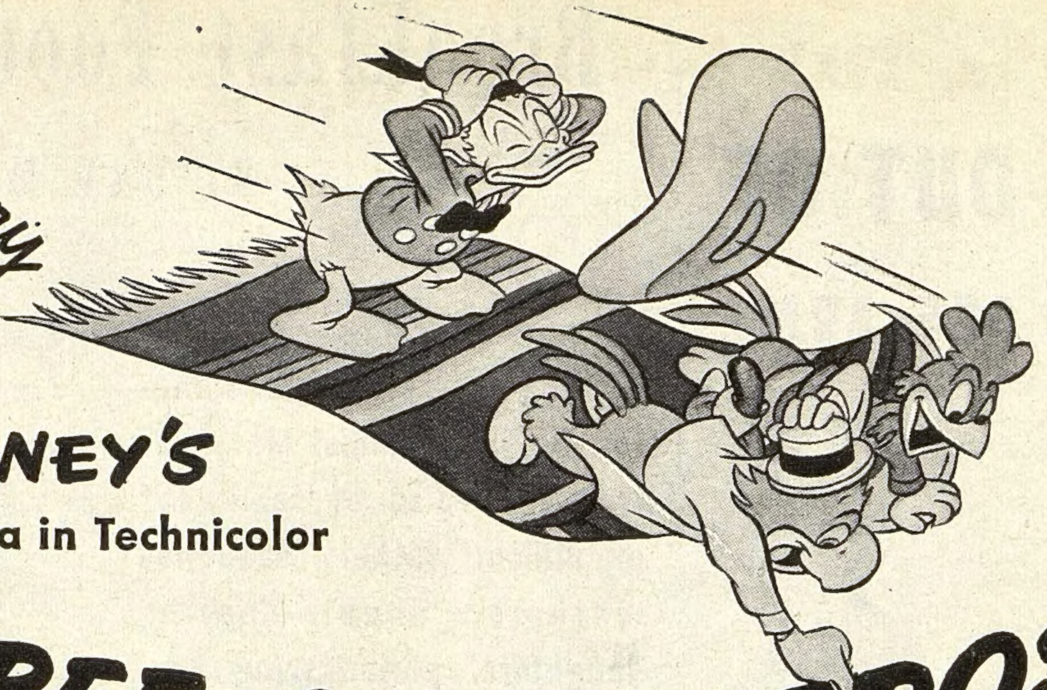
Meet a lot of plain people who were asked to do a job and are doing it the best they know how. By the author of We Took to the Woods.

✓ LOVE IN OUR TIME

By James Aswell

Building the brave new world intrigued Reni, whose husband insisted on treating her like a Southern belle. But then she found out new ideas on love-making were not so new after all!

Coming in February



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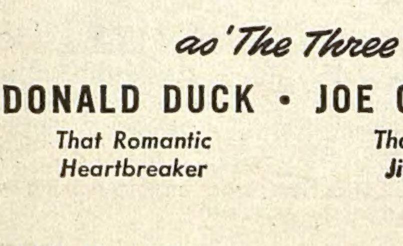
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Breakfast Food for Thought

BY RAY MACKLAND

Favorite morning newspaper reading of many Washingtonians is columnist Mary Haworth's "voice of certitude" on difficult fathers, seductive mothers, double-dealing daughters, philandering husbands, and baby-fearing wives

PHOTO FOR LIBERTY BY INTERNATIONAL

To people with problems Mary Haworth gives straight, and sometimes disconcerting, advice.

MARY HAWORTH, by her own definition a columnist on "problems of human relations," is without doubt the woman whose opinions command the most attention in the nation's capital, Mrs. Roosevelt not excepted.

Miss Haworth has been penning these opinions for the Washington Post for the past ten years, and her column might well be called Washington's favorite breakfast food for thought. Since last July she has also been writing for a national syndicate. At the latest count, her column was seeing print in thirty-three newspapers in the United States, one in Canada, and one in Puerto Rico.

She gives advice. Most writers in her field are classified, apparently without protest, as advisers to the lovelorn, but Miss Haworth abhors the word and is satisfied that it is a misnomer in her own case. Author Katharine Brush bolstered her ego with the kind statement that "this is no more a lovelorn column than Walter Lippmann's is a gossip column."

At any rate, the honesty and candor of Miss Haworth's column freshen an occupational field usually notable for its froth and slushy sentimentality. Her advice is pungent and punchy, and when it takes the form of attack, which it does not infrequently, it is devastating. Mary Haworth has a dictionary addict's love for words, and she uses them like bullets. More often than not her column adds up to a literary broadside.

This is one good reason why her column has as wide an appeal for the gentlemen as for the ladies. The late Lord Lothian, British ambassador, is supposed to have read it every day. The young men of the Naval Academy once voted her their most popular columnist and the superintendent commended her answer to a midshipman. And Joe Gish, the mythical composite Annapolis man, voted Adolf Hitler, voluptuous Burma of the comic strips, Dizzy Dean, and Miss Haworth the most interesting people, but of the four, only Miss Haworth was invited to June Week ceremonies.

Male supplicants are not unusual. There was the junior executive of a government agency who, while waiting for his fiancée to return from a late conference one night, was seduced by her mother. It should be added, not further to complicate the plot, that the mother was a widow. He pondered the gentlemanly thing to do.

Despite the fact that he was more in love with his fiancée than ever, this young executive, who in Miss Haworth's opinion had "hit a record-breaking low in the scale of human behavior," was advised to engineer a broken engagement without discussing the incident with the daughter, as he had considered doing.

Then there was the perplexed father whose motherless daughter, eighteen and married to a soldier overseas, had told him to mind his own business when he remonstrated against her double-dating with a single girl, twenty-two. Frequently they did not get home until after he had left for work, and several times he had discovered his daughter in the arms of her escort, "each time a different one," giving him "more than a good-night kiss between friends."

Miss Haworth suggested decisive action. To end the "unprincipled, undisciplined, parasitical, arrogantly self-indulgent carryings-on" (remember, she loves words), she recommended that the father deny the young wife "the financial support and protection of your home."

An uproar resulted. A mother who considered it the duty of "the older generation to do all we can to help the present generation of young people who did not bring any of the tragedies of war upon themselves" protested that "there are two things you seem not to be—a parent and a Christian."

Sentimental bilge, retorted Miss Haworth, pointing out that her critic definitely was at least fifty per cent wrong: "I am a parent; it is open to debate, of course, as to whether I am a Christian."

While Miss Haworth's loyal readers were flocking to the defense of her Christianity, the father had shown his daughter the column and she had flounced out of his home without even a good-by. Soon she and her girl friend were broke in a Midwestern city and the friend tried to persuade her to prostitution. Disillusioned, she called her father. His second letter to Miss Haworth told of his daughter's return to church work. "Take it from me," he declared, "you are a very good Christian."

In this connection, the minister of a historic Washington church once pointed out that she deals with many folks who would never think of approaching a clergyman, and yet her work is essentially a religious work.

As a mother confessor, Miss Haworth, deadly earnest, conscientious, sincere, draws chiefly upon her sound common sense and wide reading for her answers, since her college training consisted of only a few scattered part-time courses. She believes seeking advice is a natural, healthy, potentially salvation-bringing impulse, because so few can sit in judgment on their own confusions. As if in awe of the responsibility, she never for a moment drops her seriousness, although sometimes the question seems to cry for a frivolous response.

THE gravity of her counsel is probably a reflection of the fact that for Mary Haworth life hasn't been easy. When she began writing her column for the Washington Post ten years ago, she might well have been asking for advice instead of giving it.

Her own brief, unhappy marriage had just ended in failure, and to support two baby daughters the young mother—she won't tell her age even to Who's Who—had taken a job in the Post's women's department. Once, as the first girl reporter on a small daily in her native Ohio, it had been her assignment to produce forty stories a day. She wasn't too upset, therefore, when a Post executive requested that in addition to other chores which ate up as much as fourteen hours a day by her own choice, she handle a new heart-problem column every Sunday for lady readers.

As a society writer aspiring to a straight news-reporting job, she was a little ashamed of her new role and refused to sign the column with her own name, Elizabeth Young, which she used on feature stories. (Actually her name is Mary Elizabeth Young.) For oracular purposes she became Mary Haworth, a combination of her own first name and the last name of a family she had known in her girlhood. Moreover, Haworth had a fine literary flavor even if the Brontë sisters did pronounce it Hah instead of Hay.

At first she had no problems to solve, so she shopped around among Post staff members for difficult situations in the abstract. Her amateurish diagnoses pleased the management at least, because in a month the column was stepped up to a daily feature. A week later she received her first problem from a reader, but the first year she many times had to fall back on hypothetical cases, a practice she deplores now.

In those early days, too, she was greatly concerned by problems who appeared in person. After the first few who said, "Somehow, I'd expected a much older person," she always wanted to dodge visitors because she knew they would be disappointed "finding only me." Problem people, Miss Haworth imagined, expected an important-looking lady with a large bosom and a noble countenance. She had neither.

But success breeds confidence, and she began to regain her professional self-respect when she discovered that, as she phrases it, "highly intelligent men in the professions customarily respected" were reading and discussing her column. Capital folk today swear her column is the best of its kind in the country, and she has been recognized by the latest edition of Who's Who. In her own opinion, though, the finest testimonial to her work was her older soldier brother's eagerness to disclose to North African tentmates, who had picked up an old copy of the Post, that Mary Haworth was his sister. She thinks her brother was a pretty brave soldier.

Yet, to most of Washington, Mary Haworth is only a name. Despite her wide professional popularity, she is personally obscure and unspectacular in appearance and manner. At work, she has kept so much to herself that many fellow staff members still wouldn't recognize her on the street. She rarely accepts speaking engagements and gave up the dreaded personal interviews long ago.

Assertedly because of lack of time, but presumably also because of lack of inclination, her social life is pretty barren. She has conquered her natural timidity to the extent that she is able to speak of her column with a proud, possessive aggressiveness and write it with a voice of authority, but personal forcefulness is still an effort.

Until the syndication of her column, her morning-paper day usually began around noon at the office, and ended with dinner at eight. In July she started working at home, in her third-story old Georgetown flat, but she is ready to go back to the office, fearing that she may become even more ingrown.

HER daughters, Mary Elizabeth, twelve, and Amelia Ann, eleven, are home from school only about every other week-end. Their flat has no cooking facilities, so Miss Haworth has little to do but write and read books, and the books, if recommended in her column, invariably become Washington best sellers. She tries to write a column a day six times a week. After selecting one letter for each column, she throws the others away or refers them to agencies. "My profession is writing," she explains. "There are men and women educated and prepared for careers as personal counselors."

Miss Haworth's style is, oddly, a combination of eighteenth-century prose and modern slang—slang which she learned

(Continued on page 75)

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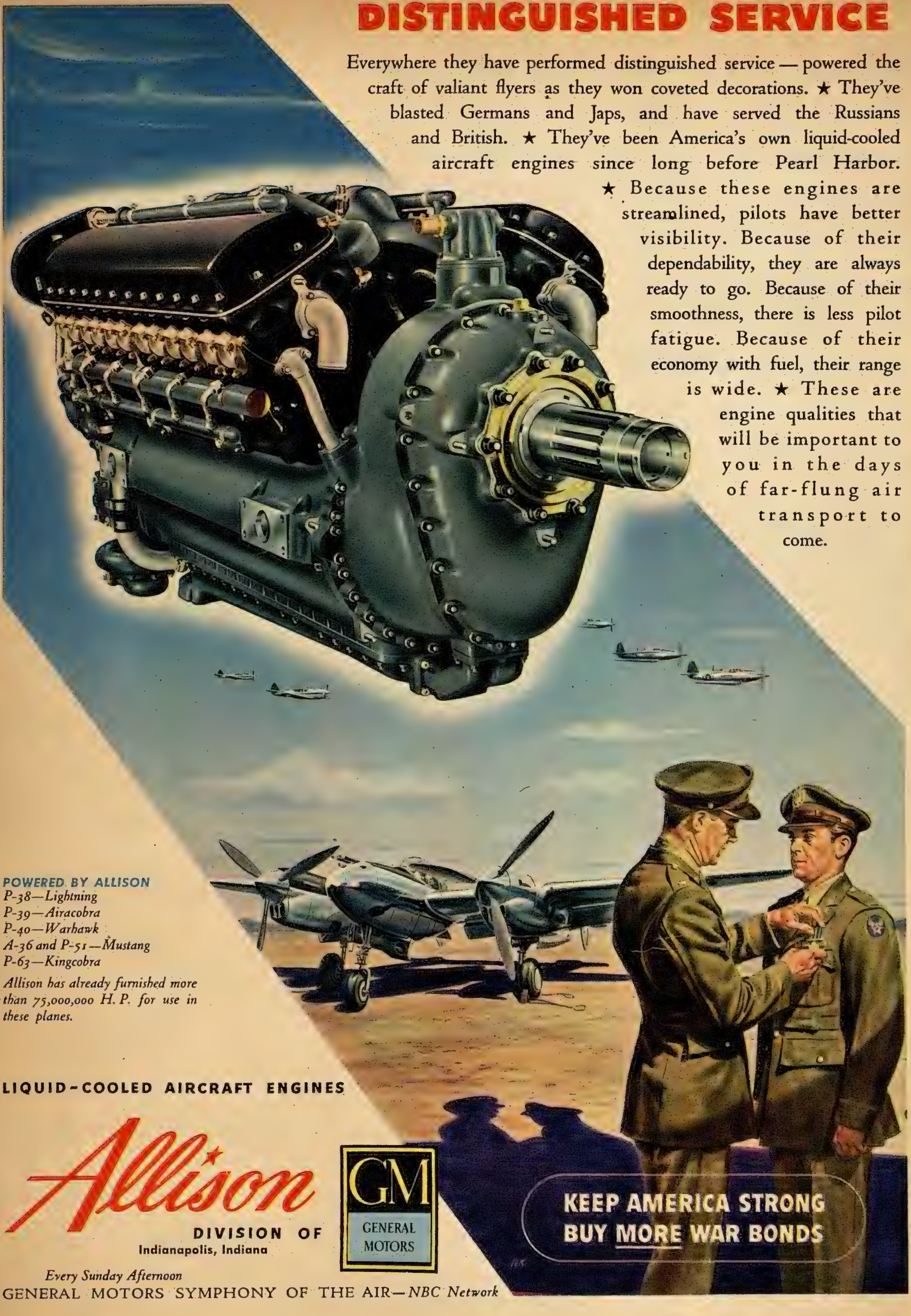

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

One of the twin-engined transport types that make up TAG's big fleet is the Curtiss C-46 Commando, wingspread 108 feet, speed more than 250 m. p. h.

"Victory Line"—and So It Is!

Far out in the forward area of the Central Pacific is a military air-line system that, for my money, has done one of the outstanding aviation jobs of the war. This air line is called TAG, which stands for Transport Air Group. Its slogan is "The Victory Line," and under the nose of each transport plane in its sizable fleet is painted a white tag with the painted string curling up around the plane's nose.

TAG is only a little more than a year old, but has already moved its headquarters a half dozen times. It advances with the front lines a thousand miles at a time. When I visited the headquarters they were on Saipan, but TAG well knows that Saipan is just a steppingstone.

Believe it or not, TAG is Marine, Army, and Navy all in one. It's a sort of task-force air line serving the forward area command, and it works for all military services as the needs require. It operates 100 per cent over water, but has no operation either to Honolulu or to the mainland; it's a fluid, flexible system without a connection with the home base and without a permanent stopping point. Its planes are Marine and Army, its administration is Marine, and its ground personnel, Navy.

But TAG Has No Press Agent

After flying all over the Pacific on every air-transport service in that vast area, I concluded that if I were to award a medal to the air-transport unit doing the best single job under the toughest wartime conditions, I would nominate TAG. Yet TAG is almost unknown outside of the Marianas, the Marshalls, and the Gilberts. It has no public relations director. I was the first war correspondent to pay it a visit. The TAG men are thinking only of getting a vital war job done, and they let the others take the bows.

When TAG was organized more than a year ago, it was based in the South Pacific. It was then known as CENCATS, which stood for Central Pacific Combat Air Service. Last April the name was changed. When the Gilberts and the Marshalls were taken, TAG was right in the thick of things, evacuating wounded and carrying in supplies and mail. When Saipan, Tinian, and Guam were invaded, TAG was the first air line to arrive with a transport plane to take out wounded and start a regular system of transportation.

TAG has a big fleet of twin-engined transports, the majority being Douglas C-47 twin-engined types and the remainder being Curtiss C-46 Commandos, also twin-engined. Five years ago such an over-water operation with twin-engined aircraft would have been considered foolhardy. But in more than a year's operation of carrying enormous loads of wounded, passengers, mail and cargo, not one single passenger or member of the TAG personnel has even been wounded. The safety record has been 100 per cent. If you don't think this means something, consider that in a recent forty-five-day period TAG carried three and a half *billion* pound miles of passengers, mail, and freight.

The longest nonstop hop is 997 nautical miles over nothing but water. That's real flying with twin-engined transports. But TAG transports operate on regular schedule from the Gilberts to the Marshalls and on to the Marianas, and very often the routes pass islands still held by the Japs.

I flew with TAG from Saipan to Guam and return. It's only about 125 miles each way. But it's all over water. First, a stop is made on near-by Tinian Island, and then the plane takes off for Guam and must fly

(*Continued on page 15*)

DYNAMITE DAVE GETS A "STAY-MOIST" SHAVE
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SURE STAYS MOIST, KEEPS WHISKERS SOFT FOR AN EASIER SHAVE
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(Continued from page 13)

right by the island of Rota, which is still heavily populated by Japs. I could see the nice airfield with its paved runway on Rota, but fortunately the Japs have no airplanes to fly off it. The TAG planes remain a discreet distance offshore, but a forced landing would not be too healthy. If a plane flies over Rota, the Jap ack-ack is plentiful from the ground.

TAG's excellent safety record is about the finest tribute that could be paid to American airplanes and aircraft engines and to the pilot training provided under contract to the military services by the U. S. domestic air lines. All of TAG's men were given transport training by the air lines after they had completed their military training. But most of them had never been near an airplane before going into the service.

All-American Air Transport

Commanding Officer of TAG is a marine, Colonel Thomas J. McQuade, U. S. M. C., of El Centro, California, onetime well-known University of Maryland football star. Colonel McQuade does not operate out of any plush office. His tent is his headquarters, and when I visited him it was in a sea of mud. The only convenience he enjoyed was an electric refrigerator. But he has a football-team spirit in his group which brings results: the TAG morale was the highest I saw anywhere in the Pacific.

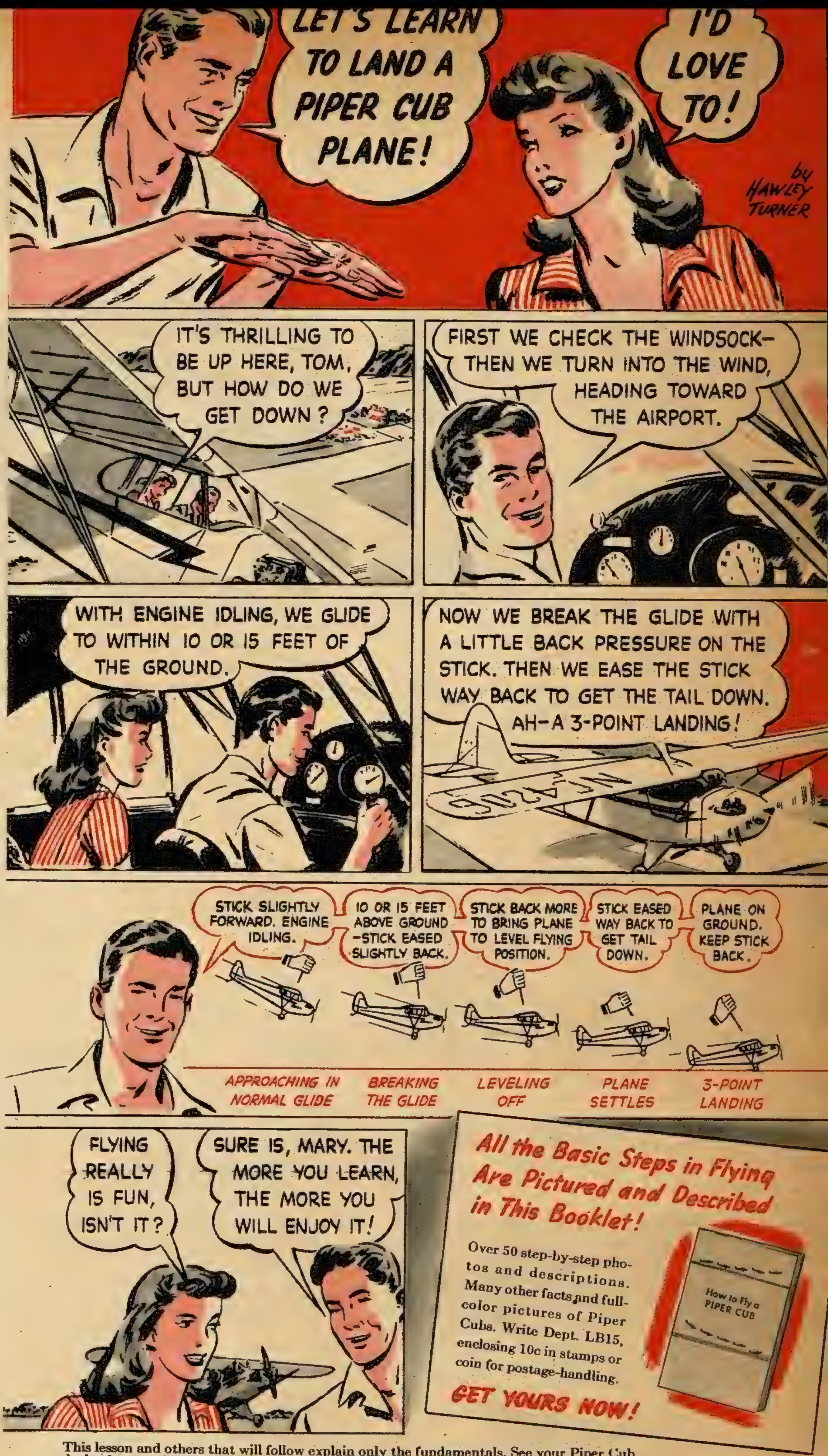
Such famous football stars as Lieutenant Bill Johnson, U. S. M. C. R., who played in the Rose Bowl for the University of Washington; Captain Bill Howland, U. S. M. C. R., who played there for Georgia Tech; Captain Chuck Myers, U. S. M. C. R., who starred for the University of Wisconsin; and Captain Red Corley, U. S. M. C. R., who played with Cornell, are among the TAG pilots.

TAG has no hangars. It has no maintenance shop, all servicing being done in the open. It can't overhaul its engines, so it merely changes the engines and sends the old ones to the mainland by sea for overhauling. Its "offices" are in an old Jap wooden structure open to the four winds. For plane mile operated, it probably has a smaller personnel than any other air line. If you saw the Navy seamen sweating, loading and unloading cargo and mailbags, and saw the passengers crawl into a cargo plane and try to find a place to sit, you wouldn't think TAG was an air line—you'd think of it as a cargo-handling outfit.

Colonel McQuade's executive officer is from the Army—Major Victor C. Swearington, A. C., of Detroit, Michigan, a former mediation-board member in Illinois. The operations officer is a marine, Major Ridgway Baker, U. S. M. C. R., of Minneapolis, a naval aviator, and the operations officer of the Saipan division which I first visited was First Lieutenant Bernard C. McMahon, U. S. M. C. R., of Morristown, New Jersey, who for some years before going on active duty was a traffic representative for American Airlines in New York and Washington, D. C.

Right In Under Shellfire

TAG'S great pride is its record of going into newly-captured airfields even before the runway is out of target range of the Japs. It went into Tarawa on D plus 10, into Kwajalein on D plus 18, into Saipan on D plus 7, into Tinian on D plus 5, into Palau on D plus 10, and into other islands just as early. It hauled more than 1,550 wounded from Saipan to Eniwetok without a loss, and the Air Transport Command flew them from Eniwetok to Honolulu and the mainland.


LET'S LEARN TO LAND A PIPER CUB PLANE!
I'D LOVE TO!
by HAWLEY TURNER
IT'S THRILLING TO BE UP HERE, TOM, BUT HOW DO WE GET DOWN?
FIRST WE CHECK THE WINDSOCK—THEN WE TURN INTO THE WIND, HEADING TOWARD THE AIRPORT.
WITH ENGINE IDLING, WE GLIDE TO WITHIN 10 OR 15 FEET OF THE GROUND.
NOW WE BREAK THE GLIDE WITH A LITTLE BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK. THEN WE EASE THE STICK WAY BACK TO GET THE TAIL DOWN. AH—A 3-POINT LANDING!
STICK SLIGHTLY FORWARD. ENGINE IDLING.
10 OR 15 FEET ABOVE GROUND —STICK EASED SLIGHTLY BACK.
STICK BACK MORE TO BRING PLANE TO LEVEL FLYING POSITION.
STICK EASED WAY BACK TO GET TAIL DOWN.
PLANE ON GROUND. KEEP STICK BACK.
APPROACHING IN NORMAL GLIDE
BREAKING THE GLIDE
LEVELING OFF
PLANE SETTLES
3-POINT LANDING
FLYING REALLY IS FUN, ISN'T IT?
SURE IS, MARY. THE MORE YOU LEARN, THE MORE YOU WILL ENJOY IT!
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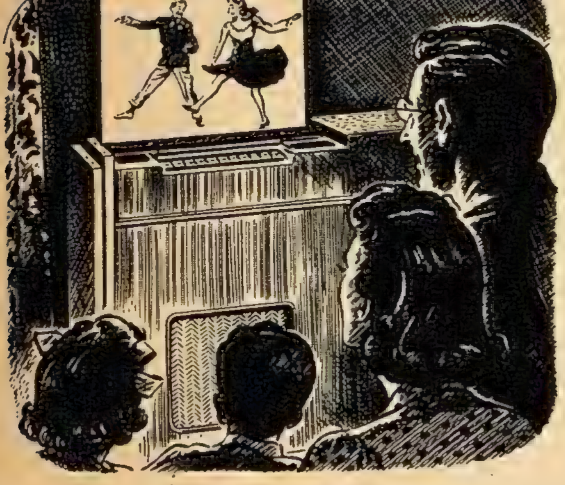
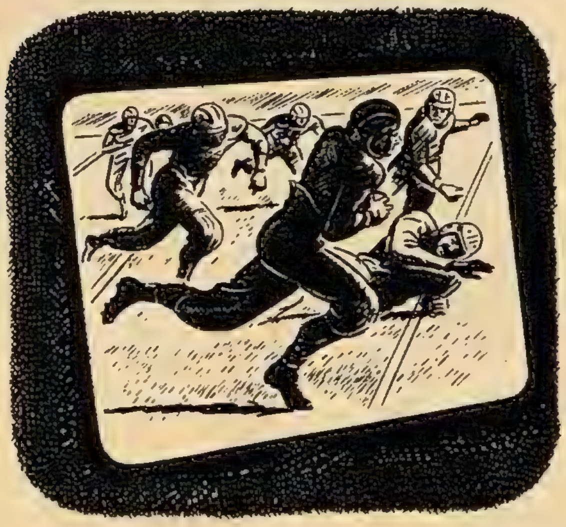
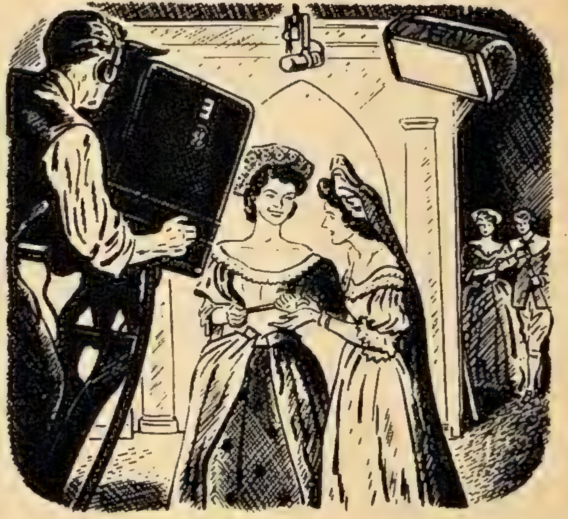


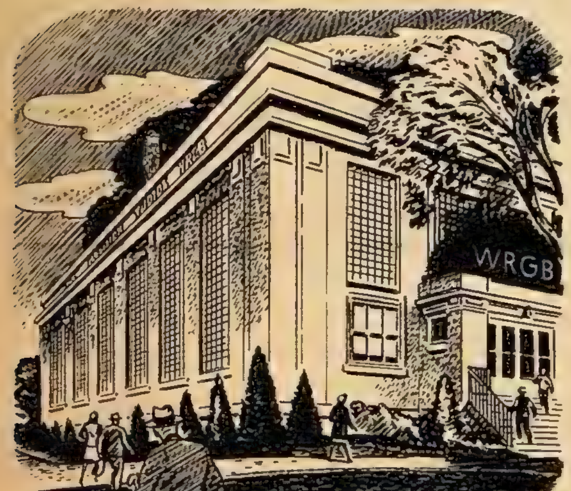
Q. What will sets cost after the war?
A. It is expected that set prices will begin around $200, unless there are unforeseen changes in manufacturing costs. Higher priced models will also receive regular radio programs, and in addition FM and international shortwave programs. Perhaps larger and more expensive sets will include built-in phonographs with automatic record changers.



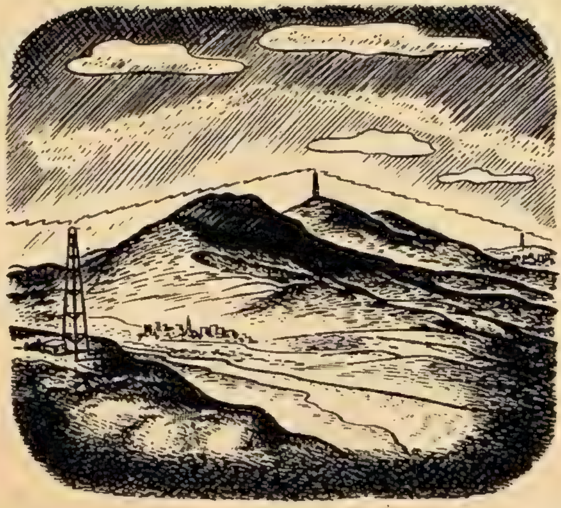
Q. How big will television pictures be?
A. Even small television sets will probably have screens about 8 by 10 inches. (That's as big as the finest of pre-war sets.) In more expensive television sets, screens will be as large as 18 by 24 inches. Some sets may project pictures on the wall like home movies. Naturally, pictures will be even clearer than those produced by pre-war sets.



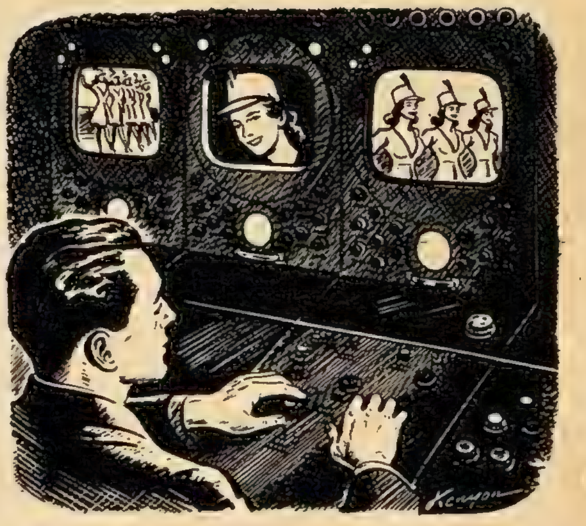
Q. What kind of shows will we see?
A. All kinds. For example: (1) Studio stage shows—dancers, vaudeville, plays, opera, musicians, famous people. (2) Movies can be broadcast to you by television. (3) On-the-spot pick-up of sports events, parades, news happenings. G.E. has already produced over 900 television shows over its station, WRGB, in Schenectady.



Q. Where can television be seen now?
A. Nine television stations are operating today—in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, and Schenectady. Twenty-two million people—about one-fifth of all who enjoy electric service—live in areas served by these stations. Applications for more than 80 new television stations have been filed with the Federal Communications Commission.



Q. Will there be television networks?
A. Because television waves are practically limited by the horizon, networks will be accomplished by relay stations connecting large cities. General Electric set up the first network five years ago, and has developed new tubes that make relaying practical. G-E station WRGB, since 1939, has been a laboratory for engineering and programming.



Q. What is G. E.'s part in television?
A. Back in 1928, a General Electric engineer, Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, gave the first public demonstration. Before the war, G. E. was manufacturing both television transmitters and home receivers. It will again build both after Victory. Should you visit Schenectady, you are invited to WRGB's studio to see a television show put on the air.

TELEVISION, another example of G-E research

Developments by General Electric scientists and engineers, working for our armed forces in such new fields as electronics, of which television is an example, will help to bring you new products and services in the peace years to follow. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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PHOTO FROM ACME

Behind barbed wire that keeps them from scraping up inedible garbage, Italian women wait for Army left-overs near Cassino.

Destitute Italy—An Unsolved Problem

BY GRETTA PALMER

A reporter inquires into Italy under Allied Military Government, and finds hunger, homelessness, humiliation, and hate. How much of this is our fault?

THE government formed by Premier Ivanoe Bonomi in Rome had quit—surrendered—thrown in the towel by the end of November. The premier (whom we, the Allies occupying Italy, had endorsed) had told the world: "Governing Italy today is a job that can't be done unless drastic changes occur."

A further hint that Italy, today, is in a state of grave political disorder was the conference November 27 between the Pope and the Allied Military Government chief of police in Rome, Lieutenant Colonel John H. Pollock, to discuss the growing crime wave in Rome. It had included night attacks on the Bishop of Sant' Angelo and other Vatican figures.

These things occurred six months after the Allies had liberated Rome. Are they isolated instances which stand in contrast to a successful program of administering other parts of Italy? Have we, on the whole, done a good job of restoring that country to normal peacetime living? Is the AMG making progress in bringing relief to Italy? Are the Allies selling the idea of democracy to a former Fascist people?

These were the questions I went to Europe last summer to answer. I was back in America when the crisis in Rome arose. But it was of a piece with the things that are happening all over Italy—the events that are rolling up the peninsula, from south to north, about six months to a year after the liberation honeymoon comes to an end.

Take Sicily first. Our earliest European invasion was there, and that island has had the longest period of peace. How close to normal are things in the south today?

I visited Sicily—briefly—and found a sullen, angry population which glared at our military uniforms. In no other part of Italy was such antagonism so clearly expressed. In Florence, which I entered on the day of liberation, crowds *applauded* us. But in the south the good will of the early days had been soured.

Colonel A. N. Hancock, the regional commissioner of Sicily for AMG last summer, admitted that less than 20 per cent of the normal grain had been collected from the farmers during the year. This island, which formerly exported food, could no longer feed two thirds of its own native population. And it had many thousands of refugees from the north who must be fed.

The courts in Sicily, he said, cannot keep up with the pending criminal cases, which number around 1,000 a week, mainly cases of murder and theft.

All forms of transport, including trucks, cars, carts, bicycles, and even mules have been requisitioned by AMG.

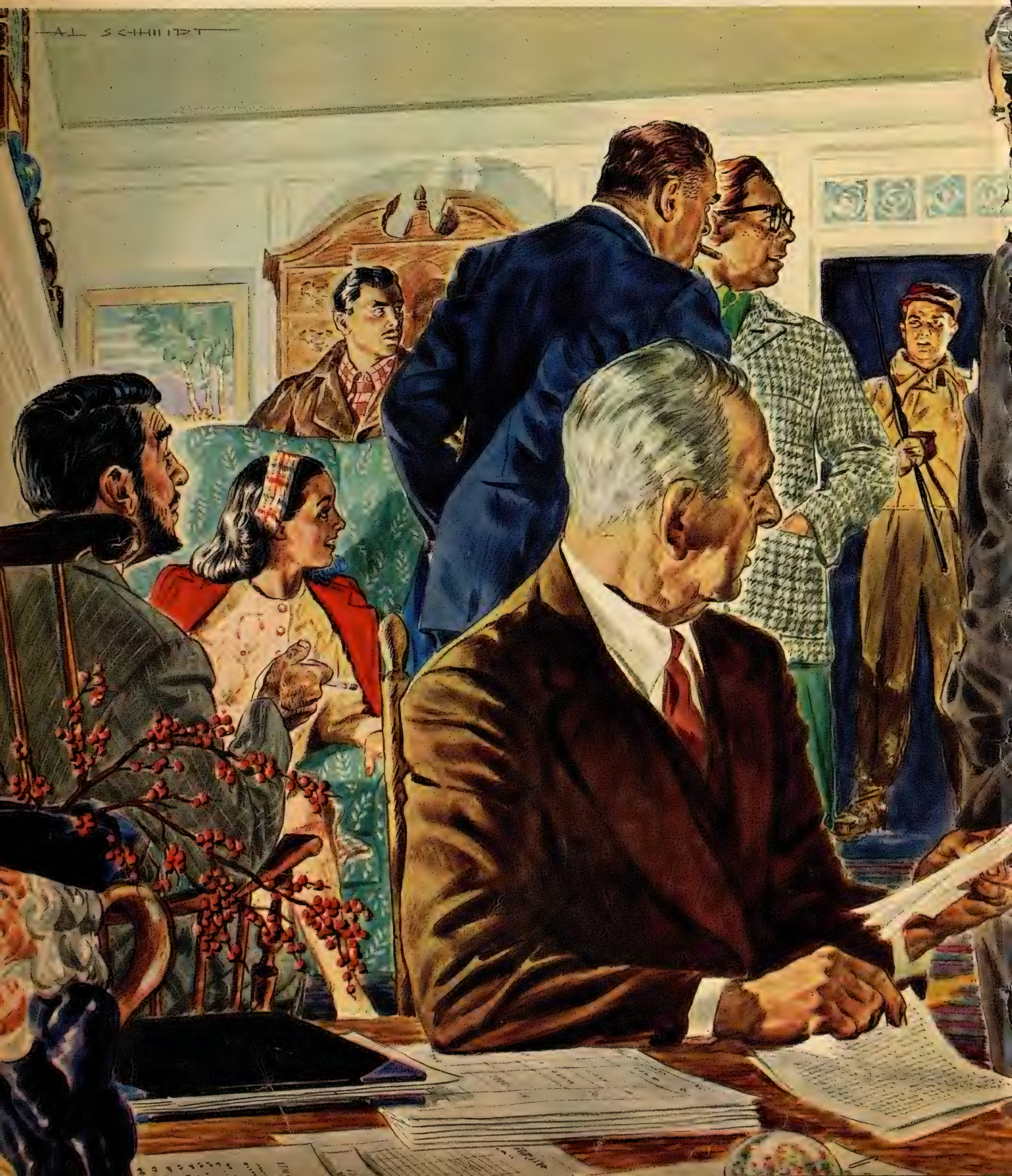
A Sicilian movement to secede from Italy is gaining strength. It is supported by the strong local Communist Party, by certain rich landlords who wish to see

(*Continued on page 63*)

Face in the Dark

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



Max Chandler knows dirty work when he sees it—even when on vacation. At a lonely mountain inn he spots a seeming accident as murder, and then uncovers an international intrigue

YOU can't blame the local sheriff for not seeing at once that it was murder. Murder wasn't the kind of thing a small-town Vermont sheriff would look for.

I didn't see it myself till Max Chandler made his point. I guess nobody likes to face reality, and especially when that reality is murder and the victim is a guy you both like and admire. The murderer didn't like to face reality either. Max Chandler was a reality he hadn't counted on.

It happened the same afternoon that Max, Lee Ames, and I arrived at the Mountain View Inn in Coldstream, Vermont. Max needed a rest. From the day that Germany invaded Poland five years ago until now, Max had been on the go. He had covered the first phases of the war in Europe, broadcasting what he saw for World Wide. When Pearl Harbor happened, he hotfooted it back to this country to get into the armed forces. The higher-ups wouldn't have it. He was stuck with his broadcasting job, fighting America's enemies here on the home front. He didn't like it, but he gave it everything he had.

That was when I caught up with him. I became a sort of general Man Friday: bodyguard, photographer, bartender, errand boy, and, on the side, an expert on libel laws. Max and Lee Ames and I covered this country from one end to the other. Lee was his secretary. She's about the swellest girl I ever knew. There's only one trouble with her. She's mad for Max and she just thinks I'm a nice guy.

Max has no time for romance. He's drawn a curtain of impersonality between himself and Lee. It seems to be enough for her just to be near him, to help him. You can't blame Lee. Max is tall, golden, well-tailored. I'm five feet six, red haired, freckle faced, and I wear spectacles. Even I wouldn't choose me!

Following Max around was no tea party. He insisted on sticking his nose into things people didn't want noses stuck into. I got the habit of walking well away from the walls of buildings. I had the feeling something heavy might fall on my head if I walked within range.

Anyway, we got a week's breather after Max had done a whirlwind tour of the European theater. We all came up to this Mountain View Inn, which is a kind of winter-sport center. And we hadn't been there two hours before there was a murder. It was typical of the way violence seemed to follow Max wherever he went. Maybe that's upside down. Maybe Max just naturally gravitates to where there is likely to be violence.

We got to Mountain View in the early afternoon. The place was crowded with vacationers. We had rooms on the second floor of the big rambling hotel. By the time Max was unpacked and had gotten into some country clothes I saw an expression on his chiseled face that I knew very well. He was already starting to be bored!

In his hand Max held a long, black horsewhip. "Rod's quite right," he said. "What *can* it do, unless one of you killed him?"

We'd told Lee we'd meet her down in the lounge, but when we got downstairs we decided to go out on the wide veranda and have a look at the countryside.

While we stood there I heard a sound I hadn't heard since I was a kid. Sleigh bells! They were coming along the road that passed in front of the Inn. I was starting to indulge in the luxury of remembering what those sleigh bells reminded me of, when the sleigh came into sight. The horse was coming at a dead gallop, head down. There wasn't anybody in the sleigh.

The main road was maybe thirty yards from the porch, and there was a pair of stone gates that marked the entrance to the Inn. The horse came on and then cut sharply through the gates. At the same moment I heard an ejaculation from Max and he vaulted the porch rail and raced down the path to the driveway. He met the horse at the foot of the path and caught at the bridle. Then I saw what he'd seen before me.

The sleigh was empty, but the person who had been riding in it was there all the same. It was a man, and he had fallen out of the contraption on the far side. His foot had caught and he'd been dragged.

A couple of other people got there the same time that I did. Max had left the horse to someone else and was kneeling beside the man who'd been dragged. He was an old man. He'd lost whatever headgear he'd been wearing. His mane of shaggy white hair was soaked with blood.

"Get his foot out of there," Max said.

I couldn't figure how it happened. There was a sort of iron handrail that ran down the edge of the seat to the floor of the sleigh. In falling, the old man's foot had caught in this rail and it was wedged there so tight I couldn't budge it.

"Hurry!" Max said sharply.

"I'm doing the best I can," I said.

THERE were many people now. Somebody else tried to get that foot loose but it was stuck there. I supposed that the weight of the body, dragging, was responsible. Then Max pushed me and the other guy out of the way. He stood for a moment, staring at that twisted foot and the rail.

"There's a place higher up here where it'll come out." He gave instructions for someone to lift the body, and after some jigsaw work we got the foot out.

I didn't have to be told that the old man was dead. There really wasn't much left of the top of his head. Suddenly a guy in bright blue ski pants and a leather jacket pushed his way through the crowd. He was a nice-looking young guy in his late twenties. He had dark hair and a little dark mustache.

"What's happened?" he said. Then he saw the dead man. He seemed to freeze where he was. "Oh, my God!" he said. "Oh, my God!" Then he came to life. "We've got to get a doctor!"

"It's no use." Max's voice was flat and hard. It was a danger signal to me.

The young man looked at Max.

"He's dead," Max said. "It's murder."

I thought the young man was going to fold right there in the snow, but he reached out and hung onto someone.

Somebody produced a blanket and covered the old man with it. Then they picked him up and carried him into the hotel. Everybody traipsed after the body except Max and me and a boy from the stable who was holding the horse.

"Better get him into the barn," Max said to the boy. "He's pretty hot." "Yes, sir," the boy said, and started leading the horse away. Instead of going toward the Inn, Max followed the horse and sleigh to the barn. I walked alongside.

"You know who the dead man is, Rod?"

"Why, no! Do you know him, Max?"

"I never knew him," Max said, "but I would have been proud if I had. That old gentleman was ex-Senator George Waldron."

Senator Waldron! And Max had called it murder! I felt the hair rise up on the back of my neck. Everybody in America knew and respected the Senator. For thirty years he'd been fighting for liberalism. He had lots of political enemies, but none who called him dishonest. He'd been defeated in the fall elections as a result of a wave of reaction in his home state. Most men his age would have called it a career. Not George Waldron. He knew how to take defeat and how to build on it. He was still fighting the liberal battle . . . or had been until a short time ago.

In the barn Max went up to the horse. He patted the animal on the rump and the horse winced.

"Easy, feller," Max said. He turned to the boy. "Was there a whip in that socket when this rig went out?" he asked.

The boy nodded and looked surprised. There wasn't any whip now.

"I want you both to look at this," Max said. "It may be important." He was stroking the horse's back. "See those marks?" There were deep welts across the horse's rump where he'd been lashed at with a whip. Max walked back to the sleigh—to the side on which the Senator had fallen.

"Rod, a man's foot couldn't get caught between that rail and the seat . . . not unless the rail were bent out of shape. The space isn't wide enough."

I saw what he meant. I also saw that the rail had been bent out of shape.

"It's unlikely," Max said, "that medical examination will be able to prove whether the Senator's head was beaten in before he was dragged. But that's what happened, Rod. He was murdered. This handrail was bent and his foot was deliberately stuck in it after he was dead . . . or at least dying. Then the murderer took the whip, slashed the horse with it, and sent him off on the gallop for home, dragging the Senator's body with him."

"God!" I said. "But why should someone murder Senator Waldron?"

Max didn't answer. He walked out of the stable and back toward the Inn. But when we came to the path leading back to the porch Max stopped.

"Rod," he said, "I'm going for a walk. I'd like to find the place down this road where the Senator was attacked. I want you to start digging for me. Who was here with the Senator? Who was that young fellow who seemed so upset? Every scrap of information you can get."

"Right," I said. "How long will you be?"

"As long as it takes to find the place where this happened."

ONE of the hardest situations in which to find out something is one in which everybody wants to tell you. Lee was on the veranda. I told her what Max was up to and what our job was. I saw her looking down the road, anxiety in her

(*Continued on page 65*)

The Toughest Mop-up Is Ahead

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Half a million Japs on by-passed Pacific islands are doing nicely, thank you. And unless they're dug out and destroyed, they'll dominate the Pacific even after Japan is defeated

HOW about the half million Japs that the Navy and Army have left behind them in their swift drive across the Pacific? What is happening to them? Can they do us any harm? What are we going to do about them?

All these enemy people were deliberately by-passed in accordance with our plan. From the first it was obvious that we must do a lot of island hopping. But it was decided that we need not set foot on every island, reduce every garrison. We could leapfrog and thereby save much time and many lives among our landing forces. These tactics automatically cut off the by-passed enemy strongholds from hope of supply or reinforcement from their home bases.

By periodic bombing and strafing, since, we have neutralized them so that they could not imperil our rear. As Admiral Chester W. Nimitz has put it, we left them to die on the vine.

From the military point of view they are indeed dead on the vine. They cannot interfere with our control of the Pacific battleground.

But there is another point of view. While many able men fight the war of the Pacific and very properly concern themselves wholly with the pursuit of victory, other men are looking toward the future of the Pacific, when the last battle has been fought and the generations of peace descend. These men are saying: "If the by-passed Japanese are not dug out and destroyed, they will dominate the Pacific just as surely as if they had won the military victory."

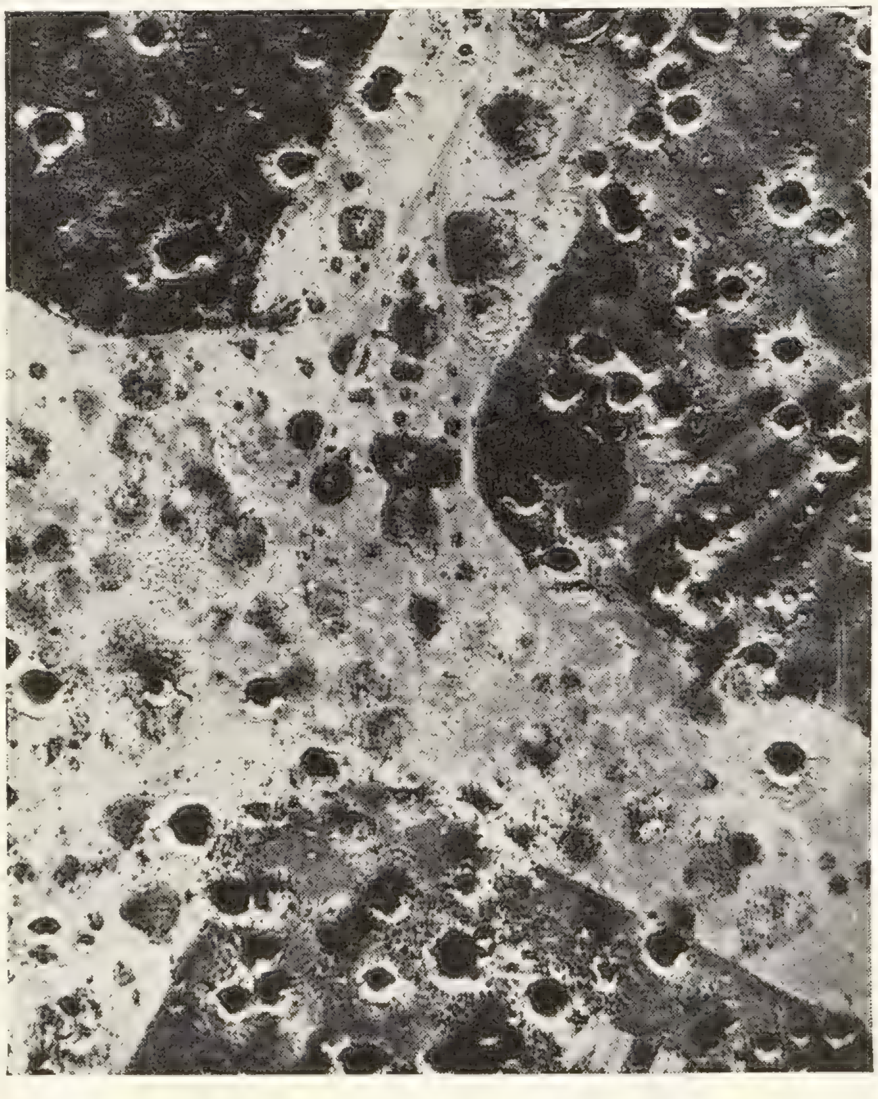
The very great majority of the by-passed Japs are soldiers. A few are technicians and laborers, and some hundreds of Japanese women are with them—wives of officers, nurses, prostitutes.

Geographically they fall into two main categories. About 100,000 were left behind in the large land masses of New Guinea, New Ireland, and the Solomons in the South Pacific. The remaining 400,000 are scattered all over the Central Pacific, in scores of atolls, from Ocean Island, just west of the Gilberts, through the four big atolls in the Marshalls to Wake and Truk and even the northern islands of the Marianas group. It would be tedious to list all the by-passed islands, and impossible to say how many Japanese are on each of them.

We cannot tell too surely how all these people are faring, how they are managing to survive in their constantly harassed isolation. But we do know a number of general facts and some specific ones.

We know that Japanese surface vessels cannot reach them with supplies, for the Navy maintains a constant patrol. The Army and Navy air forces cut them off from help by air by keeping all their landing strips ruined. Once or twice a week, at Wotje in the Marshalls, at Truk in the Carolines, at Rabaul in New Britain, and at all the rest, our planes swing over and drop their bombs on the air strips. Photographs taken afterward show that the little people below work desperately to repair the damage in the hope that a Japanese plane or two will have some place to land if they should happen to show up. But just as their strip is almost ready for such an unlikely event, our bombardiers knock it apart again. It is a matter of routine.

We know a good deal about how enemy left-behinds in New Guinea are faring. It is an immense island, more than 312,000 square miles in extent, and the by-passed Japs still occupy about two thirds of it. The native population, fuzzy-wuzzies who used to be cannibals and head-hunters, are on the whole loyal to the Allies.



Japs filled in the old bomb craters on this airstrip in the Marshalls, but new bombings wrecked it again.

General Sir Thomas Blamey, Australian commander in chief and commander of Allied land forces in the Southwest Pacific, receives reports from New Guinea, and this is the gist of his comment:

The Japanese are notoriously an ingenious and resourceful people. In New Guinea they have made themselves, to a large extent, completely independent of help from home. The soil is rich and they have large areas under cultivation. They have introduced the growing of rice. They have applied efficient breeding methods to the livestock they have seized from the natives, particularly chickens and pigs. The land area is so great that it is impossible to bomb individual farms and barns and huts in any systematic fashion. And these things disturb General Blamey to the point of saying: "Japanese colonization in the New Guinea by-passed area is an accomplished fact. These people will absorb and dominate the region in the future, unless we root them out."

Apparently the Australian Imperial Force has won the task of rooting them out [illegible] the New Guinea jungles, but New Guinea is only one fifth of the problem. The other 400,000 by-passed Japs are scattered through islands of the Central Pacific—5,000 on one island, 10,000 on another, perhaps as many as 15,000 at Truk. Their state of affairs is quite different.

Remember, first, that the great central sweep of these islands, the Marshalls and Carolines in particular, extending over thousands of miles of ocean, was under Japanese mandate for twenty-two years before the war opened. The Japanese had spent those years fortifying the islands and, as a by-product, colonizing them in a primitive way. The result was a terrific decline in the native population of Polynesians and Melanesians. When we went into the Marshalls, for example, our best information was that we would find about 15,000 natives—kindly, unwarlike people who would probably befriend us. They befriended us well enough. But there were only about 5,000 of them.

Majuro atoll was one of our objectives in the Marshalls. When we entered the immense lagoon we discovered, somewhat to our astonishment, that it was not defended. The Japanese garrison had moved out months before, to concentrate strength at the four eastern atoll strongholds of the group—atolls which in our book were to be by-passed, though the Japs could not suspect that.

The point had arisen before, of course: even if the Japanese should succeed in surviving and colonizing in the by-passed islands, how could they perpetuate their control? They would die from old age if from nothing else. There were only a handful of Japanese women to bear them sons.

At Majuro we found something of an answer. From the native population of that atoll, every woman between sixteen and forty had been taken away when the Jap garrison left. Of course the ultimate offspring would be half-breeds. But the Polynesian or Melanesian is not greatly different in color and stature from the Jap, however different he may be in background and temperament. And Japanese fathers of even the lowest order have a talent for discipline and indoctrination.

These coral islands holding so many of the by-passed Japanese are not easily cultivated by the gardener. They are fertile to some extent, it is true, but the fertility is confined chiefly to native trees and plants which grow wild. The sandy soil, the incessant trade winds, the sparse rainfall make farming in the ordinary sense impossible. Furthermore, the islands and islets of an atoll are small, rarely exceeding an area of one square mile and rarely rising more than ten feet above sea level.

WE have one good picture of life among the Japanese in a by-passed island garrison:

Not long ago the skipper of a U. S. destroyer was making his routine patrol run some twenty miles off an enemy atoll in the Marshalls. He sighted a small craft on the horizon, moved full speed toward it, and presently came up with an outrigger canoe under sail. The lone navigator came aboard the destroyer. He was the chief of the natives on the enemy atoll.

He had put out simply in the hope of falling in with an American vessel and making a request. His people, nearly 200 families, were suffering severely. The Japs took more than half of each catch of fish and rationed the natives severely on the fruit of their own trees. And the Japs would not let them occupy dugouts or shelters when the American bombing planes came over on their regular runs. Would it be possible for the Navy to get his people off that island? Get them to another island where America was in control?

The destroyer skipper said it would indeed be possible. The native chief put back to his island, and many hours later, between midnight and dawn, the destroyer quietly drew inshore. It was a moonless night. An extraordinary procession put out from the beach: scores and scores of canoes, bearing the entire native population of the atoll. They moved under sail, with muffled steering oars.

When the dawn broke over the Pacific it shone upon a fabulous parade: a U. S. destroyer towing nearly a hundred native boats in single file, each boat crowded with men, women, and children. Soon they were all settled in a new home, with food and medical care, and their men were building new huts.

From the chief and his fellows the Navy got an excellent picture of Japanese life at the garrison. The Japs had tried to start one or two gardens on the little islands. But before things could start to grow our pilots had spotted the clearings and dropped a few light bombs. Rice had given out long ago, along with canned salmon and other supplies brought from home. It was impossible to think of rice cultivation in these latitudes, and the few chickens and pigs the natives owned had long since been consumed. The principal item of diet was fish. That was no great hardship, because fish is the staple meat in Japan. These coral islands do not produce breadfruit, but they do produce coconuts, palm shoots, taro root, and pandanus seed, all of which are edible.

The natives estimated that the original Japanese garrison had numbered about 7,000—and that about 4,500 of them were still alive on the atoll. A large number had been killed by our air attacks. The rest had died of disease: beriberi induced by malnutrition, dysentery, and kindred ailments. There had been no serious epidemic.

An important point is that the climate of the Central Pacific islands is extremely healthful. There are no mosquitoes, no malaria. This is in sharp contrast to the harsh climate of Japan itself, which has sudden and violent variations in temperature and precipitation.

On the chief's island the Japanese had forced the natives to work for them, helping rebuild the runway each time it was knocked out, constructing bomb shelters and mounts for AA. guns. They had appropriated to themselves all the young native women, and there was a fairly high birth rate among these—though the children were sickly and not infrequently blind because of the high rate of gonorrheal infection among the Japs.

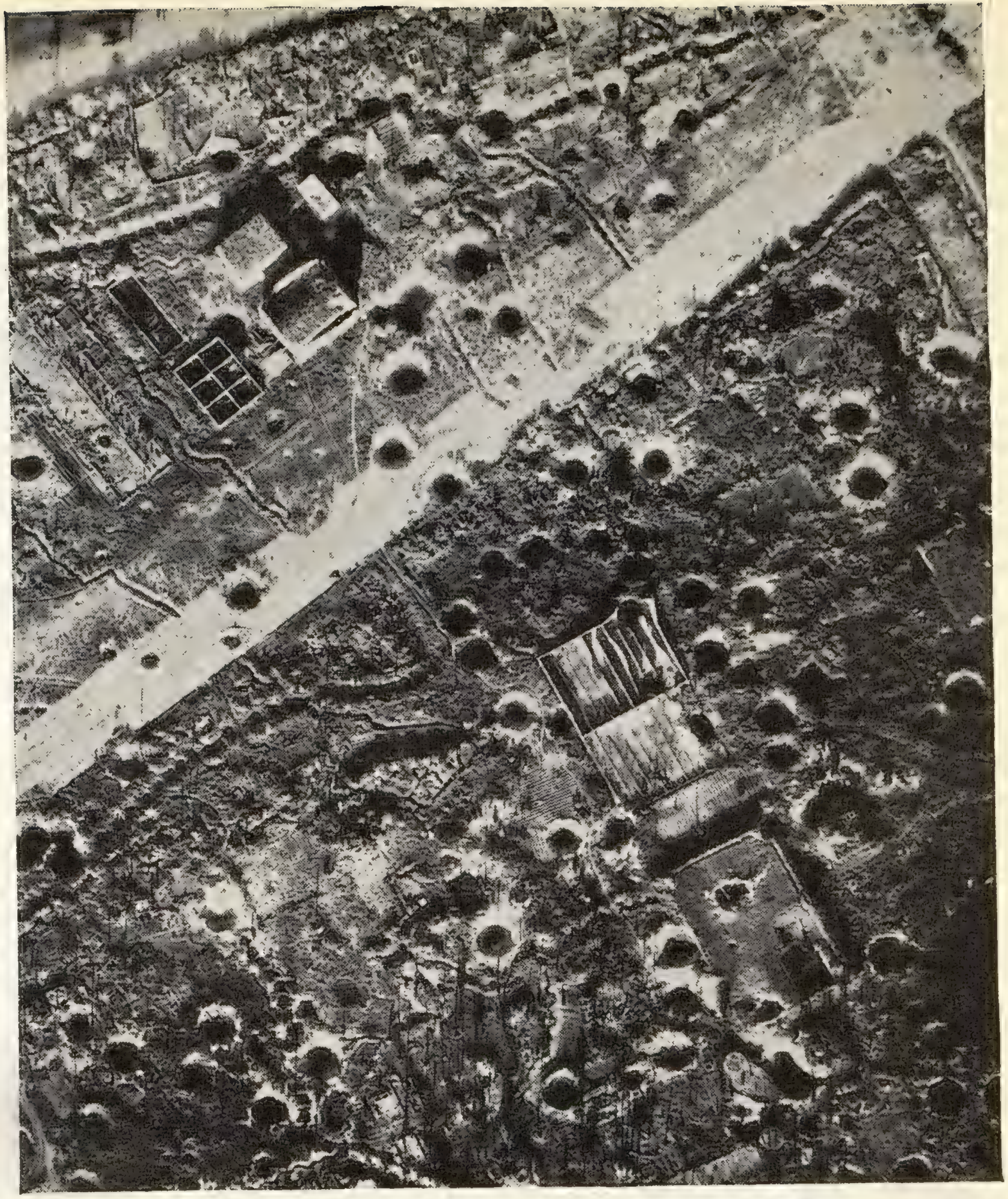
The bomb shelters were solidly built, and nowadays our raids were causing only small loss of life. They seemed to have plenty of AA. ammunition (to which our own pilots could testify), and the chief had the impression that they got more ammunition, even new guns, from time to time.

This last confirmed the Navy's own observation on a critical point. For months we had been operating in the Pacific without the least molestation from submarines. The evidence seemed to show that Japan was using its submarine fleet in the effort to maintain contact with the isolated by-passed strong points.

OF course the matériel that could be delivered by these small vessels would be very limited. Medical supplies and munitions, perhaps. Certainly no great quantities of food, and certainly no reinforcements. Indeed, the submarines could provide little more than a token contact with the homeland. That might be important to them. It was even more important to us, for it brought us one more dividend from our leapfrog strategy: it tied up the enemy submarine fleet and thus removed a serious menace to our own far-ranging surface fleet.

It seems reasonable to believe that this particular atoll, of which the chief gave us a glimpse, is typical of a score of others. The Japanese, clever and determined and able to live on a bare minimum of supplies, were managing to survive. And the problem is simpler for them in big masses like the Truk atoll. Truk is much more than a mere coral-reefed lagoon. It has the reef, to be sure. But within its broad confines there rise up volcanic islands with

(Continued on page 62)



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Here's how systematic heavy bombing once or twice a week has kept the Japs miserable on Wotje in the Marshalls. Craters in this unusual photograph show how bombs have hoed Jap gardens, blasted buildings and airstrips, keeping the enemy isolated.

Beware—CRADLE SNATCHER!

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Parents can talk of common sense in love and marriage, but they're on dangerous ground unless their own romance was sane—or at least safe from prying eyes

By Alwyn W. Knight

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"I NEVER heard of anything so ridiculous!" Madge said. She removed her rimless spectacles with the precise air of a clubwoman mounting the podium, and added, "Heavens, she's old enough to be his mother."

"Not quite," I said dryly. "Bud is seventeen; this—this babe—is twenty-two." I tamped tobacco in my pipe and tried to look unconcerned. "Still, the whole thing has me a wee bit worried, sort of—"

"Sort of!" Madge snorted. She leveled me with a look, added viciously, "Cradle snatcher!"

"Trouble is," I said after a moment, "what's in the cradle is so damn willing to be snatched. Of course," I added carefully, "it *could* work out all right."

Madge lay down on the couch, arranging her limbs as though she expected to die any minute and wanted the undertaker to find her at her best. "You've got to talk to him, Jim. Right after dinner. Before he does anything foolish."

Personally I didn't think Bud was that far off the beam. Still—

"Yesterday," Madge went on faintly, "he said he was going to quit school. Said a man should marry young, that was what nature intended. He said he would get a job and that we could help him out financially for a while—"

I laughed hollowly. "With what? . . . Besides, Madge, he won't do anything like that. Just priming his ego to show us he's serious about the girl. Still, if he keeps on seeing her, I suppose that eventually . . ."

I let that one hang by its heels. It was hard to know just what to do. Bud felt like a big shot, of course; you know how it is when you're seventeen and meet a Woman of the World. But the situation *was* pretty thin ice. Madge was right. I'd have to have a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with the boy and lay down the law. We'd established a policy of giving Bud his head—within reason—but undoubtedly the time had come for an old-fashioned directive. An everyday ordinary *stop*, with no two ways about it.

From beyond the swinging door came a tinkling crash.

"If that's one of my *good* ones," Madge said unequivocally, "I'll die."

Judging by the sounds and what was being said, Jane was washing and Bud was drying. It was Bud's turn to wash, but he had a way with his sister: cajolery one minute, horrible threats the next. *But in the hands of the twenty-two-year-old Pamela he was putty.*

"I'll talk to him as soon as he gets through with the dishes," I told Madge with sudden decision.

Madge believed in full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes. "And while you're at it," she said, "tell him to please clean up the attic. I've been simply begging him to for weeks!"

A HALF hour later my little chat with Bud had reached what you might call the heated stage. Bud sat on his bed; I paced with hands clasped behind back in the best parental tradition. Bud had been reasonable but obdurate. I had begun to shout. We were getting nowhere.

"Heck, Pop," Bud said now, "Pamela isn't like that. She's just—well, more mature than the kids I used to run around with. The way you talk you'd think she was trying to get me in her toils or something!" And he made a derogatory noise.

"Now, Bud, I didn't say—"

Bud's arms hung between his knees, relaxed as a pair of old hawsers. "We love each other, Pop." And he blushed. "Gee, this is it!"

I smote my left palm with my right fist. "Pamela may be all you say she is. But the fact remains that there is too great a discrepancy in your ages. *Five years.* It won't do. Go with other girls, Bud. Youngsters your own age."

"Yeah, but I can't. I'm going steady with Pamela. It wouldn't be fair to her to go out with anybody else."

That was the last straw. I knew what had to be done. Boarding school. Madge had made the suggestion, and it was a good one.

"We just don't see eye to eye," Bud said comfortably. "That's all."

I ignored that, wondering why *my* clichés always came home to roost. "Bud," I said slowly, "you've simply got to break it up. If you haven't got sense enough to do it on your own hook, I'll have to do it for you." I switched to my hearty tone. "How would you like to go to prep school next month?"

Bud didn't say anything for a moment. Just looked at me. "If you said I had to go, I'd have to, I guess." There was something very young and vulnerable about the look in his eyes. "But I'd still see Pamela, Pop. Holidays or week-ends or something."

I smiled. That I wasn't worried about. Once he was away the Pamela business would collapse of its own weight. "Now you're hitting the ball," I said. "We'll talk again later."

I remembered the attic; a good way to eliminate further discussion. "Say, that reminds me. You haven't cleaned the attic yet. How about surprising your mother, eh?"

When Bud had clumped up the back stairs I thought about schools. There was a good place in New Hampshire. Not too expensive.

We could start all over again on the postwar automobile fund; Bud was more important than a new car.

I WAS down cellar banking the hot-water heater for the night when the yell came. Bud always called to me when he was in the attic and I was in the basement. I knew that eventually he would work down to where I was, so I didn't bother to answer. Besides, the heater took concentration; it was one of those shovel-a-day jobs that had a tendency to go out every hour on the hour.

Sure enough, Bud came galloping down the cellar stairs in a couple of minutes. In his hand was an old leather diary which I immediately recognized, and he looked like the cat that had swallowed the canary.

"Hey!" I yelped. "Give me that!"

Bud held it behind his back. "Mustn't touch," he grinned. "Listen, Pop, let me read what it says here."

"Let me have it," I said sternly. "It's just an old diary I used to keep; nothing in it to interest you. Where'd you find it?"

"Trunk. The beat-up one with the broken lock."

Bud opened the diary to the place his finger had marked and began to read with mock solemnity:

"'August 3, 1924. My darling Angel-pie: I must talk with you tomorrow. Same time, same place. It's my parents. They say that I must not see you again because of the difference in our ages. Just because you're three years older than I. Can you imagine anything so dumb—'"

BUD stopped reading and eyed me triumphantly. "So you were a wolf, too?" he said.

I felt my face go brick-red, and made a successful grab for the diary. "Stay where you are!" I ordered, and sat down on the up-ended box by the furnace where the light was good. "Did you read any more, snooper?"

Bud giggled. "Nope. Got laughing too hard."

He reached up for the insulated pipe over his head so that his knees could buckle without his falling down, and quietly had hysterics.

I leafed through the diary until I came to "August 29, 1924." The entry was very interesting indeed. Funny, what you forget as the years roll by. I thought hard and fast, and reached a decision.

"Bud," I said, "I guess you don't need to go away to school. I was a bit hasty."

Bud nodded wisely, his eyes amused. He thought he had me by the short hair, I guess. "What about the babe?" he asked.

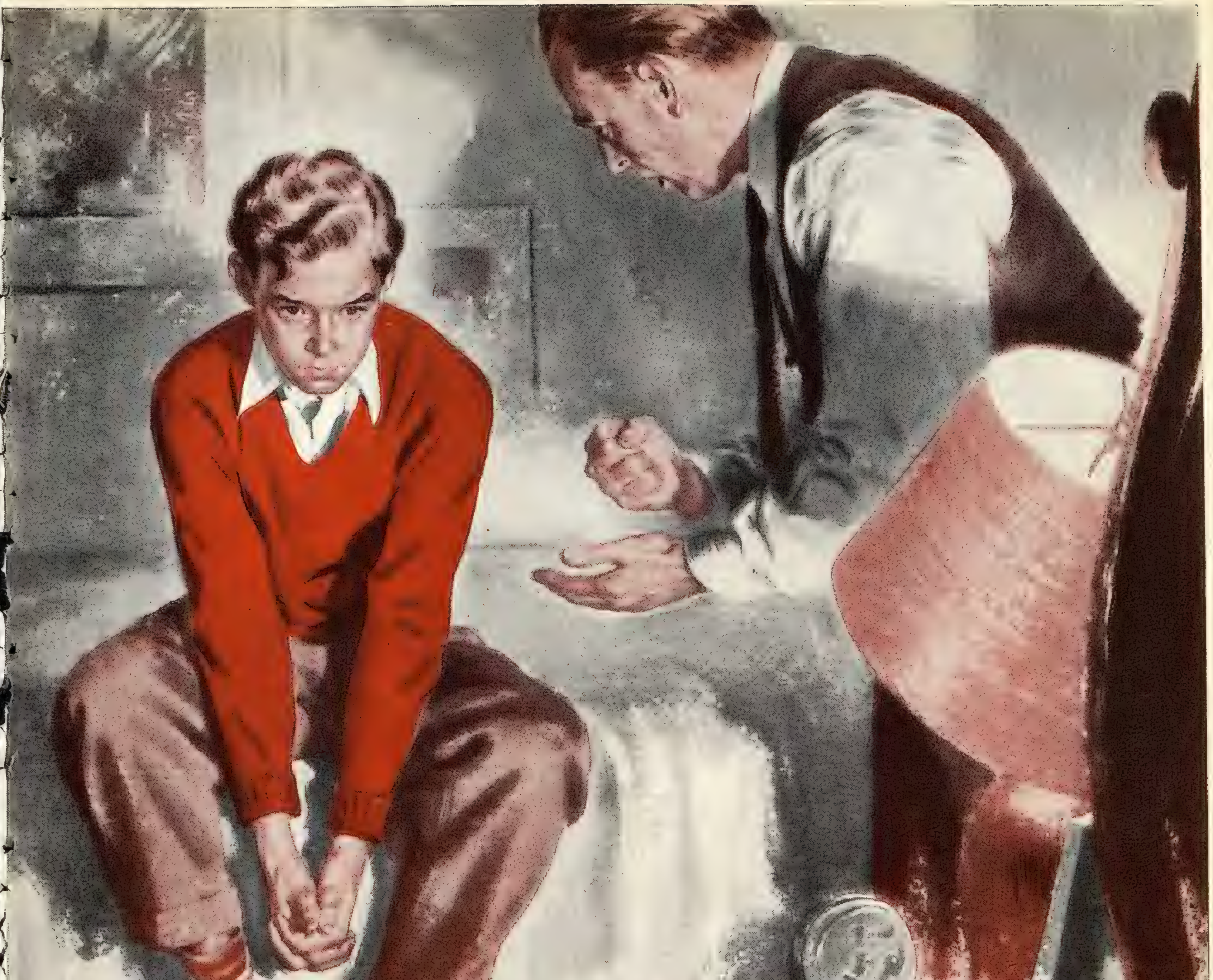
I decided to be honest. "My first love affair. You know, just one of those things."

"Oh, *me,*" Bud said, rolling his eyes.

I put the diary in my pocket and stood up. "If it's all the same to you," I said, "I wouldn't tell your mother about finding this. You know how women are."

Bud slapped me on the back. "Heck, no," he said. "Heck, *no!*"

"And incidentally, son, I still feel the same way about you and Pamela. But you're a man now; you've got to work things out your own way. Only, for crying



"Bud," I said, "you've simply got to break it up. If you haven't got sense enough to do it on your own hook, I'll have to do it for you."

out loud go out with other girls too."

Bud was a generous winner. "O. K.," he said. "Will do."

"Well," I said somewhat foolishly. "Good night. And not a word about this to your mother."

"I'm not that dumb," Bud said with a leer. Halfway up the cellar steps he turned. "Good night, Angel-pie," he called raucously.

I put another shovel of coal on Jiggs (so called because it went out so much), then turned again to that August 29 entry in the diary:

"Dearest Angel-pie: The folks say that I must go to boarding school next week. Andover. The arrangements are all made. But of course I will see you from time to time . . ."

It was the very last entry.

I went slowly upstairs, opened the door to our room. Madge was in bed, wearing the withdrawn look most women get when they are cold-creaming their faces. She looked incredibly young for the mother of a seventeen-year-old. I went over and touched her hair, wondering how I could get her in a receptive mood to explain that I thought it best to give Bud his head —*knowing now that it would work out best that way.* Then I knew.

"Hello, Angel-pie," I said to her softly.

Madge looked up quickly with a pleased smile.

"It's been years since you called me that, Jim," she said. "Remember how you started to write it in the hotel registry the night we eloped?"

"Uh-huh!" was all I said. Telling Madge about the diary wouldn't be smart. You see, I'd never let her know that the folks' dictum on boarding school had been responsible for my decision to ask her to run away and marry me.

Things had worked out in our case, but we were different.

THE END

In Jerusalem, Greek children give prayerful thanks for their country's liberation—and hope they will find their families again.

World Bureau of Missing Persons

BY RUTH MOORE

WHEN the Americans marched into a little town on the Italian shore of the Adriatic some months ago, a small black-eyed boy burst through the crowd of cheering Italians. He stood in the path of the oncoming G. I.s, waving his skinny arms and shouting in Greek: "I am an American! My mother and father are in America! I want to go to America!"

Fortunately there was a sergeant of Greek extraction in the company. He listened to the boy's story and checked with his relatives, Peloponnesian refugees who had escaped into Italy. The tale was not a young boy's fancy. On a visit to the old country in 1938, his naturalized United States parents had left him behind. Before they could send for him, the Nazis had occupied Greece.

Thanks to the efforts of that sergeant and the International Migration Service, his overjoyed parents, located in New York City, know that he is safe. Plans are being made today for his eventual transfer to the adopted home of his parents.

This is one of some 25,000 cases in the missing persons records of the New York office of the International Migration Service. Many of them, like this one, are labeled simply "Suspense." That means, in I. M. S. parlance, that no permanent solution can be reached until peace comes.

There's the case of Jacques G., a Frenchman who came to New York in 1939. His wife was in Marseille, making arrangements to get American visas for herself and their son, when German U-boats slid into the harbor. Through the Swiss branch of the I. M. S., it was learned that the mother and child had escaped into Switzerland. For four years the mother, unable to withstand war's shock, has been in and out of mental institutions. The boy, wild and derelict, is now under the wing of I. M. S. case workers.

There's the story of Arnold B. When the Nuremberg edicts became Reich law, Arnold's father was killed. His mother was taken away by the Gestapo. A brother who landed in Shanghai has not been heard from since the Japs took over. A sister is somewhere in Chile. Thirteen-year-old Arnold is in a refugee camp in Switzerland.

There are names from all over Europe in the green steel cabinets and bulging cardboard cartons of the New York office of I. M. S.—names of Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Dutch, Norwegians, French, Greeks, Rumanians, people who fled before invading armies, from political and racial persecution, or who were seized for forced labor and transported into Germany.

IT isn't a new story to the International Migration Service. There are records in its files dating back to 1924. Some of the cases are closed; some of them are still unsolved. For nearly twenty-five years this unique agency has been a lost-and-found bureau for humanity.

"Found," here, isn't used in any ordinary sense. It doesn't mean room and board for refugees out of I. M. S. pockets. The I. M. S. doesn't feed and clothe the wanderers or bind up their wounds. Cases demanding immediate and material relief are referred to appropriate agencies such as the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and other groups set up to handle these problems.

Nor does it mean the end of the chase. On the contrary, it's just the beginning for I. M. S. case workers. In the case of the little Greek child, for instance, I. M. S. workers have a long row to hoe before they can mark it closed. They will have to prove to U. S. immigration authorities, for one, that he's really the son of the Greek-American parents; his papers were lost in the flight to Italy. An Italian case worker of the I. M. S. will have to be assigned to watch over him lest he be lost again when the reshuffling of Italian refugees takes place at war's end.

Jacques G.'s boy is now receiving careful guidance from Swiss representatives of the I. M. S. He can't be sent to his father in America until it has been established that he won't become a public charge. The mother will have to be provided with special care and kept under surveillance for an even longer period. The I. M. S. may never be able to arrange her passage to the United States. But it will continue trying.

The future of Arnold B. is even tougher. Where will he go? Back to Germany? Probably not. To the sister in Chile? Questions like these, multiplied thousands of times, haunt the dreams of I. M. S. case workers.

Sometimes, however, the quest does bring finality, as in the case of Mr. S., a Yugoslav, who wrote: "It is an inexpressible relief to my wife and me to know at last something definite about our son, even though it is only where his grave is."

But even in cases like this, follow-ups are often necessary. Questions of inheritance and disposal of property must be resolved. Plans must be made for widows and orphans.

The I. M. S. grew up as an aftermath of World War I. Then, as now, thousands of refugees straggled across the face of Europe. The walls of the buildings in France and Belgium became directories where the nomads of no man's land scribbled names and addresses and scraps of information. The Red Cross gave them bread and shelter. So did the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., and other relief groups. But patching up broken families and rehabilitating those who were stranded in alien countries were left entirely to chance.

That is, they were left to chance until nine farsighted social workers went into a huddle. The nine were all women and all American. Mary Emerson Hurlburt, now a member of the faculty of the New York School for Social Work, was one of them. So was Ruth Larned, director of the famous Madison House settlement on Manhattan's East Side and now an associate international director of the I. M. S. Elizabeth Clark, formerly with the Y. W. C. A.'s Foreign-born Division and now associate American director of the I. M. S., was another of the original group.

Most of them had been overseas during the war years and knew the tragic plight of the war migrants firsthand. They pooled their experience and their resources. Miss Clark recalls that those resources tallied up to exactly $32.77. But they had vision and they had gall. They stormed government citadels and private foundations.

Children stranded by war are rescued, families broken by invasion are reunited. It's the work of the International Migration Service, lost-and-found bureau for humanity, whose busiest time is ahead

By 1924 the I. M. S. was a going concern. It had the backing of several foundations and subsidies from many governments. Geneva was made international headquarters and branches were set up in France, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Turkey, Greece, Canada, England, and the United States. In countries where full-fledged branches weren't necessary, departments were installed within other agencies. Thus, in Italy, representatives of the I. M. S. functioned within the Red Cross. By 1939 the I. M. S. network was world-wide. At that time the New York office alone was handling 10,000 families a year.

The organizational set-up of the I. M. S. is comparatively simple. At the top are an international director and three associates, who are paid from funds contributed by the member branches. (The U. S. office has usually chipped in the most.) Each branch is manned by a director, usually a native of the particular country, and a staff whose size is determined by the local situation.

In France, which has always been a stopping-off place for refugees from all over Europe and Asia, three branch offices were maintained before the war. There were more than seventy-five case workers in the Paris, Lyons, and Marseille headquarters, and representatives in twenty-two French departments, handling the steady stream of exiles.

Similarly the Greek branches in Athens and Piraeus employed scores of workers during the early '20s. It was after the Turks sacked Smyrna, in 1922, that the I. M. S. received its first major test.

It didn't muff it. Greece was already bulging at the seams, but still they came, men, women, and children, numbering into the hundred thousands, fleeing the Turkish terror. And the I. M. S. workers went among them, recording their stories, sending inquiries to offices in other lands, piecing together the fragments of thousands of broken lives.

Although the U. S. office has been one of the busiest, it has also remained one of the smallest as far as paid personnel goes. The reason is that in this country the I. M. S. is able to work closely with nearly 900 other agencies. No other country in the world has as many welfare groups as does the United States. The I. M. S. farms out many cases and, in turn, accepts complex cases, where the problems cannot be resolved except across frontiers.

A few years ago, for example, a local children's agency in Seattle had been trying for months to make plans for a group of female Syrian orphans. Letters to relatives in Smyrna brought only confusion. The folks in Smyrna got the idea that the Seattle people were for selling the girls into the white-slave traffic. The I. M. S., familiar with the protected position of women in the Middle East, took over at this point. Its correspondent in Beirut (working within the Red Cross there) finally made the relatives understand that the Seattle agency was only trying to find jobs for the orphans—legitimate ones.

Before the war the American office handled hundreds of deportation problems involving illegal entry, illness, and illiteracy. One such case was that of the Rumanian girl who sailed for this country a few months after her parents. At Ellis Island, immigration officials discovered the girl had trachoma. She was promptly put aboard a return ship.

The frantic father didn't even know to what country she was being sent. Eventually it was discovered that she had been forwarded to Switzerland. Through the Swiss branch of the service, plans were made for her care until she was cured and once more set sail for the United States.

Many of these deportation cases required the minutest dissection of our immigration laws by the I. M. S. staff. There was, for instance, the case of the Hungarian university instructor whose visitor's visa had expired. She couldn't go back to Hungary. Neither could she remain here.

The I. M. S. examined the law. They examined her papers. And they found a loophole. An American consul had mistranslated the Hungarian word for university. Instead of writing "college professor," he had written "high school," literally translating the Hungarian expression "*high* school." Today she's still here, because under U. S. law permanent visas can be granted to representatives of higher learning.

When the war hit Europe, most of the overseas branches were forced to close shop. The Nazis sealed up the Polish office. The director and her aged mother were allowed to live in the kitchen of a Warsaw apartment. The Czechoslovakian director and staff members have not been heard from in five years.

But in Algiers and Casablanca, in Paris and Geneva, the offices have continued functioning. Their activities have been limited, of course, but individual members have been carefully gathering records against the day when the last hobnailed Nazi is cornered.

TODAY these offices and the U. S. branch of the Service are laying the groundwork for the biggest task in their career. There are no precise figures available on the number of persons who will be lost somewhere in the world when the war ends. Miss Clark thinks 30,000,000 is a conservative estimate.

Naturally, the I. M. S. isn't attempting to shoulder the whole burden of unscrambling the world population chaos. The cases on file in their offices will represent only a fraction of the total picture. The problems of mass migration and resettlement will have to be solved by international

(*Continued on page 81*)

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

By war's end, the I. M. S. says, there will be 30,000,000 "lost" people in the world.

Nelson Island reindeer are earmarked because furred hide doesn't hold a brand.

Earmarked and counted, reindeer a

REINDEER

Fighting wolves and weather, tough Eskimo herders deliver reindeer meat to the Army in Alaska, hundreds of tons at a time. And all because of one man's foresight in 1892

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

UP on the frozen wind-blasted rim of the Bering Sea some 18,000 Eskimos, reindeer herders by profession, had suddenly hit the jack pot. Almost overnight they had become big-time stockmen, important to the war effort and to the economic security of the entire North. It came as a surprise to them, because for half a century the Eskimos of Alaska had been grazing their antlered herds over the arctic tundras without attracting any particular attention or making more than enough money to keep themselves in tea, smoking tobacco, and rifle ammunition.

Previously, nobody had been interested in buying reindeer meat. The rumor around the Territory was that reindeer meat was sadly lacking in nourishment. It was an old rumor and completely false, but it had been repeated so often that even persons who should have known better accepted it as fact.

Sure, sourdoughs told you, reindeer meat had a swell flavor and it was tender enough. But that Santa Claus grub just wouldn't stick to a man's ribs. Anyhow, it was only a novelty, so why fool around with it?

But when the Army moved hastily into Alaska after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the Quartermaster Corps immediately took a deep interest in the Eskimos' reindeer herds. The quartermasters had a staggering number of men to feed—troops as well as swarms of civilian construction workers—and they had a critical shipping problem. The reindeer herds offered a large and permanent supply of fresh meat, available on the spot. If the meat came up to Army requirements, it would release precious shipping space from the States; and if the enemy should cut supply lines to the Territory, it would be as important to the defense of our northern flank as guns and planes.

So the quartermaster colonel bought a truck load of reindeer carcasses and had the meat served in G. I. messes. The troops liked it. They said it tasted like both veal and mutton and reminded them a little of venison. As far as they could tell, it had plenty of nourishment, as much as any other meat. This was enough for the colonel. He told the superintendent of the Reindeer Service, Department of the Interior, that the Army would purchase all the reindeer meat that could be delivered. It would pay twenty cents a pound for it, and would the Eskimos please get busy and bring in a few hundred tons at once?

"We got busy, all right," says Mike Angitok, a mission-educated Eskimo herdsman of Tununak Village on Nelson Island, "and we've been busy ever since. We've shipped meat all over the North, and shipped skins halfway around the world. The Army has found dozens of new uses for reindeer products. For instance, it's using reindeer hair to stuff life preservers. It's using the skins for parkas, winter boots, sleeping bags, gloves, and inner soles. And a couple of winters ago a fad started for fawn-skin sports jackets for women. The jackets sell for around one hundred dollars apiece and we can't keep up with the orders."

Mike Angitok was our guide when Sergeant Gene Gyuriak and I came to Tununak to witness the winter round-up. Around here they tell you that Mike knows everything worth knowing about the reindeer industry and that he's one of the toughest stockmen on the planet. He had brought the sergeant and me by dog team from the village to a cluster of weather-beaten plank corrals built on a flat above the ice-locked Bering. Milling about in the pale level wash of light from the low December sun were 400 skin-clad Eskimos, 600 sled dogs, and 8,000 reindeer. It was like a scene straight out of the Stone Age, raw and primitive and plastered with color.

The lean blue-eyed wolf dogs, straining at their long chain leashes, moaned and yammered in chorus. Herdsmen shouted hoarse gutturals as they urged the deer through gates leading to the sorting corrals. Antlers clashed and hoofs made rolling thunder on the iron-hard ground. A group of butchers, old men with lank locks of gray hair falling over their faces, droned a monotonous work song as they dressed out fresh-killed carcasses on a bloodstained drift beside the main corral.

A new herd came over the white crest of a ridge and slanted down toward us, a big bull in the lead. As the animals reached the flat, they began to mill, moving counterclockwise, a solid mass of dun-and-white-spotted bodies. Mike Angitok said the herd was from a remote range at the south end of the 600-square-mile island. You could tell, because the herds in that area always milled counterclockwise. Those around Tununak milled in the opposite direction.

being hazed out of the Tununak corral.

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR AND SGT. GENE GYURIAK

Charles Guinn and John Snow inspect reindeer meat before shipment to an Army post.

ROUND-UP

Mike didn't know why this was so. It was just one of the many peculiarities of reindeer, like their insistence on migrating in late spring to certain barren ocean beaches, or their playful but disconcerting habit of making thundering false charges at lone humans encountered on the open tundra, or their complete panic and consequent inability to defend themselves when attacked by predators. Mike said you could spend your life among reindeer and still fail to understand a lot of the things they do.

As the new herd was driven down toward the corrals, a little coffee-brown fawn trotted suddenly ahead. Ears pricked forward timidly, eyes rolling, it skated down the side of a frozen drift and bogged to its belly in snow at the bottom of a wash. A group of children saw it struggling there in the path of the oncoming herd, and an apple-cheeked boy with elaborate wolverine-skin "devil chasers" sewed to his parka and mukluks ran across the snow to rescue it.

THE sergeant and I yelled a warning against the moaning of the tundra wind, but he kept trying to lift the fawn out of the drift until the lead bulls were within a dozen feet of him. He stepped back just as the herd flowed over the wash, and stood watching, unafraid, until the last animal had passed. Then he went over to the fawn and, seeing it was dead, trampled into the snow, began dragging it down to the butchers so the skin would be saved.

"Somebody ought to look after that kid," I said fervently.

"He was born in a reindeer camp," said Mike Angitok proudly. "He is a boy of the reindeer people and he is learning to take care of the herds. He was doing what he has been taught to do."

Here at Tununak, as elsewhere in the Eskimo country, the winter round-up is the season's outstanding event. It is a fair, a carnival, and a harvest all in one. The round-up had been in progress a week now, and would continue until the deer were counted, sorted, and earmarked. Day and night the dog teams had been coming in off the tundra, bringing more herdsmen and their families from outlying villages and camps. The dark underground sod-roofed huts of Tununak were jammed to their whale-rib wall supports with visiting relatives and clan members. There were singing and dancing and storytelling. The smoke of the cooking fires rose continuously.

In fifty other villages strung along the Bering coast from the Kuskokwim River to Point Barrow the great herds were being driven in from the tundra. During the next thirty days 150,000 reindeer, worth approximately $3,000,000, would be put through the sorting chutes. Every pound of meat that could be spared had been contracted for by the Army and civilian merchants. The skins would be made into winter clothing for troops in Alaska, Greenland, and Iceland. It added up to a new kind of life for the tribesmen, because for the first time in their relationship with the white man they had a task which promised them profit and independence and maintenance of their dignity as a race.

Helping the Tununak herdsmen was Father Paul Deschout, a Jesuit priest who has spent ten years among the reindeer people of the Bering rim. A lean, merry, weather-tanned frontiersman, one of two white men on the island, Father Paul speaks Eskimo well enough to correct the Tununak children when they make mistakes in their own language, and he has become an authority on the reindeer industry and the special problems of the Eskimos. Each morning he holds Mass for the village and blesses the day's work. Afterward he harnesses his dogs and leads the herders out across the tundra to the corrals. The Eskimos call him "the Reindeer Priest" and consult him in everything from marketing meat to choosing wives.

Father Paul told us the Army contracts had been a godsend because they had hastened the Eskimos' transition from a hunter's economy to a pastoral one.

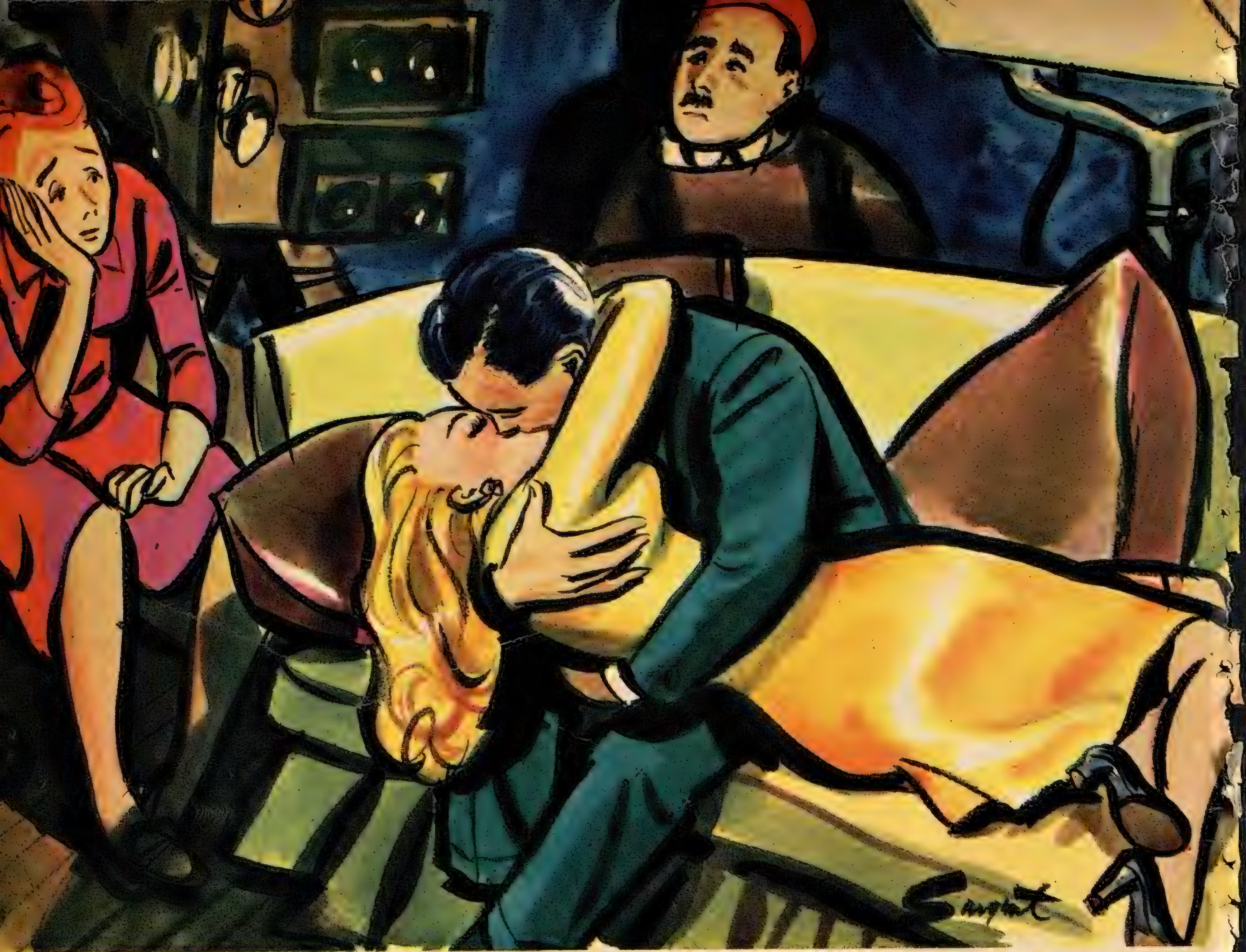
"There were Eskimos who still liked to think of themselves as being primarily hunters and only part-time herdsmen," he said. "They would leave the deer and go hunting, and then the wolves would come down and kill and kill until thousands of deer were lost. But now the Eskimos have a big business on their hands and they know they must hang up their whale spears and seal guns for good to take care of it."

IN the main corral, superintending the earmarking of some maverick steers, was Charles Guinn, the local official of the Reindeer Service. Guinn functions as grade-school teacher, postmaster, doctor, storekeeper, radio operator, banker, and sales manager of reindeer products. With his pretty part-Eskimo wife, Nora, he has a hand in virtually everything that happens in this part of the North. He is an alert, quick-moving, blue-eyed young man who wears beaded mukluks, wolf-skin leggings, and a handsome fawn-skin parka. He strode about the corral, lending a hand here and there and issuing orders in the sharp-angled Eskimo tongue.

"We are going to mark a thousand deer here this afternoon," he explained. "We ear-notch them because their heavy pelts make it impossible to brand them as horses and cattle are branded."

The reindeer were being driven through a narrow chute, past a booth in which a tallyman sat, and then through a gate into the corral in which we were standing. They came into the corral at top speed, about thirty miles an hour. When the chute tender shouted, "Unmarked deer!" the Eskimos at the gate would grab the animal by its antlers and throw it. An adult reindeer weighs about 200 pounds and has wide-branching antlers as sharp as pitchfork tines. Since neither reatas nor tie strings are used in handling the animals, it is strictly a job for experts. If a man slipped or missed his hold on an antler beam, he would be impaled or trampled, or both.

(*Continued on page 60*)



"She sits around watching that guy make love to the movie Millie and she sighs like a tired hound dog."

The Unfinished Saga of Samuel MacBain

Sam, though a war hero, was just a simple guy with postwar plans far different from those Hollywood dreamed up for him. But, true to movie tradition, things worked out screwily but happily

By Matt Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

I WAVED a phony press card and pushed through the crowd in the honorable pursuit of my calling as man of all work for Sylvester Dritz, and I ended up right behind Sam MacBain's wife Millie and the twins. Millie looked scared and the twins were so scrubbed and polished they didn't seem human. The welcoming mob pressed forward. "Poor guy!" said a press photographer next to me. "He fights a war, and now this!"

Sam had been mustered out, but he was still wearing his uniform and a chestful of ribbons. He saw Millie and ran forward as well as he could with his bad leg. He threw his arms around her, and as soon as his lips touched hers the flash bulbs started to pop. He jumped back. He'd been away a long time, but I suppose, after being married fifteen years, he wasn't used to blinding flashes when he kissed his wife.

He looked around. "Shucks!" I heard him say. "More of this stuff? I was aiming for us to get the ten fifty back home."

"We can't," Millie answered. "The mayor's waiting for you downtown."

I hung around a few days until I heard he had gone home to Scroonsville. I followed the next day with the contracts.

Scroonsville was a gray little town that had got lost in the shuffle somehow. Judging from the houses, the last building boom had been back in 1910. Sam's house was a square brown box with a pointed roof and a front porch no wider than a catwalk. It was set back on a shady street with a shoulder-high hedge in front and petunias lining the walk.

I strolled past a couple of times before I turned in the gate. From behind the trumpet vine I heard the creak of rockers. All I could see of Sam was his stockinged feet on the rail.

"How are you, sergeant?" I said. "Mind if I introduce myself?"

He gave me a frigid eye.

"I'm the personal representative of none other than Sylvester Dritz," I said.

"Look," he said. "I ain't working at being a hero any more. I served my time."

"How'd you like to leave for California next Tuesday?" I asked him.

He sank down into his rocker. "Wouldn't," he said. "I don't aim to leave for nowhere no time. I'm staying put."

I pulled the contract out of my pocket. "Sylvester Dritz Productions Incorporated wants the exclusive right to dramatize and film the story of your life."

"Shucks," Sam said.

"You're a great hero. You saved the life of our most colorful military leader, General Horatio Tompkins, affectionately known to his men as Tommy the Tub. Although wounded yourself, you exposed yourself to enemy fire to crawl forward and bring him back to safety after he'd been hit."

"Tommy the Tub is a swell guy," Sam said. "Anyone who served under him would have done it."

"But it happened to be you," I reminded him. "So Mr. Dritz is giving your story to the world. You're to approve the script and O. K. the final version of the film before it's released. Mr. Dritz," I explained, "is no dope. He doesn't want any lawsuits for damage to reputation afterward." I pulled out a check for five grand. "The first payment," I said. "Try bouncing it if you want."

SAM took the check and peered at it. He handed it to Millie, and she blinked behind her glasses. "We could pay off the mortgage," she said.

"And I need some new fishing gear," Sam said. He turned back to me. "Shucks, you can make a movie out of me if you want. But you don't need me to help. All I saw was my little corner of the war. And I was too scared to notice much."

"But it's the part of your life *before* the war," I explained; "the story, for instance, of you and Susan Munson."

His feet came down with a jerk and a beautiful red crept up around his ear. "How'd you find out about Susie?" he asked.

"Mr. Dritz's writers never sleep," I told him. "They've been digging like moles since you made headlines. A Dritz hero must have a love story. The public wants romance."

"Romance, my foot!" Millie gave a snort. "Susie set her cap for Sam and he danged near made a fool of himself until I came along. That's all there was to *that!*"

"There you are!" I said to her. "You see why we need him in Hollywood? We might get the facts wrong. We're planning a great romance about Sam and you. A real heart-throbbing Dritz epic. Young love blossoms into abiding passion. The unfolding rose. It'll be one of the great love stories of all time."

"You mean Millie and me?" Sam said, leaning forward and spitting over the rail. "Shucks!"

"Shut up, Sam!" Millie said. She turned to me, all starry-eyed and breathless. "Tell me some more. It sounds wonderful."

"It's practically idyllic," I assured her, and pulled the script from my leather case. "You can read this and see for yourself. It's not finished, but it'll give you an idea. To tell you the truth, our writers don't know yet exactly how to end Sam's story. It has to be true to life."

"Would it do if he turned out to be chief of police here?" asked Millie. "Ben Adams got sick and quit. Sam might get the job, being a war hero and all."

"Could be," I said. "Chief of police—could be. I'll wire Mr. Dritz."

Sam knocked his pipe empty on the porch rail. "I ain't a cop," he said. "I aim to go back to my old job in Ed Tupper's garage."

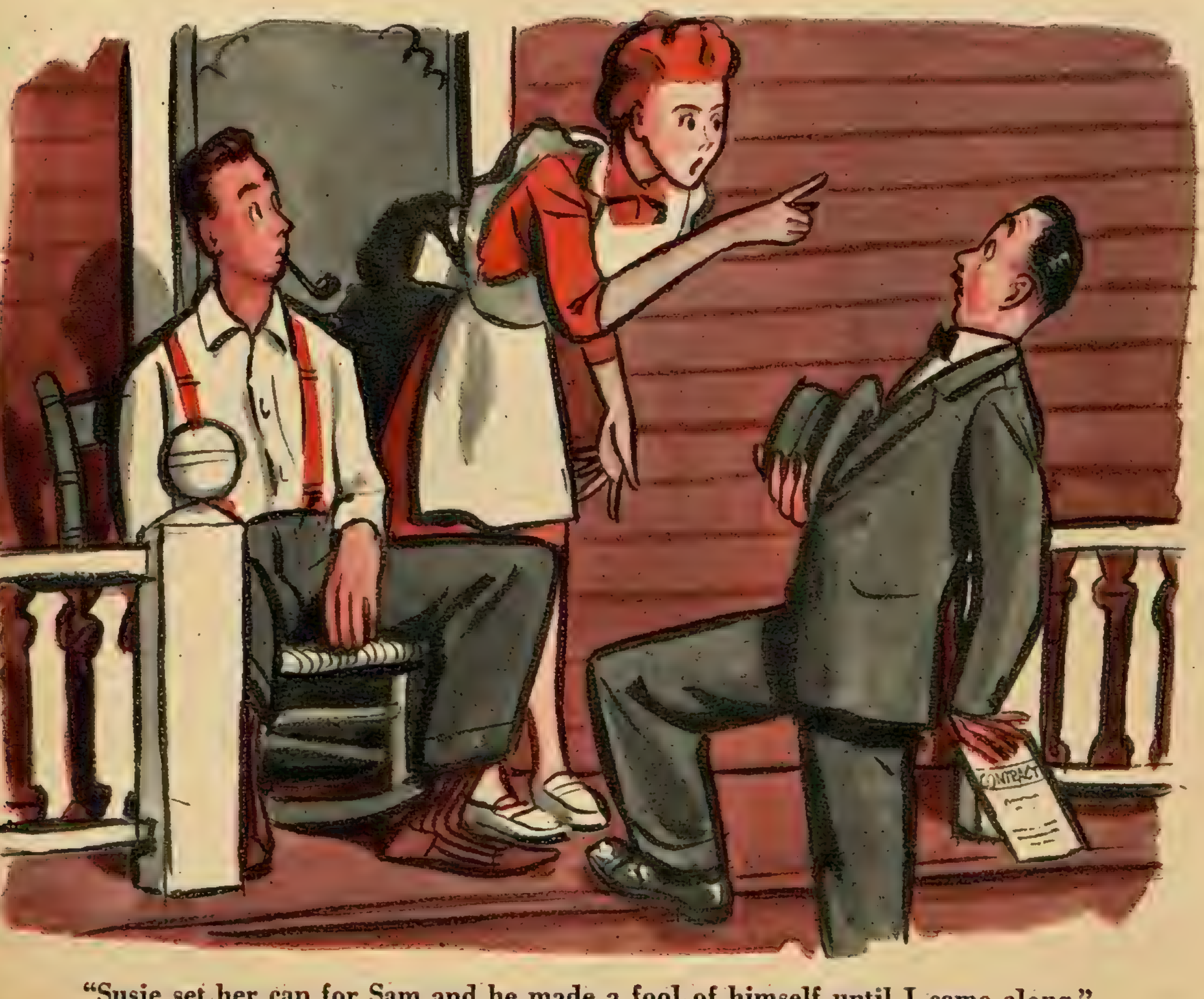
I shook my head. "This isn't a B picture," I said. "Mr. Dritz is spending two million. And it's a screen biography. The final scene has to forecast your whole future. Mr. Dritz is terribly worried about what to do with you."

Sam stared gloomily at his pipe. "Couldn't he just sort of let me be?" he said.

"A mechanic in a small-town garage? A great national war hero like you? Mr. Dritz would feel he was letting the public down." I slapped him on the back. "But we can settle that later. You get another five grand when the picture is finished. Will you be ready to leave Tuesday?"

Sam glowered. "I just got home. I wasn't aiming at—"

"Shut up, Sam!" Millie turned to me and beamed. "We'll be ready. I'm starting to pack now."



"Susie set her cap for Sam and he made a fool of himself until I came along."

THREE weeks later I introduced Sam to Mr. Dritz. Sam had had to wait only two weeks for the interview, which showed how important he was. He sat in the deep chair before Mr. Dritz's desk, completely surrounded, as though he were a prize Sealyham come to judgment. A foreboding silence hung over the room. Mr. Dritz, a head without a body behind the gigantic semicircular desk that engulfed him, glared like a wary soldier from his foxhole. Then there was Rex Crane, our glamor star, that gorgeous male with chiseled features, who was to portray Sam on the screen. And grouped around, in gloomy appraisal, were the director, four major executives, and eight lesser ones. Sam squirmed. I patted him on the back, but it didn't do any good. Not even Millie, smiling encouragement, could help.

"Pretty slump-shouldered for a soldier," observed Mr. Dritz dourly.

"Head sticks out like a turtle," complained the director.

"I ain't blaming him," Mr. Dritz said. "But a hero should look like a hero."

Crane, Sam's cinema-self-to-be, glared fiercely. "I can't play him the way he is," he growled. "My public won't stand for me hunching over."

Mr. Dritz waved his hand. "Make a note: no hunching."

Sam squirmed some more. "Shucks!" he muttered.

"That's another thing," said Crane. "His homespun drawl isn't bad. But I'd rather not say *Shucks* all the time. It's dated. *Nuts* is more timely."

"Sam," murmured Millie, "remember to say Nuts."

"Sure will," Sam said, nodding. "Often."

Crane paced back and forth, studying Sam from all angles. "And I won't smoke a pipe before the camera. Pulls my mouth out of shape. He'll have to switch to cigarettes."

"Make a note: cigarettes." Mr. Dritz waved his hand again, dismissing such trivia. He leaned back in his reclining chair, disappearing completely behind the desk. "Spend some time with him, Rex," he said, his voice coming from the depths. "Trail him around and study his walk. Have dinner with him and watch him eat. Take a look at him sometime before breakfast. Get him cockeyed and see how he acts. I want everything natural, just like he is—unless I decide to change it. It's the story that's got me worried. We haven't a finish yet." He pressed a switch and spoke into a box on his desk. "Send in the MacBain writers!" he ordered.

THEY trooped in within the minute, four of our best. They were of assorted shapes and sizes, but they had in common the baggy-eyed look of tortured souls wrestling their way through the process of creation. Mr. Dritz honored each with an individual glare. "You boys got anything?" He waved in Sam's direction. "What are we going to make out of him?"

An anemic-looking gray-haired man, the most tortured of the four, answered. "We've been working separately," he explained. "Of course, this being a factual movie, Mr. MacBain will have to conform to our ideas. If he's willing to co-operate—"

"Why shouldn't he co-operate?" broke in Mr. Dritz. "Ain't I spending two million on him?"

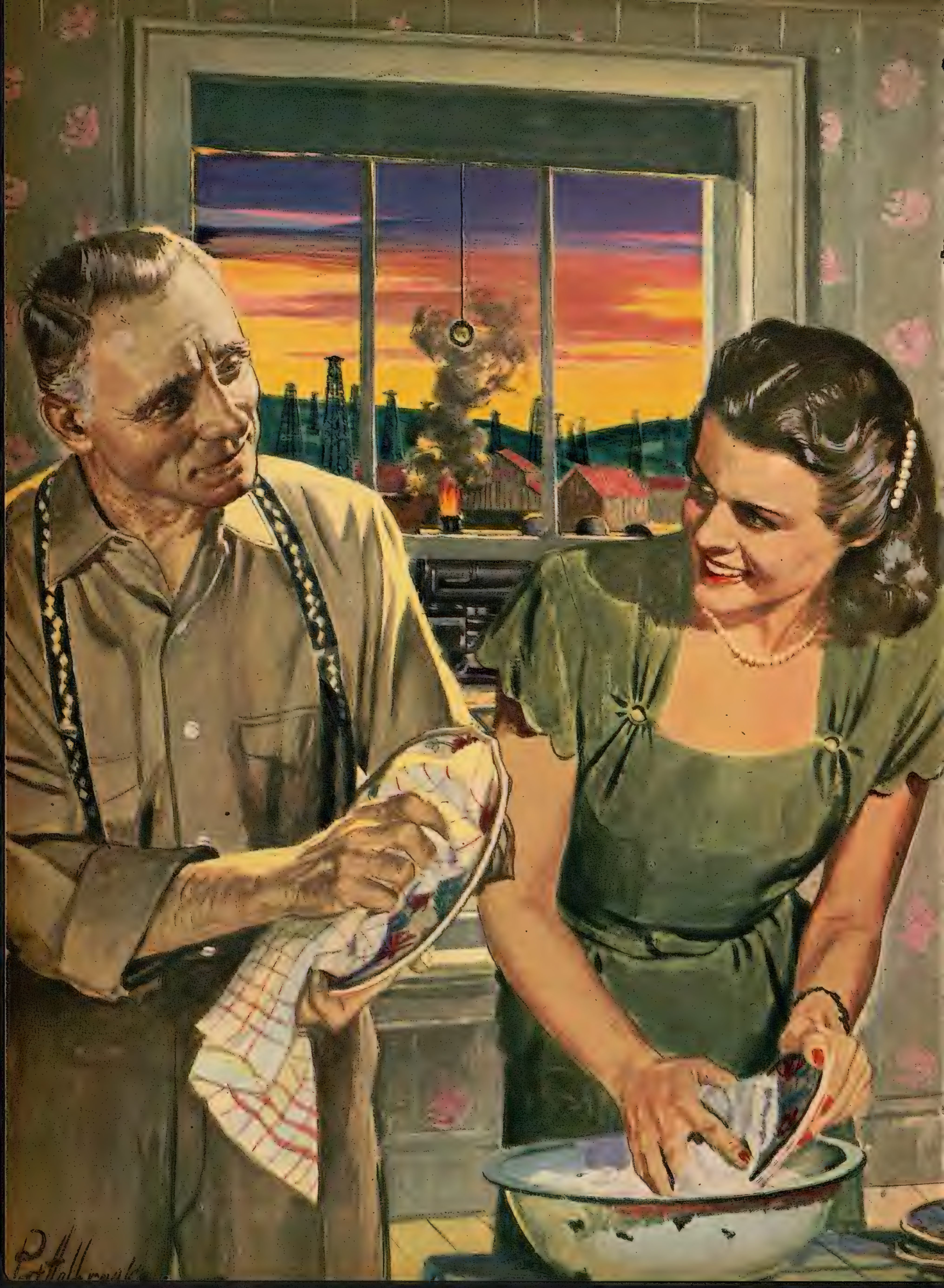
"Well, then," said the anemic one, "I'd like to send Mr. MacBain to China."

"Damn!" Sam yelled.

I put my hands on his shoulders and held him in his chair.

There was a respectful silence while Mr. Dritz considered China. "I like it and I don't like it," he summed up succinctly.

(*Continued on page 70*)


Pt Hollbrook

POOR OLD CUSS, *EH?*

By Marguerite Eyssen

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Dad was an old-timer around an oil rig and he knew the dangers. Butch was skeptical at first, but as it turned out, it was lucky for him Dad was there when danger struck

TRUDGING through the early-morning rush of an oil town from his room in the Mansion House down along the tracks, old Dad Atwell was like a piece of flotsam riding a tidal wave. Past him whisked shooters' trucks on their way to magazines for a load of nitroglycerin. Drillers' and tool-dressers' jaloppies slithered to a stop at street corners to pick up waiting crew mates. Truck drivers backed up to loading platforms of supply warehouses, and the roaring engines of the trucks, backfiring, mingled with the bark of gas engines.

Dad passed the drillers and toolies waiting on corners. They looked like so many peas in a pod with their lunch boxes under their arms, oil-soaked trousers tucked into big hole boots, denim shirts open over their undershirts under the crusty leather windbreakers, battered hats shoved back on their heads. And, from a distance, Dad was a dead ringer for them.

Close up he was different, and by anywhere from twenty years up. His boots were guiltless of caked mud and the gray spatter of sand pumpings. His shirt and trousers were as spotless as they'd ever been when he'd stepped out of the neat frame house on Chestnut Street on Monday mornings to go on tour, and had waved good-by to Mary and the kids. His step lacked the lusty swagger, and in his eyes, peering from under gray overhanging crags, was a more tranquil look, a kind of childlike faith.

"Hello, Dad," they said as he passed, and Dad came briskly back with, "H'ya, Shorty," and "Mornin', Slim." He could read their minds, all right. They were thinking, There goes Dad again. Poor old cuss, he might's well've slept in. But that wasn't the way Dad figured it, himself. He figured he had one more clean shirt to go, anyhow, and what with the field running hell-bent and mighty shorthanded, somebody would yet see eye to eye with him on it.

He turned into the door of Interstate Supply Company, Oil & Gas Well Supplies, and they were running hell-bent, too. Dad sat down at the front of the store and picked up a yellowbacked dog-eared copy of the Oil & Gas Journal.

He'd long since read it from cover to cover, but it gave him a busy look, sitting there. Gradually he edged his chair over so it would be in direct line with the open door of the manager's office, and set his pail down beside it, so Ben Carlson, the manager, could see it when he looked out. Dad had never come right out and braced Ben about getting him on. He knew what Ben would say. He'd say, "What'd that boy of yours do to me when he gets back if you got hurt, Dad? Those marines are tough."

Dad said, "I figure any young fellow that had a thousand dollars could get married right off."

But every time the telephone rang, Dad's heart began to labor. Then he'd hear Ben say, "Two thousand feet of four-inch, eh? Yeuh, we can fix you up, I guess." Dad kept his quiet eyes riveted to the journal. In his mind's eye, though, he saw himself getting on again with his eight dollars a day anyhow, and time and a half for Saturdays and Sundays. He saw those allotment checks from Jim untouched and piling up. The way Dad figured it, a young fellow back from the war that had him a thousand dollars cold cash in his hand, say, could get married first and hunt him a job afterward. Dad figured his shirt was good for the hitch, too, if—

The telephone rang again, and he let himself glance casually up. Into the phone Ben said, surprised, "You still griping about that cable, Frank?" He sat back with the phone on his chest while Frank griped, and Dad's heart settled back to normal. In his mind's eye he was seeing once more the glow of the forge in the rig, the potbelly of the derrick stove turning red. He heard the creak of the walking beam, the churn of the tools in the hole, the clang of sledges on the bit, cherry-red from the forge, the sizzle of the bit tempering in the slack tub, felt the rig shake while the bull wheels fought the brake—

Ben hung up, grabbed his hat, and shot out of the office. Passing Dad he said, as he said every morning, "Think you can run 'er till I get a cup of coffee, Dad?" He was through the door when the phone rang and a clerk yelled after him, "Hi, Ben! Mike McGuinness is frothing at the mouth." Dad's heart got going again. Mike McGuinness was tool pusher for Winton Oil. Back in his box, Ben picked up the phone.

"Oh, oh! So Butch O'Hara's cut loose again, has he?" Ben said, and Dad's heart began to race. Butch was a crack driller, a great bullnecked Irishman with hair on his chest and fire in his eye. Once Butch had picked a toolie up and heaved him clean through the rig. Nobody hankered to dress tools for Butch.

"A toolie for Butch?" Ben said. "Well, let me see. Just a hog for his work and somebody that don't give a damn whether he lives or not, eh? Oh, sure, there's a dozen of 'em loafing out front—or hadn't you heard there's still a—"

HE sat back in his chair while Mike cussed it out of his system, and his eyes wandered out through the store.

"Dad's here," he goaded Mike on. "Quit on you? Who, Butch? Not again, would he? Haven't us desk drillers heard what? Listen, you Clarion County horse thief—"

Mike hung up on him, Ben grabbed his hat again, and passing Dad he grinned. "Looks like Butch O'Hara's turned out another ambulance case, Dad."

Dad sat on, his eyes riveted to the journal. He still saw himself pulling out of his pocket this fat roll of bills. He still heard himself talking to Jim and Alice, Jim's girl. He still heard himself saying, "Now about you two getting married. I don't know as there's any call for you to wait any longer, because—"

A car stopped outside with a shriek of brakes. Out of it leaped Mike McGuinness. His jaw line was flinty as he came through the door and stood there sizing Dad up. Slowly the fire in his eyes died down. There was only a gleam in them when he purred, "Like to dress tools for Butch O'Hara, Dad?"

"Sure," Dad said largely as he grabbed his pail. "Glad to oblige, Mike."

In the car, Mike said through his teeth, "It'll only be for a couple tours, Dad. Just until I run onto a toolie with the guts to tell Butch off and the muscle to knock him into next week, the Irish so-and-so!" They swung up Stoney Batter Mountain to Bill Winton's lease, passed the new repressuring plant to weave in and out among the derricks that laced the sky.

MIKE pulled up at a rig, and Dad followed him up the plank to stand beside him as he leaned in the doorway, eying Butch. Butch was on the driller's stool, letting out screw. Between two nails beside the door hung the broom, and Dad, dropping his pail, grabbed the broom and began to sweep up while Butch's eyes, blazing, went from him to Mike.

"Whatta yuh take me for?" Butch bellowed, and Mike yelled back at him, "Asking me, are you?" The broom shook in Dad's hands as they measured each other like a couple gamecocks, glaring. Butch's glare said to Mike, Aim t' pull one on me, do yuh? Mike's glare said to Butch, That's right! Here's a toolie you won't pitch through the rig. It was Butch's eyes that wavered finally, and he roared at Dad, "Drop that broom! Fill that coal bucket!"

Butch was in the Bradford sand and drilling only four-foot screws. Every four feet of hole they had to pull the tools out of the hole, run the bailer, wash up a sample of sand for the rock hound, and Butch's boiling point was low. Dad had been a crack driller himself, before Butch was born, but Butch couldn't run the bailer into the hole until he'd bellowed at Dad, "Keep the hell away from that hole if you don't want a sand line wrapped around you. I seen a man cut in two that way once."

And when he and Dad gripped the forky stick to work the jack around the circle against the wrenches, breaking the joint of the bit and stem, Butch heaved his great hulk forward and back, all but jerking Dad off his feet. Dressing the bit, Butch's sledge made two trips to one of Dad's, bringing the bit to gauge, and he yelled, "Where 'n hell're your goggles? Wanta hunk o' hot steel in your eye?" Sweat streaked Dad's face. His heart pounded until pain cut through his chest like a knife.

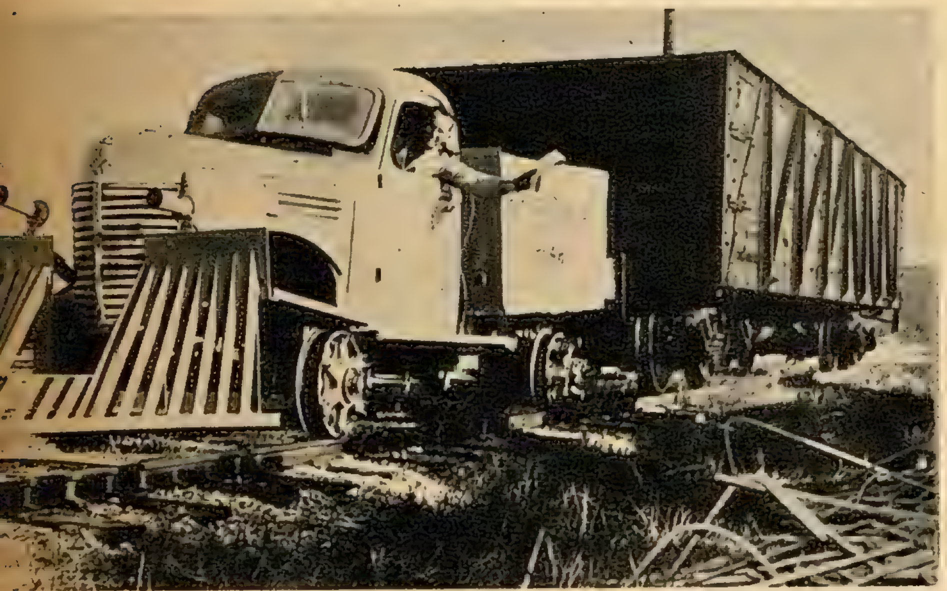
Coming off tour, he climbed out of Butch's car and started to take the stairs at the Mansion House, but halfway up he had to sit down. For a minute he had to figure out where he was, how he'd got there, and where he was bound for . . .

The girls were all married off and scattered when Mary died, which left only him and Jim in the house on Chestnut Street. That was when Jim and Alice, his girl, decided they weren't in any hurry to get

(Continued on page 52)

The Camera Eye

DOUBLING IN BRASS—In a little while these crewmen of a first-line aircraft carrier will be in action against the Japs. But meanwhile they entertain their mates with a concert.



LOCOBILE—This hybrid machine may look funny, but it works fine. Machinist Frank P. Hatfield made it, of spare parts, to haul supplies at the Naval Air Station, Houma, La.

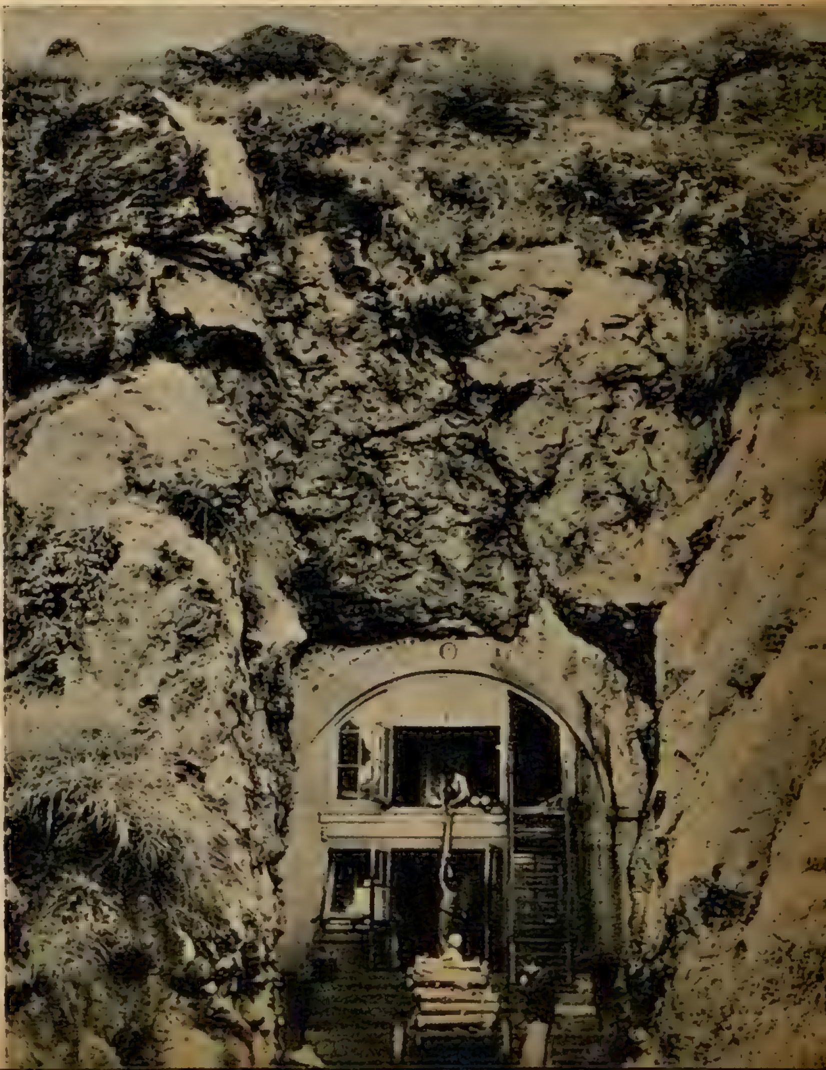
THIS MADE THE NINETIES GAY—At a recent Hollywood showing of historical corsets, Marie Wilson models an hourglass number that must have made Grandpa twirl his mustache.

THE BROTH OF WAR—Children are always war's greatest sufferers. At an AMG-Red Cross refugee center in Italy, pathetically eager and hungry little waifs receive bowls of hot soup.

"IT IS FOR US THE LIVING"—Prime Minister Winston Churchill might be borrowing Abraham Lincoln's words as he stands before his portrait in Albert Hall, London, to deliver an appeal for continued Anglo-American unity. American Ambassador John Winant echoed the theme.

LEAP FOR LIFE—British paratroopers waiting to go into action practice house and street fighting in blitzed areas at Battersea, England. The agility this soldier gains in a window-to-window jump may soon save his life.

GREEN LIGHT—Marine C. W. Pernot of Wilmington, Del., lost a hand in his country's service, but he's gone ahead and fulfilled his ambition to drive a car anyway—with a license issued to him by the State of Pennsylvania.

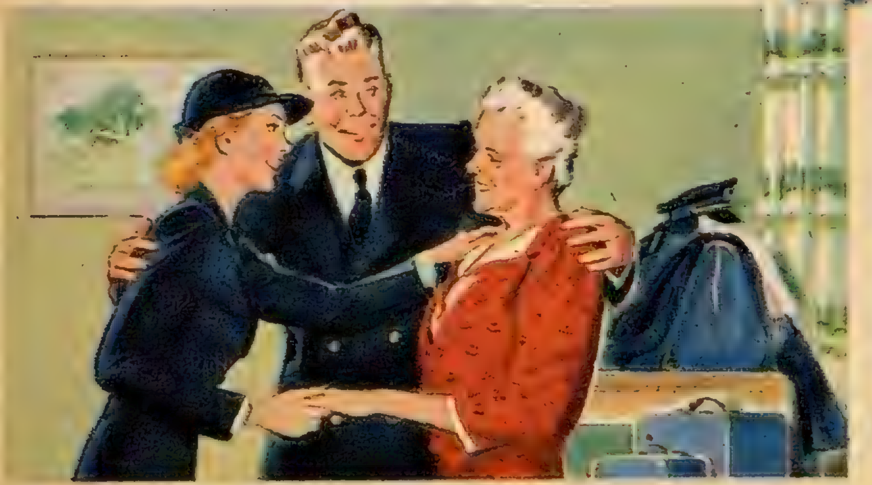


UNDERGROUND ARSENAL—Somewhere in southwest China the Chinese government has built this arsenal right into the solid rock of a mountainside. Safe from Jap bombs, factories in an intricate network of caves turn out war goods.

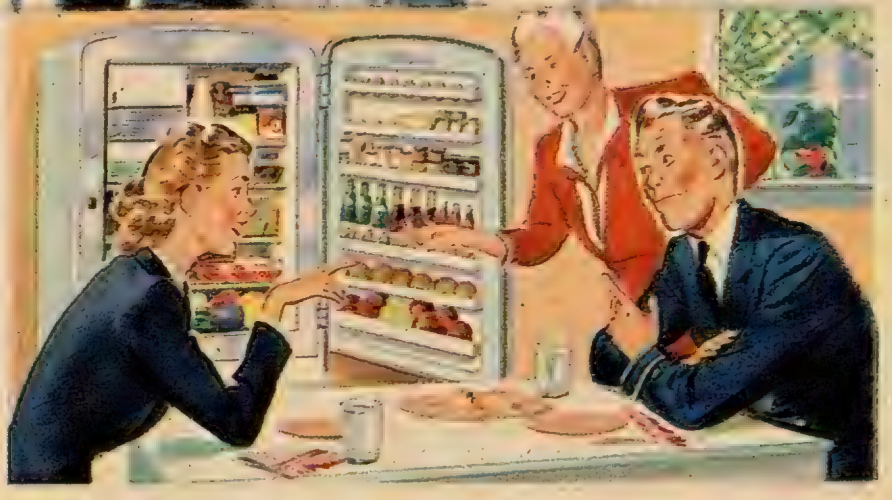
THE WAR'S A JOKE—At least it seems to be to these two young Nazi war prisoners. Marching to the rear in the Lutzelhouse area, they joke with civilians and hold tight to what appears to be a loaf of bread.

"Darling, I must warn you — Mother will show you the door!"

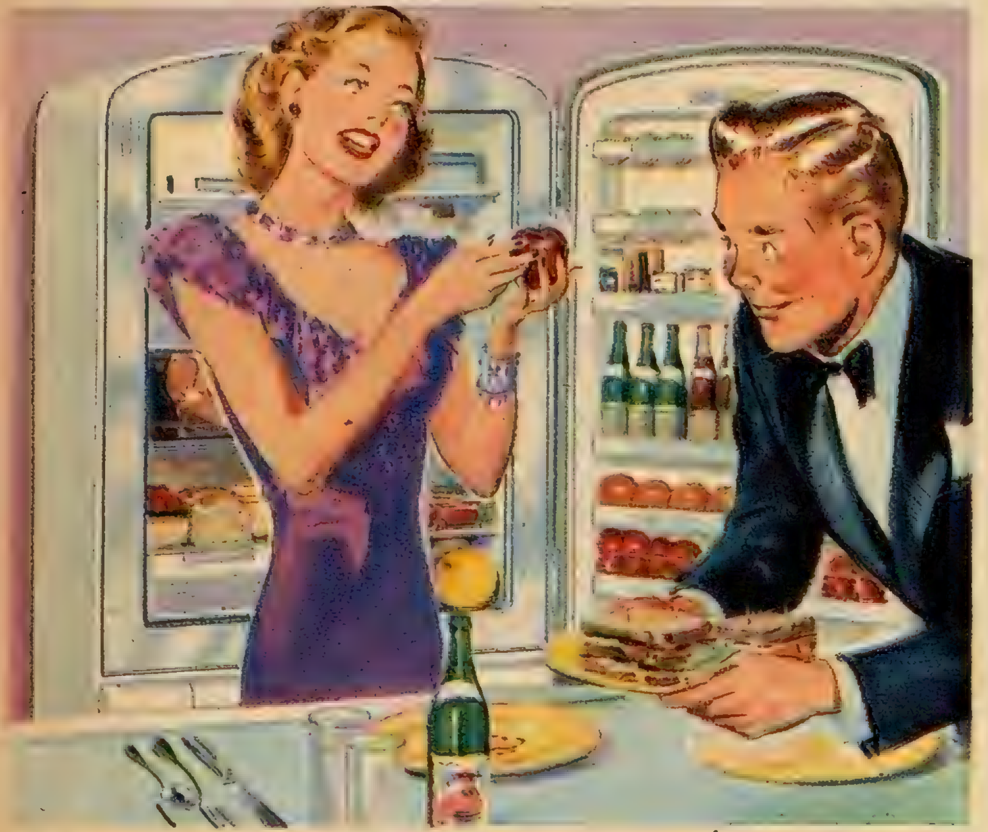
Suppose you were visiting your new mother-in-law for the first time. Suppose your husband told you — but wait! It's not what you think.



1 "So you are Bob's Mary! Welcome home, my dear. You children must be starving after that long train ride. Just drop your things anywhere and come right on out in the kitchen. I'll fix you a snack in a jiffy!"

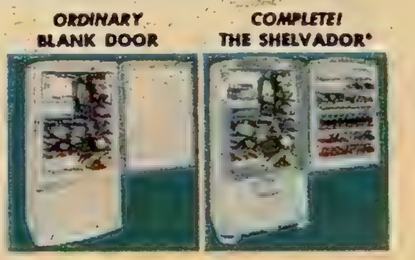


2 "Bob, you idiot! So this refrigerator door is the door your Mother shows me! It's wonderful! All that extra food where you can reach it so easily! Bob, we *must* have a Crosley with the Shelvador* for our new home!"



3 In the Bob-and-Mary dream kitchen of tomorrow there'll be great times! Bob with veteran appetite, will lead raiding parties on the front-line ranks of Shelvador* food. Mary will prepare meals "on the double" — the double array of front-row food in the Crosley Shelvador*. Yes — the Crosley Shelvador* is worth waiting for.

YOUR postwar Crosley Shelvador* Refrigerator will be built as soon as materials are released — as soon as Crosley's 100 percent vital war production job is marked "Complete and Okeh!" Then you can have the only refrigerator of its kind in the world — the Crosley Refrigerator with the Shelvador* —patented, exclusive, obtainable only in the Crosley.



TWICE AS MUCH
FOOD TO THE FRONT
WITHIN EASY REACH

REMEMBER: New Crosley Refrigerators with the Shelvador* will give you every modern improvement in home refrigeration PLUS the exclusive, patented Shelvador*. No other refrigerator can give you the Shelvador*—none can be truly complete without it.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

The VETERAN COMES BACK

BY WILLARD WALLER

We must start planning *now*—in every town and hamlet in the country—to assure a decent place in our world for the men who are fighting to save it. Mr. Waller, a veteran of the last war, and now an associate professor of sociology at Columbia, is no idle theorist. He deals in facts — facts of urgent importance and compelling interest to every American.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER.

FROM colonial times to the present, our nation has always had a group of veterans, we have always had a veteran problem, and we have never known how to handle that problem. We have never made adequate provision for the veterans of our wars. The history of our policy toward the returned soldier is in fact so discouraging that one may well wonder whether we shall ever manage to combine intelligence and humanity in the treatment of the men that we send out to fight for us.

We waste the golden years in which rehabilitation is possible, then spend billions in fruitless penance for wrongs that can never be undone. We allow the tuberculous veteran, ruined by war, to cough out his lungs in the county poorhouse; then, years later, perhaps more than a hundred years later, we pay a pension to a woman who was not born until years after the end of the war, a woman who married a senescent veteran in anticipation of the benefits that would accrue to his widow. Our policy is to pay on account of veterans too much, too late, to the wrong person, in the wrong manner. We have spent many billions on veterans' claims, and most of it has been wasted.

What the times demand is a new art, the art of rehabilitation. We know how to turn the civilian into a soldier. History has taught us that all too well; tradition has given us marvelously adequate techniques. But we do not know how to turn the soldier into a civilian again. This is the art that we must perfect if we are ever to solve the problem of the veteran in our society. Such an art should begin with an attempt to understand the veteran and the veteran problem. We must learn what it is to have a rendezvous with death and to live through it, to be, for a time, expendable, and then to be expendable no more. What happens when the expendable one returns? What attitudes does he bring with him?

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The Army World Is the Real World to the Soldier

The soldier becomes part of a tightly organized social world so deeply engrossed in its own concerns that it has no interest in most of the things that concern civilians. The Army is an intense world, compact, replete with meaning.

The new soldier is sometimes amazed to learn how important the head man of some little part of the organization can be in the Army. The head man's characteristics are subjected to minute scrutiny, because he is the holder of immense and, to the soldier, apparently arbitrary power over the lives and destinies of his men. Unlike the civilian's immediate superior, the head man in the Army has controlling power twenty-four hours a day.

The Army has its own culture, and as the soldier becomes immersed in it, it becomes a part of him, and he grows away from his civilian personality. The Army speaks a special language. Forms of speech are carefully prescribed and usually mirror conventionalized relationships. Army abbreviations alone are almost sufficient to make military speech incomprehensible to the civilian. A letter from one old Army sergeant to another is likely to be such a collection of initials as to seem like a code to the uninitiated, but when translated it is direct and simple speech.

One important phase of the soldier's isolation is his severance from family life. There are women in the Army now, but they are not there as women, and the soldier is almost entirely devoid of the feminine influence. Nor can his parents or the elders of his community exert any further control over him. Relations with the family are kept up only through letters and very occasional visits. These letters are tremendously important to the soldier, greatly affecting his morale, but they can hardly take the place of family contact.

Sometimes even the most sophisticated soldier is shocked when he suddenly recognizes the gulf that has arisen between himself and his loved ones. The writer attended a dinner party in an Eastern city in honor of the furlough homecoming of the soldier of the household. The talk flowed rich and warm between the soldier and the people at the table—his young wife, his mother, his older sister, in particular. Of course everybody wanted to know how the young soldier "liked Army life," and he was more than willing to talk about the subject. In fact, he talked so fully (though not with particular enthusiasm) that he himself grew aware of it. "Here I am back home," he suddenly remarked, "home where I've been longing to come—where I had so many questions to ask—and all I talk about is the Army! I've been thinking about nothing but all of you, but I keep talking about the rest of the Army guys."

A week after the soldier had returned to camp, his young wife received a letter that said in part: "All the time I was with you I had the most curious feeling that I was waiting to go back—to go 'home' to Camp ———. Now I realize why. I'm really home now, hard as it is to say this. But that's what happens, it seems, when you join the Army. You don't feel that you belong anywhere else—you can't, when you're in a uniform. The Army seemed strange when I first got into it, but now everything else *but* the Army seems strange."

Roads Closed to the Veteran

The soldier's relations with his loved ones at home probably continue to carry a heavy emotional charge. He lives for his girl's letters, and she for his, but strange misunderstandings somehow arise. It is not, however, hostility but mutual idealization that chiefly hinders communication between the soldier and those he loves. For the duration of the war, communication between loved ones may well continue on an apparently high level of understanding, but it is delusive and unreal, because each person has meanwhile built up idealized conceptions of the other.

The clash, the proof of non-communication, comes later when the man finds himself chained by his previous commitments and perhaps by legal ties to one who is now an utter stranger.

For these and other reasons the former civilian who has become a soldier finds himself drifting almost imperceptibly away from his former ways of thinking and his accustomed attitudes.

No matter how he tries, he can never quite recapture his former self; he cannot find the road back nor yet go home again. In particular, he loses the art of dealing with other people who have wills of their own—and have a right to them. In his world there is no wooing, no persuading, no justifiable arguing, and no winning of consent; one takes orders or gives them. Generals who have become politicians have often demonstrated this incapacity to win consent from those to whom they cannot issue orders.

The soldier is likely to find himself unintentionally acting with some hostility toward civilians, behaving on the unspoken and perhaps unrecognized premise that civilians are not quite human and do not matter very much. With the greatest of good will on both sides, the soldier is likely to discover that there is much in his life and his attitudes—whole systems of values—that he cannot share with civilians. And he may fall into the habit of saying, again and again, "Of course a civilian would hardly understand such a thing, but—" Or perhaps just thinking it.

Sometimes incidents occur that demonstrate very clearly that the words which mean so much to the civilian mean very little to the soldier. Even the greatest master of spoken language often fails to reach the man in uniform. The writer witnessed the utter failure of two great speakers of 1918, Theodore Roosevelt and Billy Sunday, each in his own way a master of eloquence. They extended themselves and tried all their tricks, but all they received was a sullen and unfriendly hearing from their audience of servicemen.

Uriah the Hittite Said It First

Ernie Pyle, reporter of the human side of the present war, tells of "the ties that grow up between men who live savagely and die relentlessly together." "There is," he says, "a sense of fidelity to each other among little corps of men who have endured so long and whose hope in the end can be but so small." Pyle tells of Sergeant Buck Eversole, a battle-hardened Westerner who had been in the front lines for more than a year. On the eve of an attack, he was ordered back to the rest camp. He tried to get out of the assignment that would take him away from the battle, but he failed. Then he took a long time in saying good-by, shook hands all around, wished his men good luck over and over again. As at last he walked away he said to Pyle, "I feel like a deserter."

Uriah the Hittite said it thirty-five hundred years ago: "And Uriah said unto David, The ark, and Israel, and Judah, abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing."

Uriah the Hittite said it thirty-five hundred years ago and Sergeant Buck Eversole said it the day before yesterday. Such is "the powerful fraternalism in the ghastly brotherhood of war," always the same, since men went first to battle.

Veterans Yearn to Recapture Their Lost Comradeship

In the postwar period the ex-soldier tries once more to recapture the experience of solidarity. The ex-soldier's cynicism is in great part a reaction to the thing that he had once and misses now. When he was one of a group of comrades his life had purpose and meaning, and he resents the fact that such sacred things could end so badly. The ex-soldier's organizations, his reunions, are means of reaching out for the things that he sought and found not in civilian society. When ex-soldiers get drunk at their conventions, when they whistle at women and dress in ridiculous costumes and throw furniture out of hotel windows, they are merely trying in a stupid way to recapture their youth and vanished comradeship.

For many veterans the comradeship in war remains the high point of their lives. The war and the Army become the alma mater of many a man who never goes to college.

The soldier has been profoundly enriched by the experience in human solidarity. Having satisfied the hunger for "belonging to a group"—a hunger that can never be quite satisfied in our world of individual enterprise and "each man for himself"—the soldier will always cherish the memories of this comradeship. The exhilaration of working together, in a common bond for a common purpose and in a common world twenty-four hours each day, can never be matched by such gratifications of individual civilian achievement as the average soldier is likely to know.

Once he is returned to civilian life, he will remember the companionship; it will haunt him and he will seek to recapture it. No one can deprive him of the memory of this sense of unity, which is, from a practical point of view, an unfortunate thing. For if he could erase it from his mind, his adjustment to the Root-hog-or-die code of civilian living would be incomparably easier. Because of his life with his fellows and their bond, the soldier-returned-to-civilian-life will never be quite the same.

When the Soldier Thinks the Army's Job Is Done

At the end of a hard march after several days of hard marches a Confederate general was standing by the road while his weary troops struggled grimly through the mud. Seeing a battle-toughened old veteran in the ranks, he called out:

"Well, how are you getting along, John?"

John looked up, paused briefly, and replied, "Oh, I'm all right, General. I'm all right, I guess. I'm doing fine, thank you. But damn my soul if I ever love another country!"

When a man, under the gentle compulsion of his draft board, gives himself over to the Army, he gives his consent to the things the Army does to him, he surrenders and swears away many of his rights as a human being. He determines to be a good soldier, to do whatever is required of him. But the man hardly lives who can do all that an Army requires of him without some inward rebellion.

When peace or armistice comes, the military machine falls apart. If, as the saying goes, "war raises hell with an army," then peace is all but indescribable. A modern army is assembled for a specific purpose, and the instant that purpose is accomplished the soldiers want to go home.

A story now current illustrates a widespread attitude. Two soldiers, a sergeant and a private, were being tried for gross insubordination. It seemed that at an inspection the two of them kicked a general. The sergeant gave his explanation first:

"It was just a bit of reflex action, and no offense was intended. I have a very sensitive toe, and when someone steps on it, my leg automatically kicks out and I can't help it. Just as the general was passing me, somebody stepped on my toe, and my foot went out and hit the general. I didn't intend any disrespect."

The judge turned to the private. "And what is your explanation?"

"Well, sir," said the private, "my action was due to a mistake. I just happened to look up and see the sergeant kicking the general, and I thought the war was over!"

Peace always seems to come suddenly. As the soldier sees it, the terrible enemy disappears all at once, and with him disappears the Army's reason for existence. The soldier does not realize that it is necessary to keep an army in being in order to win the respect of one's allies; he does not understand by what a devious route diplomacy must travel from a state of war to a state of peace; he cannot comprehend why the routines of demobilization are so long-drawn-out and tedious. He gives his consent to the submerging of his personality in the military machine no longer.

What the Veteran Has to Be Bitter About

The soldier is glad to come home, but he comes home angry. The soldier is angry because he knows the war is bitter hard for him, and at the same time realizes that for many of the people back home it is a distinctly pleasant experience. While soldiers die, speculators and profiteers get rich, and politicians make capital of campaigns that cost the lives of many men. Workers at home draw fabulous wages and still go on strike, as many of the soldiers believe, for frivolous reasons.

The soldier resents the striker more than he does the profiteer, because what the striker does is readily visible, and besides, the striker is a man from his own world, while the profiteer remains a rather shadowy figure. The soldier resents the dancing and the gaiety of the people at home.

The soldier is bitter because civilians see the glamor of war and gloss over its ugliness by beautiful speeches.

How the soldier hates the men of talk, especially those who prattle of ideals and honor and fighting for the right! He has come to believe, and with considerable reason, that those who talk about ideals do not fight for them, and that those who fight for them do not talk about them. The soldier knows that when the nation fights for freedom and for justice in far-flung areas of the world, he must lose his freedom, his comfort, even his identity for the duration of the conflict. The ideals for which he is fighting can have little meaning for any soldier so long as the war lasts, while for those who die and for many of the wounded they can never have any meaning at all.

When the British had won the great victory at El Alamein, the civilian populace rejoiced, but the sound of their rejoicing as it came in over the radio did not make the soldiers happy. It seemed a little premature to the soldiers, because they were still in the desert, they were still suffering from flies and dirt and heat and cold and hunger, and they were still getting killed by Stukas. For the soldiers, victory or defeat meant just another battle with an enemy who was still full of fight.

If we took all the young men of a generation, that would seem less unfair to the soldier. And though he would still be disadvantaged in comparison with other age groups, his own generation would start even. However, we do not take all the members of an age group by any means. We grant full exemption from military service to many men who have minor physical defects. We reject many others for minor psychoneurotic disorders. We exempt others because they have special skills of use in war production—or are thought to have such special skills—and we excuse many others, less defensibly, because of the essential jobs they hold in war industries, even though their skills are admittedly not particularly great. We grant exemptions to some in special cases because of family obligations.

When so many can escape, the one who is ordered to serve has some reason to feel abused. All this, of course, is part of the fundamental injustice of the situation. No one is personally responsible. No one planned it that way. Draft boards and others have done their best to administer our intrinsically inequitable laws in a just manner.

While the man selected for military service is giving his time to the collective effort, others forge ahead in the competitive race of civilian life. Imagine a foot race in which a hundred performers start even, all with high hopes of winning. When the race has just begun, we take a few of the runners out of the race and demand that they fix the track. We keep adding to our labor force in the same way until we have removed about half the contestants.

When the work is over and the laborers are fatigued, we release them in the same haphazard way, give them our hearty thanks, and tell them to resume the race. That is the way the system works.

There is a core of anger in the soul of almost every veteran, and we are justified in calling it bitterness, but the bitterness of one man is not the same thing as the bitterness of another. In one man it becomes a consuming flame that sears his soul and burns his body. In another it is barely traceable. It leads one man to outbursts of temper, another to social radicalism, a third to excesses of conservatism. Much depends upon the veteran's temperament, upon where and under what circumstances he served, and upon his experiences after he is released from service.

The veteran is bitter because he has reason to be. After a time he becomes adjusted to civilian society once more, and his resentment disappears because it is no longer appropriate.

Civilian life looks easy to the soldier. It is actually very hard for the veteran. There is the waiting and the starting at the bottom. There is the fighting down the restless urge to give things a push, to hurry them up, to play fast for high stakes. There is the urge to do something spectacular, and thus to make up for lost time. There is the attempt to revive one's dulled sensibilities. There is the bitterness to overcome. There is the learning that the frightened old people are right, and one must make such terms as one can with the universe. There is the learning that one has been living all the time in the Army and out of it, the learning to give up glamorous ambitions, and the bringing oneself to accept a little dull job and to marry a good ordinary woman and to buy a suit of clothes with two pairs of pants.

The normal veteran who adjusts well to civilian life usually finds himself thinking rather pleasantly of his war in a few years. And, in time, he learns that there are a few real rewards in being a veteran. As a veteran, he has a place in society; some honor comes to him because he once served his country in time of war.

Why Veterans Want Their Own Organizations

There are things about the soldier that only soldiers understand. The soldier comes home, is happy to see his family, talks to his mother and father for a while, enjoys his mother's cooking, luxuriates in a soft bed, rises late with a feeling of sybaritic self-indulgence—and then finds to his surprise that what he really wants is to see his comrades once again.

Because they feel at home with one another—and because they do not feel at home with anybody else—ex-soldiers naturally form groups. Here they find solidarity and live over again the significant experiences of their lives. For civilians, the war is over. For the veteran, the war is never quite over. He has left his youth in it. Besides, the Army is in his blood, and he has a need for "belonging" and for regimentation that he never outgrows.

It is a safe bet that the veterans who stormed Jericho and the members of Gideon's band had their annual reunions, with parades and the blowing of rams' horns. It is equally inevitable that such groups should sometimes be formalized by organization. Small groups of veterans have probably always arisen spontaneously, although the emergence of large national organizations had to wait for the development of the idea of mass honor, which was largely a notion of the nineteenth century.

What veterans have in common is that they once defended their country by force of arms. The trait that comes to the fore in veterans' organizations is patriotism, not the patriotism of the advanced thinker but the patriotism of the common man; not the patriotism of the person who loves all mankind and is a patriot of every nation but his own. It is the soldier's patriotism that these organizations catch up and institutionalize, and the soldier is a man who loves his country as it is and fights to defend it from harm.

Veterans will form their societies and organizations whether civilians approve them or not. They always have and they always will. Such groups respond to the veteran's inner needs. They help him to find the road back to normal social participation. Tolerate, recognize, and guide such groups and they become socially useful. Oppose them, alienate them, antagonize them, force them underground —and they become dangerous.

Earlier Veterans' Organizations—the Cincinnati

The Order of the Cincinnati was formed by American officers in April, 1783, with the approval of the highest authorities of the Army. It was composed of officers of the Army and Navy, and was originally intended to carry hereditary distinction, the title passing to the eldest son. French officers who had fought with the Americans were eligible for membership. Lafayette and von Steuben were active and popular members.

The original plan of the Cincinnati aroused widespread criticism. Benjamin Franklin made fun of it in his own inimitable way, taking the hereditary principle apart in a famous letter in which he set forth arguments later copied by the writers of the French Revolution. Samuel Adams also attacked it severely, and John Adams thoroughly disapproved it. The legislators of Massachusetts passed a resolution against the organization, and Rhode Island disfranchised its citizens who were members. There was also great opposition in South Carolina. Popular feeling against the Cincinnati as a self-constituted nobility became so intense that the hereditary principle had to be abandoned.

But the political influence of the order remained great throughout the lives of its members. It set an example for its successors by pressing the demands of the veterans for pensions and other benefits. Since its members were officers, its influence was on the side of aristocracy. In fact, monarchical sentiment and other counter-revolutionary tendencies were strong in the Cincinnati. It may be significant that this least tolerated and most opposed of American veterans' organizations was the most undemocratic in its policies.

The Grand Army of the Republic

The Grand Army of the Republic, an organization of Union veterans founded directly after the Civil War, held its first meeting in 1866. It was an organization of all the soldiers of the Union, privates as well as officers. General John A. Logan, an early G. A. R. commander in chief, stated the purpose of the organization, to "commemorate the gallantry and sufferings of our comrades, give aid to bereaved families, cultivate fraternal sympathy among ourselves, find employment for the idle, and, generally, by our acts and precepts to give the world a practical example of sincere, kindly cooperation."

When the student of history thinks of the G. A. R., he usually thinks of pensions, for it was the G. A. R. that gave the first demonstration of the feasibility of raids on the Treasury by veterans' organizations. At first the organization did not prosper, and for a time it even seemed to be in danger of extinction. When, in the '70s, it began to campaign actively for pensions, it caught the interest of the veterans, though it then counted only some 60,000 on its rolls. Soon the G. A. R. reached a point where it could state its requests to Congress as demands. A gag rule was enacted that prevented posts in disagreement with the official policy of the organization from expressing their disagreement publicly.

Driving "a Six-Mule Team Through the Treasury"

The climax of the drive for Civil War pensions came in the late '80s. In 1888, there were 419,763 active pension awards for the Civil War; five years later, in 1893, the number had risen to 935,084, which was near the peak. Harrison campaigned for the Presidency with the felicitous slogan, "Now is not the time to weigh the claims of old soldiers with apothecary's scales."

Harrison made good on his promises to the veterans by appointing the famous Corporal Tanner, a professional veteran, as Commissioner of Pensions. Corporal Tanner was a veteran who had lost both legs in action. When he was made commissioner, he announced that he was going to "drive a six-mule team through the Treasury," adding, "God help the surplus!" He granted pensions and increases with such a free hand that he had to be removed in 1889, after only a few months in office, but he was not removed until he had made good his designs on the Treasury surplus, nor were the pensioners added during his regime ever stricken from the rolls.

Though no doubt its major concern was pensions, the G. A. R. did not entirely neglect its other objectives. In accordance with the standards and customs of the time, it gave its support to institutions caring for the orphans of deceased veterans.

In the 1880s veterans of both the Blue and the Gray began to mellow. In 1882 the G. A. R. held its annual encampment in Baltimore, where it was well received; Confederate veterans marched with them that year. In the '80s these "Blue and Gray reunions" became frequent.

The American Legion of World War I

After World War I, a great many organizations competed for the favor of the veterans. The American Legion early emerged as the most successful competitor, its nearest rival being the older and somewhat more exclusive organization, the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The Legion now claims to be the largest veterans' organization in the history of the world. Since limitations of space do not permit discussion of all contemporary veterans' organizations, we shall concentrate on the Legion and omit the others, while conceding that these other organizations have considerable importance.

The purposes, programs, and activities of the Legion have been subjected to a minute and usually suspicious scrutiny, and it has often been condemned, but it has been a dominant force in American life for two decades. Most of what has been written about the Legion has been either panegyric or exposé. Neither is justified. The Legion, like any other human institution, is neither all good nor all bad.

The American Legion was founded at a three-day caucus in Paris, beginning on March 15, 1919. Among the leaders of the group were Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Colonel Bennett Clark, Colonel William J. Donovan, and Captain Ogden Mills, conservatives who never made any secret of their intention to found an essentially conservative organization.

From its inception the Legion was nonpartisan. Both officers and men were enrolled without distinction. Membership was open to anyone who had served in the armed forces during World War I, and it has now been opened to veterans of World War II. Unlike its great rival, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Legion did not exclude the training-camp veteran.

While members of the business classes have been very active in the Legion, the organization has had a considerable trade-union membership, with certain posts dominated by this group. The Legion has often been accused of being anti-labor, which was doubtless true of some local posts, but the national organization has maintained cordial relations with the American Federation of Labor. Leaders of the Legion and the A. F. of L. customarily appear as guest speakers at one another's conventions. Relations between the Legion and the C. I. O. have probably been less friendly.

The Varied Program of the Legion

In its early years the Legion fought hard and successfully for the disabled of World War I. Legionnaires discovered shocking examples of neglect and mismanagement in everything that pertained to veterans. The Legion forced the construction of hospitals and the establishment of the Veterans' Administration.

Another focus of Legion activities has been the matter of benefits for veterans. There was the drive for adjusted compensation, sometimes called the bonus. It has been the custom of righteous citizens to hold up their hands in horror at the mention of the bonus, but the thousands of millionaires created by the war and the high wages paid to many workers gave the veterans a case. The campaign for the bonus supplied, in the early years, a very useful outlet for the veterans' bitterness; they might easily have done worse things—and in European countries they did. The scale of benefits was ridiculously low. The drive for the prepayment of the bonus, in which the Legion apparently participated reluctantly and only after its hand had been forced, was indeed a raid on the Treasury. But it was mild compared to the raids made by the G. A. R. To date, the Legion has been much more moderate than the G. A. R. in its pension demands. It has never driven a six-mule team through the Treasury, nor ever tried to do so.

In addition to the services to needy veterans, which have always been a primary concern, the Legion's social efforts have often been outstanding contributions to community welfare. The child-welfare program has been particularly good. The Legion began this work in 1925 with a campaign to raise an endowment to care for an estimated 30,000 World War I orphans. Child-welfare work has continued to receive attention since that time. According to Legion figures, it has reached 5,900,000 children and has cost $50,000,000. Ninety per cent of the children were helped in their own homes and kept with their own mothers. The Legion has also supported some excellent child-welfare legislation.

When in 1933 the schools of the country were threatened by widespread cuts in the name of economy, J. W. Crabtree, secretary of the National Education Association, appealed to the Legion for help. The Legion took a strong stand and helped to save the school budgets.

The Legion and Academic Freedom

The Legion has on occasion interfered with the academic freedom of teachers. One may question whether the cloak of academic freedom should cover the teacher or writer when he is dealing not with facts or research but with propaganda, admitting that this distinction is difficult to make in the concrete instance.

It is foolish to suppose that any community will for long support with public money a kind of education that undermines its established institutions. Regardless of what educators may think, the people who pay the taxes are going to have their say about what is taught in the schools and who teaches it. Granting these facts of life, we must still say that local posts of the Legion have sometimes been tyrannical and unfair in their handling of teachers, which can be said of almost every large and powerful organization that has interested itself in education.

At least on one issue, preparedness, the Legion's position has been proved objectively correct. Doubting the prospect of permanent peace, the Legion has advocated a large Army and Navy. It has advocated education of the young in patriotism looking toward the possible defense of the country in time of war. If it had not been for the activities of the Legion and similar groups in keeping alive the military spirit, if it had not been for the rudimentary military establishment that we maintained, we might not have been able to fight the present war at all.

Unlike many so-called pacifists—pacifists that is, between wars—the Legion has been entirely consistent in its attitude toward war. The Legion belief has been that war would certainly come and we should prepare for it. Pacifistic critics of the Legion have been against preparedness and against the Legion because it believed in preparedness, until they woke up one morning hot for war and found they had no army.

For the most part the Legion has used its power for worthy purposes, and it is difficult to understand why the organization has been so generally and so roundly damned. Its members are mostly in comfortable circumstances, but that is not a crime. The Legion is conservative, but it has attacked Hamilton Fish and thus dissociated itself from his brand of conservatism. The Legion's activities on behalf of disabled veterans have been unselfish, the more so because Legion members belong to the economic group that pays heavy taxes. The Legion has pioneered in various welfare fields, but, except among professional social workers, has received little credit for it. The Legion favored the bonus, but did not take the lead in pressing for the prepayment of the bonus.

The Legion kept the spirit of nationalism alive in the piping times of peace, for which it was greatly censured; but as it turned out, this was probably a public service. Now that war has come, and not through their agitation, Legionnaires are working for adequate care for the veterans of World War II. In this work the Legion has a great task ahead of it.

For various reasons, it is inevitable that most veterans' organizations should display a pronounced conservative trend. Soldiers fight to defend things as they are; military men of all ranks tend to be conservative.

Liberals will gain nothing by criticizing them on this account. They will accomplish little by dropping out of such organizations and fighting them from the outside. If liberals, intellectuals, labor-union members, and representatives of the less common shades of opinion wish to influence veterans in the next twenty-five years, their best chance will lie in joining the veterans' organizations, participating in their activities, compromising with them, and helping to form their policy in free and democratic discussion. If they do this, they may also find that they have taken an important step in their own education.

Pensions and Other Relief for World War I Veterans

At the time of our entry into World War I, it was the intention of the government to avoid the pension evils that had arisen from other wars. After careful study, a system of service benefits not unlike workmen's compensation was enacted into law. The central feature was a system of voluntary, low-cost insurance, which the veteran could convert from term to some other form of insurance at the end of the war. Legislation also provided compensation for disability, and the compensation of families for death, allotments and allowances for dependents, medical treatment, prosthetic appliances, and vocational rehabilitation of the disabled. Though vocational rehabilitation was intended to be compulsory, it was never enforced.

This careful planning, however, was of little avail. The vocational training of the disabled was only moderately successful. About 180,000 veterans entered it, and 118,355 were believed to be rehabilitated and employable by reason of this training. The total cost of the vocational program was about $644,000,000. Claims for service-connected disability to the number of 1,141,206 were filed prior to June 30, 1932, and 541,000 awards were made.

Readers who regard World War I as incomparably milder than the present global combat may be shocked by these figures. It is true that only a small proportion of our mobilized men actually engaged in combat in World War I. Nevertheless, one fourth of our entire Army subsequently filed claims for injuries alleged to have been incurred in the war. About half of this group (or one eighth of the total number of soldiers) received compensation for service-connected disabilities.

The 1924 Congress, dramatically overriding a Presidential veto, passed the Adjusted Compensation Act. By this act veterans of World War I received a dollar a day for home service, and a dollar and a quarter for overseas service, sixty dollars being deducted for the dismissal pay given earlier. Compensation was to be in the form of a twenty-year endowment policy of such an amount as could be purchased by the credit plus twenty-five per cent. Loans on these certificates, or policies, were authorized in 1927. Demands for immediate payment of the bonus led in 1932 to the ill-fated "Bonus Expeditionary Force." There was a great political struggle before the bonus was at length paid in full in 1936.

While there is as yet no general pension for all World War I veterans of a certain age, some pensions for non-service-connected disabilities are allowed. A veteran who served ninety days honorably, whose disability is total and permanent, may receive $30 a month if his income is not over $1,000 if single or $2,500 if married. There were 84,878 veterans of World War I drawing pensions for non-service-connected disabilities in 1943, at a cost of $37,879,290. This compares with 341,505 veterans pensioned for service-connected disabilities at a cost of $165,865,297. About 550,000 veterans and dependents from World War I are on the pension rolls at the present time.

The Ethics of Pensioning Ex-Soldiers

There has been a great deal of argument about military pensions in the past, and no doubt the controversy will continue in the years to come. It may be worth while to attempt to formulate a few common-sense principles on which we may judge such controversies.

The claim of the physically-disabled veterans is clear but subject to certain qualifications. The pension is one solution to the problem of disability, but certainly not the best. If the disabled soldier can be rehabilitated, so that he is capable of self-support, such an outcome is preferable for him and for society. And if he can be partly rehabilitated, that is better than a status of complete helplessness. Compensation for disability must be of such a kind, and must be given in such a way, as not to destroy the desire to be self-supporting. Furthermore, disability is relative to one's accustomed occupation. An injury that unfits a man for manual labor might not be a great disadvantage to a lawyer, a banker, or a doctor. Nevertheless, all disabilities should be compensated in some way, insofar as they are actual economic handicaps.

The greatest abuses of disability claims have arisen with compensation for non-service-connected disabilities. The presumption of service connection for disabilities developing within a specified period after the end of a war is dangerous. Even more dangerous is the tendency to establish pensions for all disabled regardless of the origin of their disabilities. The least justifiable pension is that which goes to all war veterans who have attained a certain age, their physical condition and financial standing being disregarded.

Few would deny that when men are killed in war, the duty of supporting their widows and orphans devolves upon the nation. When a soldier is disabled, the state is responsible for him and his dependents. When a disabled veteran marries and has a family, the obligation would seem still to hold. It would be obviously unjust to deny these wards of the state the privileges of family life, and probably their contributions to the population would be eugenically desirable.

A great abuse arises when a young woman marries an aged veteran on the road to the cemetery, and then draws a pension for the rest of her life on the basis of his service in a war that was over and done with twenty or thirty years before she was born. This sort of thing has happened a great many times in our history.

The veteran has a valid claim to dismissal pay. If money, goods, and services can help him to readjust to civilian life, he has every right to get them. The principle of adjusted compensation—the bonus—is somewhat different. By reason of his military service, the veteran has been put at a disadvantage in competition with others. He has worked for fifty dollars a month while others were drawing war-boom wages, and it is up to the state to make up the difference to him. There is more justice in this claim than scholars and pooh-bahs have usually been willing to concede, although the actual difference between the soldier's and the war-worker's pay is less than it seems when we consider only the crude, uncorrected figures.

The only way to avoid such postwar problems would be to manage our wars in such a way that nobody makes any money from them. We may be sure that our soldiers would fight better, and feel better, if they knew that no one at home was getting rich from their sacrifices.

A TRAGIC aspect of both pensions and bonuses in the past has been that sharpers and speculators have usually had the good of them. The Revolutionary certificates were in large part sold to speculators who reaped huge profits on them. Soldiers were also very often cheated on their bounties in land. The activities of the Civil War pension agents were scandalous, and some of their profits were huge. While in recent years there have been fewer loopholes, nevertheless some few persons, particularly certain lawyers, have made a very good thing of pressing veterans' claims. The activities of the veterans' organizations in handling veterans' cases free of charge have helped to minimize abuses of this kind.

It is unfortunate that our aid to veterans, generous as it has been, has usually come too late to help them during their crucial years of readjustment to civilian life. If a veteran has not readjusted after ten years of civilian life, he probably never will readjust. The bonus of World War I, when it came, was too little and too late: too little for justice, too late to be of any help in readjustment. The money would have been just as well spent in attempting to rehabilitate the veterans of Pickett's Charge. A much smaller sum spent wisely in 1919 and 1920 could have accomplished incomparably more.

It has been announced that the average age of the Army in the early months of 1944 was twenty-seven. This age level will probably increase slowly as the war goes on, but the continued induction of eighteen-year-olds will slow down the rate of increase considerably.

In planning for rehabilitation it will be necessary to consider the needs of different age groups. The large group of boys under twenty-one will be likely to respond to treatment in a different manner from the two fifths of the soldiers who are twenty-five or over. We may suppose that most of the soldiers in the twenty-one-twenty-four age group have had little economic experience outside of the Army, while those below twenty-one have had practically none.

Do They Want to Go Back to School?

As to the educational level of the soldiers, the picture is rather discouraging. A little more than half of the soldiers have never finished high school. About a quarter have finished high school but no more. A small proportion, perhaps 3 per cent, have been graduated from college, while possibly a little more than a sixth have had some college training. Seven per cent of the men believe that they will return to full-time school or college at the end of the war, whether or not they receive government aid. But many of the men included in this 7 per cent are married, or had been out of school for more than a year before joining the Army, or are more than twenty-five years old. Since each of these contingencies discourages school attendance, *we may suppose that not more than 4 per cent would actually return to school without government aid* on the basis of present attitudes.

Another 17 per cent expect to return to part-time school or college, for the most part to business or trade courses. The condition of the labor market will affect these decisions profoundly. About 80 per cent of the soldiers state that they will return to school if they can get no job at all and if government aid for schooling is available. As to the amount of government aid needed for schooling, 62 per cent of the soldiers would be satisfied with tuition, books, and fifty dollars a month, while 38 per cent would require more. It should be noted that the soldiers probably have a very vague notion concerning what fifty dollars a month would purchase in the way of shelter, food, and clothing.

Are They Equipped to Earn Their Living?

Various attempts have been made to estimate the number of members of trade-unions in the armed services, and this figure has sometimes been placed, by union statisticians, as high as 2,500,000. Many difficulties are involved in such estimates, of which a principal one is the problem of defining a member of a trade-union.

One fact stands out concerning the soldiers who had trades, or jobs, before the war: A high proportion of them were dissatisfied with their jobs and do not wish to return to them. A recent news release of the OWI reveals that only one fourth of the veterans discharged from hospitals during World War II have returned to their preservice employment.

Some of the soldiers have professions, although this group is relatively small. There are probably between 40,000 and 50,000 doctors in the armed services and at least 100,000 former schoolteachers. Other professions, such as law, have also a large representation. We may suppose that in the postwar period many of the teachers will not return to their profession, while most of the lawyers and doctors will attempt to resume practice, but may experience some difficulty in building up a business. Likewise some veterans will be ready and able to set up their own businesses, and will need help in getting started.

A large number of soldiers had no economic experience before joining the Army. Of this group, some have developed new skills applicable to civilian life, but more have not. Here much depends upon the soldier's rank and branch of the service. It is also necessary to consider the labor market. We shall, for example, have great numbers of skilled and perhaps too-daring pilots, but there will be employment for only a small number in aviation, even if the coming years should be the "air age."

Planning for Differences Among Veterans

On the basis of the survey cited above, we may suppose that about 35 per cent of the soldiers are married. Of this group, some will return to established families and will have to face the sort of problems that war introduces into such families. Other soldiers have contracted war marriages, and these men must face the task of readjusting to civilian life and to the marriage relationship at one and the same time, while their wives must adjust to a husband and a veteran simultaneously. A great many parents of the present huge crop of G. I. babies must also adjust to the intimate responsibilities of parenthood.

It seems likely that the adjustment problems of the unmarried group will be less complex, if not less severe, than those of the married. But different policies must be employed in the guidance of the two groups.

While most of the soldiers will be relatively sound of body and mind, there will be a great many disabled. The physically disabled must learn to live with their disabilities; sometimes must learn new trades; must adjust their attitudes to their new condition in life. The great number certain to be discharged with hidden disabilities, such as tuberculosis or recurrent tropical disease, or latent or "delayed" psychoneurosis, will constitute a problem both of case work and of public health.

There will be a vast number of mentally disabled. Their readjustment will necessarily call into existence a whole new field of social work, and if this is not forthcoming, readjustment will not be accomplished. There will be an even greater number of border-line cases of mental illness, many of whom will refuse help and resist all attempts to treat them, preferring, as do other neurotics, to keep their neuroses and build their lives around them.

Programs of rehabilitation must provide for the different needs of the sound and the disabled, must differentiate between the physically and the mentally ill, and must recognize such divergent types as the psychotic, the neurotic, and the marginally psychoneurotic. The prevailing emotional tone of many, no doubt, will be one of bitterness and resentment, but this will vary greatly in intensity and duration. Some veterans will bring back with them a driving compulsion to work hard to get established in the world, to make up for lost time; they will "work as if they were killing snakes." But others will be mentally set to be supported for the rest of their lives. For many, the period of acute maladjustment will quickly pass, while with others it will persist throughout life.

In planning for the return of the veterans, we must bear these differences of traits and conditions in mind. We cannot expect to apply the same methods to all. Every human being has his own unique individuality; he is, in some respects, unlike anyone else in the world. We must make sure that in providing for the mass of men, we do not overlook the unique individual. Indeed, we must proceed upon the principle that each veteran is a case unto himself.

Objectives and Principles of a Veterans' Program

The objectives of rehabilitation may be stated as follows:

To restore the veteran to the competitive position which he would have occupied if he had never been called for military service.

To reinstate him in the communicative process of society, making him a civilian once more, with the knowledge, interests, habits, and sentiments of a civilian.

To encourage and help him to overcome any handicaps, physical or mental, which he may have incurred as a result of service.

To assist him to take his place once more in the political life of community, state, and nation.

To help and encourage him to overcome attitudes of bitterness and antagonism, and to establish a normal and rewarding relation with family, church, and community.

In all the work of rehabilitation it would be wise to keep these purposes clearly in mind, and attempt to devise means to these ends, revising and improvising the means from time to time, but never changing or losing sight of the ends.

It should be emphasized that at present we have insufficient knowledge of the methods to employ in reaching these objectives, and lack the necessary means. We must feel our way toward them, improvising methods and abandoning them where they do not work, but being sure to make use of all the lessons and experiences of the past. The job of rehabilitation has never been done before in a society like ours. But we have accumulated a considerable body of past experience from which we should not neglect to draw the proper lessons.

Must Be Administered Under a Flag of Truce

The work of rehabilitation must take place under a flag of truce. Those who work with veterans must be neutral in the embittered domestic struggles of the postwar world. No one must endanger the work of rehabilitation by introducing into it anything that pertains to factional dispute.

In American life the work of many important institutions goes on in such an area of neutrality. Public schools must reach all the children of all the people, and all must pay for their support; we have learned, therefore, to exclude religious disputes and political factionalism as far as possible from the schools. Any violation of this truce —any attempt, for example, to use the schools to foster a new religion or to make a new social order—injures the work of the schools. Likewise, social work must carry on its ministrations without taking sides on many great controversies. Its practitioners have the privilege of helping human beings out of trouble and of alleviating human misery, but are thereby estopped from any attempt to make a revolution.

So it will have to be with the work of rehabilitating the veteran. The needs of the veteran must come first. No one must be allowed to get control of the program who would use it for any other purpose, however worthy he may deem that purpose to be. The persons who do the job must be fanatics about veterans and about nothing else. They cannot take sides on other questions. They cannot make use of the rehabilitation program for veterans in furthering any other cause.

Political and social neutrality in the rehabilitation of veterans is by no means impossible. We have invented a piece of social machinery well adapted to assuring such neutrality. That machine is the representative board. Let the work of rehabilitation be watched over at every stage by such a board, and it will be neutral. On the board should be representatives chosen in accordance with every principal cleavage in society: capital and labor, Negro and white, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and gentile, radical and reactionary. The board should, of course, be bipartisan, and should so far as possible represent different shades of political belief. Put representatives of all such groups on the board, let them watch over policy—not administer—and the veterans' program will be neutral.

Veterans: A Key in Postwar Planning

The air is thick with postwar plans. Every interested party has its plan for the domestic economy and for international relations, a plan in which its own interests will not suffer. A few responsible citizens and a few sober scholars have serious and well-considered plans. They are in the minority, because every zany, crank, publicity seeker, international crook, wise guy, or just plain fool also has a plan. When such thinkers go in for social planning, the wonder is, as Dr. Johnson might have put it, not that they do it well, but that they can do it at all.

Postwar plans must consider the special needs of the veteran, and for the most part they do not. In the postwar years millions of veterans will be making the most difficult adjustments of their lives, finding occupations, building families, getting their belated start in the world. The probabilities are that these young men are going to be concentrated in cities; many will never return to farms and villages. Probably the young women will follow them to the cities. These young men and young women will be restless in their behavior, exigent in their demands. Some few will have plenty of money; most will be poor. They will be politically capable of ruling the country; they will have the votes and the motivation. Start your economic and social planning from there. The veterans are the group for which some sort of plan is most urgently necessary. Plan specifically for them and their needs.

They Must Share in Planning for Themselves

The natural beginning of this planning is to *let the veteran have a share in planning his own future.* In the Army one has little opportunity to plan for himself. It is the part of virtue to submit, to do as one is told, to take what comes. The transition to self-initiated plans is difficult and could easily be impeded by an attempt to handle the re-education and re-employment of veterans by mechanical, mass methods. Personal relationships must somehow appear in this work. The veterans' own wishes must be consulted. *The veterans must organize their own pattern of participation, under such guidance as can be given without destroying their sense of spontaneous participation.*

Assimilation Through Veterans' Organizations

In its earliest period of life, the veterans' organization finds its chief interest in the attempt to secure adequate care for the disabled and for the dependents of their fallen comrades. There is a great tendency for the disabled to be neglected in the period immediately following a war, and the veterans' organization performs a great service in pressing for satisfaction of the needs of this group. The widows and orphans of the slain are also in need of help, and the veterans have an opportunity to find their own souls in helping them.

To some extent in the Grand Army of the Republic, and to a very great extent in the American Legion, these objectives were gradually extended to include wide social aims of a philanthropic nature. A concern for the children of veterans is easily expanded into a concern for all children. Besides, considerations of national defense necessitate proper care for all children, and so child welfare in the broadest sense becomes a proper objective of the American Legion. Every good cause is inextricably interwoven with certain other good causes, and this fact sooner or later involves the veterans' organization, in one way or another, in the struggle for social betterment.

There are many persons to whom this view of veterans' organizations may seem far from the facts. They remember the pension exactions of the Grand Army of the Republic, and they quarrel with the ideology of the American Legion. The Grand Army of the Republic, as it happened, fell into the hands of a group of politicians who used pensions as a means of mobilizing voting power. The pension system after the Civil War arose from the fact that a system of taxation, which certain interested parties wished to continue, poured into the Treasury funds that somehow had to be expended, and the veterans were a suitable object of expenditure. If blame attached to anyone for this procedure, it was to the politicians far more than to the veterans. Pension agitation for the veterans of World War I has never been on the same scale. Veterans, however, would be more or less than human if in the exercise of their political power they did not sometimes employ that power in their own interest.

At the end of the present war the presence of two large groups of veterans will create a situation without parallel in our history. There is no doubt that veterans will dominate our political life for some time to come.

Scientific Screening for Disabilities

During the postwar period every community should make an active search for cases of disability, and should give to the disabled such assistance as may be necessary to obtain prompt and just settlement of their claims. Such a policy will prove to be not merely humane, but also excellent business. In the long run it will save money. It will be to the interest of local communities to help in making these claims, because in that way they will transfer certain obligations from local to federal budgets. It will be to the interest of the federal government to have all legitimate claims presented promptly and settled fairly, because this will make it easier to reject fraudulent claims in after years.

If an active search for these cases is not made, thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of those who have honorable and legitimate claims will be overlooked during the early years that are the golden period for recovery and rehabilitation.

One kind of disability in particular calls for the ministrations of the most skilled social workers in the country, if we are to avoid being saddled with terrific costs for the care of demoralized and pauperized veterans. *The hundreds of thousands of psychoneurotics will require intelligent treatment in order to save a great proportion of them from becoming public charges.* Pensions, or mere compensation, will never do for this group. Pensions, in many cases, will give them a social gain from neurosis, which will make recovery impossible.

While much of the work of rehabilitating veterans can be accomplished by federal and state agencies, its most important phases can be carried on only by local communities. They must find a job for the returning veteran, later for the occupationally rehabilitated veteran, and must help him to work out a pattern of family and community relationships. They must break down the veteran's barriers and get in communication with him. They must get the veteran into politics and make him into a citizen once more. They must teach the veteran to work for community goals.

In short, *the real work of rehabilitation must be done in the local community.* There are two points that can never be stressed too much: that every veteran is in need of some sort of rehabilitation, and that the job must be done in the local community. It is the job of the local community to make the veteran a civilian again, to train him to think, feel, and act like a civilian once more.

Normally, one would expect to find local communities strongly organized and ready to tackle such a task at the end of a war. This is not true at the present time, except for rural areas and some smaller cities. Where community organization has actually taken place during this war, few thanks are due to the central administration. Nevertheless, if the job of rehabilitation is to be done, local communities must organize for it.

The usual practice in community organization is to depend heavily upon the leaders of institutions and agencies and upon persons who in the past have shown themselves concerned with community welfare. Included in this group would be educators, preachers, social workers, merchants, industrialists, lawyers, etc. Service clubs, such as Rotary and Kiwanis, have played an increasingly important part in community organization through the years.

While these groups should certainly not be neglected in organizing communities for the return of the veteran, it is likely that the most dynamic leadership will come from the veterans' organizations.

Organizing Local Communities

The work of community organization may be done by either amateurs or professionals with almost equal effectiveness. The amateur, being a member of the community, has a detailed knowledge of community alignments which the professional often lacks, and may, because of his secure status in the community, use rough-and-ready methods that professionals must avoid. If through lack of skill he makes mistakes, as he almost certainly will, the amateur community organizer is able to overcome these errors by persistence and by his command of the realities of local politics.

Against the amateur should be recorded the probability that his understanding of the purposes for which the community is to be organized is less sure and extensive than that of the trained professional. Even more serious is the amateur's lack of realization of the interconnectedness of good causes, and his tendency to do damage in other fields while promoting the cause that is dear to his own heart.

There are "secrets of the trade" of community organization. Perhaps the professionals will forgive the writer for revealing their chief secret, which is: One must not expect praise for such activity, however selfless and devoted his work may be; he must give all the praise to others for their minor contributions. That is how he gets others to work for him. If the work goes well, that must be triumph enough for the person who engineers the job, and he must publicly give all the credit to others. Such selflessness is rare. So are good community organizers.

Another hint seems justified on this subject, although it is not at all orthodox doctrine: In setting up a board, or agency, to mobilize community resources on behalf of veterans, it would be well not to rely wholly upon do-gooders, but to include a certain number of hard and practical men who are accustomed to getting things done.

It is generally regarded as the best practice in all sorts of welfare work to use existing agencies wherever possible. There is a great temptation for a person who is much impressed by some new problem to attempt to set up a new agency, disregarding the contributions that can be made to the situation by existing agencies. It is wiser to refer many kinds of problems to agencies already established, thus making use of their experience, and to construct new machinery only when this is unavoidable.

A Basic Minimum Program for the Community

Specifically, community organization for the returning veterans should provide at least the following things:

Machinery for getting the names of all veterans, whether local boys or migrants, as soon as possible after their release from the Army. Draft boards can supply the names of the local inductees. Some other way must be found to establish contact with the migrants. There will undoubtedly be large numbers of these migrants in the urban areas.

A preliminary interview to give the veteran a welcome to his home, to discover his needs, and to arrange for:

Referral to employment agencies for those ready, willing, able, and sufficiently skilled to accept immediate job placement. These agencies should systematically assess the job possibilities of the local community.

Referral to persons trained in evaluating and pressing claims for disability. Veterans' organizations are most likely to be of help in this respect as they have had years of experience with just this sort of thing.

Referral to guidance workers competent to give the younger veterans advice concerning choice of vocation, plans for vocational training, etc.

Adaptation of welfare and case-working agencies to the needs of the veterans' group. This would include not merely family welfare agencies and the relief organization but, in many cases, organizations which give legal aid. Welfare workers should prepare to give special attention to the problems of psychoneurotic cases among veterans.

Adaptation of the school system to veterans whose schooling can be provided in the local community.

Provision of medical and social-work facilities for an active search for cases of disability among returning veterans.

Provision of small-loan services for needy veterans and larger loans for veterans wishing to start business or buy homes or farms.

Example: New York's Veteran Service Center

An ideal organization of community services for veterans is the Veterans' Service Center established in New York City by Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg under the auspices of Selective Service and the War Manpower Commission. Intended as a demonstration of what communities can do to help veterans, the Veterans' Service Center proved its usefulness by giving aid to more than 4,000 veterans in its first month of existence.

Usually such an agency would seek to be principally a clearinghouse, helping ex-soldiers by referring them to the proper agencies. Like any other large city, New York has such a wealth of social agencies that a veteran seeking aid would not know which one he should consult with his particular problem. Intelligent referral of cases calls for such specialized knowledge and skill as to justify the existence of a veterans' center.

However, the New York Veterans' Service Center has been able to handle many cases by means of its own resources, which provide such services as an employment bureau, vocational guidance, physical examinations, and the help of a case worker in coping with personal problems. The value of such a co-ordinated battery of services is very great, which is demonstrated by the large number of veterans who elect to take advantage of two or more services.

The effect of this co-ordination of services upon the veteran's morale is considerable. If a veteran, for example, needs a physical check-up, vocational guidance, help in finding employment, and assistance with personal problems, it would ordinarily be necessary for him to turn to several agencies to get these services, and he might feel before he was through that he was "getting the run-around," but the Veterans' Service Center is organized to give all these services without delay, perhaps on a single day. Since the Service Center is in the hands of skilled social workers, it is possible to make the differentiation between the services which the veteran requests and those which he really needs. A cheerful informally-furnished waiting room adds much to the atmosphere of the Center.

New York City has, of course, far more facilities for helping veterans than are possessed by smaller cities. However, as the workers at the Center point out, the objectives of the smaller community are the same as those of New York, and the needs of the veteran are the same, wherever he may be located. It is planned to extend this experiment to a number of other cities, making use of the New York City experience.

The veterans' programs of even the smaller communities should thus include a wide mobilization of community resources to meet the needs of veterans. The focus of these activities might well be furnished by a veterans' service center, similar to that of New York City, in which representatives of various agencies would be accessible. This center should carry on its own testing and placement program, perhaps in co-operation with industry, but in some cases independently. Various other aids should be furnished by the center or by other social agencies interested in veterans. Group work and recreation, if the community can afford it, will pay off handsomely in the long run. The least that any community can do is to provide a meeting place or "hangout" for returning veterans. For all these services, trained personnel will be scarce, and authorities in charge of training programs should give the matter immediate attention.

As the veterans return, thousands of heartless rackets will arise to separate them from their money. No one can say what these will be. Crooks without imagination will resort to such dodges as the fur neckpiece, the badger game, and the myth of the Spanish prisoner, and human ingenuity will devise a multitude of new swindles. No doubt the loan sharks are already whetting their teeth for the returning veterans. Protection of the veterans from these people is a major responsibility of the community.

If communities are not properly organized for returning veterans, the results will undoubtedly be bad. The veterans will be turned over, as soldiers have so often been in time of war, to the lowest elements of the population.

In planning and organizing community facilities, we should avoid placing them on a temporary, emergency basis. The work of adjusting the veterans to society will necessarily last for several years. Machinery established for dealing with veterans should be a permanent part of the community structure. The lesson of World War I is that organized community effort tends to decline rapidly, if not actually to disintegrate, in the postwar period.

If, however, there is adequate and continuing interest in the matter, the rehabilitation of veterans may furnish an excellent focus of community life. But first it must be brought home to the community, and as vividly as possible, that rehabilitation is not something that can be done in some wonderful hospital far away from the sight of the public, but something that must take place in the local community, in every community, before everybody's eyes every single day, if the job is to be done.

The Economic Aspects of Rehabilitation

Finding a satisfactory job for the veteran is vital to his readjustment in society. A job will not, as some believe, solve all the veteran's problems, but without a job none of them can be solved. Self-support, in American society, is essential to self-respect; holding a job is one of the central disciplines that give backbone to our lives. The job itself is the source of many of our social contacts. It is therefore necessary to find jobs for all veterans who are able and willing to work.

But if we are to find jobs for all the veterans, the economic machine must be functioning at full capacity; there must be jobs enough for all. Here the veteran's fate is interwoven with that of the million of war workers who will have to turn to other tasks when they cease producing the instruments of death. There must be jobs for the war workers too. If we get jobs for the veterans and none for the war workers, the labor market will be so badly disorganized that the veterans will not fare well, and the war workers and their families will suffer privation. If, nevertheless, by legislation, political pressure, and executive fiat we appropriate all the available jobs for the veterans and leave other potential workers idle, all that we shall accomplish will be that the veterans will work and pay taxes to support the rest of the population —a consummation which one would hardly suppose that the veterans would desire.

An adequate handling of the veteran problem, therefore, requires full, or nearly full employment, for which, on the basis of America's past record, the prospect is not exactly bright. At the peak of prosperity, 1929, several millions were unemployed. Through the '30s we were unable to operate the economic system without producing surpluses that fatally glutted the market; we could not get supply and demand adjusted then, and it will certainly be harder to bring them into line with each other now that we have enormously expanded our productive capacity, increased the supply of labor and the productivity of labor, and unbalanced our economy far more than ever before. Possibly we shall be able to make our economic system work. If not—chaos, for the veteran as well as for everybody else.

It is no part of the task of the present work to set forth one more plan for the management of the economic system in the postwar years. Some of our ablest economists have given this matter their attention. Any one of several existent plans would almost certainly work better than no plan at all. What is needed is to put some plan into effect.

First Step: Nation-wide Job Survey

While conceding that the economic fate of the veterans is intertwined with that of the rest of society, let's concern ourselves with the easily practicable things that can and should be done for the veterans. Among these would be a nation-wide job survey, or inventory, that would determine the places in the economic system where the labor of the veterans could best be utilized. Such a survey should start with the assumption that the re-employment of the veterans furnishes us with an opportunity to redistribute our manpower in accordance with considerations of both efficiency and welfare.

A survey might well lead to some very important conclusions concerning the policies to be followed in placing veterans in jobs after the war. For example, an intelligent redistribution of manpower might involve the decision to place a quarter of a million veterans in the profession of schoolteaching. The percentage of men in teaching has been declining since the Civil War. In 1870 about 40 per cent of the teachers of the United States were men. In 1920 the percentage of men was 14.1; by 1934 it had risen again to 19.1.

The present war has almost certainly reduced the proportion of men far below the 1920 figure. There is a very serious shortage of trained teachers, a deficiency, according to recent estimates, of at least 150,000. There is a rapid turnover in the profession even in normal times. It would be easy for the teaching profession to absorb 250,000 veterans, and the work of the schools would benefit thereby.

Smaller numbers of veterans could be profitably utilized in institutions for juvenile delinquents, which need young and vigorous men for their staffs. Police work, which is rapidly maturing into a profession, should prove attractive to considerable numbers of veterans. The field of social work could furnish employment to some thousands, the related field of recreation to thousands more. Obviously, a large number of veterans will have to be employed, over a period of years, in administering the veteran program itself.

A survey would doubtless reveal many other wide-open spots in the economic order where veterans could profitably be employed. State and local surveys would likewise disclose the needs of segments of the national community, and would furnish a background for intelligent placement. It is worth remembering that large numbers of veterans will very probably gravitate to cities, where the market for their services may not be very active. In this connection we should note that careful city planning for utility and beauty could provide good jobs for millions of veterans—a matter receiving consideration in the Moses plan for postwar New York City. According to a recent survey, about two thirds of all American cities of 10,000 or more are planning large-scale projects for the postwar period, total projected expenditures amounting roughly to four and a half billion dollars.

A List of Economic Aids for Veterans

Assistance to be extended to veterans should include the following services:

Demobilization pay and unemployment compensation. Dismissal pay should be adequate to defray immediate expenses and to support the veteran while he is seeking a job. If he has trouble in finding a job, then he should have unemployment compensation for a period of time.

Guidance in the choice of an occupation. This guidance, if it is to be effective for veterans, must involve more than giving a few tests and handing out pious advice. Vocational guidance for veterans will be a difficult job, inseparable from personal counseling and from the comprehensive task of helping the veteran to find his place in society. There are certain to be many cases of great disparity between the kind of job the veteran wants and the kind he can get; the task of adjusting the veteran to his actual status in society will call for a great deal of skill. Conflicts are also certain to arise between the veterans and certain entrenched occupational groups, notably members of professional and labor unions. One part of the guidance program must be to work with such groups and to persuade them to open their ranks to a reasonable number of veterans. Self-interest would certainly dictate that labor unions, for example, should do this.

Help in preparation for jobs. After the veteran has chosen a vocation intelligently, he may still need help in fitting himself for it. There is every indication that such assistance will be provided. One problem involved is that of making sure that instruction given to veterans is of high quality. It is also important to make sure that veterans who accept such help are serious students.

It would certainly be most desirable for the vocational guidance and planning of training programs to be in the hands of persons trained, and well trained, for this kind of work. This is the type of activity in which a little knowledge is often a dangerous thing, but it is also a field in which a great many shysters have operated in the past. Such considerations are crucial for the disabled veterans, who will require expert and careful attention if their needs are to be met. We assume, of course, that the sound rehabilitation program planned for the disabled veterans of World War I will be continued after the current war, with, it is to be hoped, better administration this time.

Help in job-finding. This is a routine activity that should be closely correlated with the guidance and training program.

Business loans. Some veterans will be capable of starting their own businesses if given some help in raising capital. Some state governments already provide for such loans, the State of New Jersey having recently passed a very generous law. Such loans may also properly be extended to cover the purchase of a home or a farm. This seems a legitimate field of operation for the state governments, and far more constructive than the usual bonus legislation. Such loans, if properly extended, are certain to have a very stabilizing effect upon veterans.

Small personal loans. Being an impecunious and not very provident group, and a young group that will shortly have heavy family responsibilities, the veterans will often be in need of small loans. Arrangements should be made to supply these loans, under proper safeguards, at the lowest practicable rate of interest.

IN PLANNING and administering these services we should remember that our obligation to the disabled veteran is greater than to any other. But all these services should also be extended, if they are needed, to the dependents of deceased or disabled veterans.

Industry should be prepared to take over the burden of scientific job placement and intelligent management of job relationships. Interviews and tests should be given to determine the attitudes, aptitudes, and capacities of veterans. Studies should be made—are already being made by some companies—to determine the kinds of work that can be done by persons suffering from various kinds and degrees of disability. The development of foreman-training in job relationships is indicated as a necessary step in dealing with the attitudes of veterans.

Both industrialists and labor unions are in fact thinking along these lines. Both groups realize that the veterans will constitute their greatest problem for the coming years. The following illustrates the attitude of one of the largest labor unions, the United Automobile Workers:

"The program of our union for men in the armed forces (which is incorporated in our 'Post War Plan') calls for the following: Guarantee of jobs through a peace time economy of full employment; through the enforcement of seniority provisions in contracts; and through extension of inadequate protection of the Selective Service Law to give legal protection to all members of the armed forces and merchant marine so that they will be guaranteed the right to return to their former jobs with accumulated seniority.

"We call for what might be termed a new Homestead Act which would be a government-financed program for settling returned veterans who care to go on farm lands, through individual and community projects.

"One of the big problems we feel has to be dealt with is provision for adequate bonus which we prefer to call a separation allowance, up to $2,500 to help discharged veterans get back on their feet, rest, investigate new occupational opportunities, possibly initiate new ventures in life. To further facilitate this, we ask for free education, including training for any trade or profession.

"In spite of all the propaganda attempting to show a split between the soldiers and the people who are doing the war work in the factories, it would surprise you to know how frequently we hear from members who are looking to their union to give them protection in the post-war period. There is no question that many of the returning soldiers have some feeling of security through the knowledge of being members in good standing of well established trade unions who have been able to negotiate contracts which provide security for them when they return."

Realistic study of the problem of the economic adjustment of the veteran brings us squarely up against the problem of personal adjustment. It is not enough to get a job for the veteran; unless he can be adjusted to society he will not keep the job. The task of helping the veteran in meeting his problems of personal relationships is thus inescapable.

The Disabled at Home: Stoicism or Realism?

The case of the disabled veteran who must return to wife or mother in a crippled condition presents inescapable problems whose singular pathos cannot escape the person who gives even passing notice to the matter. Certainly every wife or mother of a mangled man would like to know what she can do to help him through his terrible period of readjustment. The present tendency seems to be to advise her to receive him casually, without emotion. This doubtless has its good points, but it is certainly dangerous.

An administrative officer at Halloran General Hospital, who himself had suffered and overcome a disability, recently stated a set of rules of behavior for the families of disabled veterans. They follow:

"Be casual. An initial expression of sympathy is to be expected, but don't dwell on it.

"Get all the false feeling of frustration—yours and his—out of the way immediately.

"Be hard-boiled, to his face at least. If the man understands the reason for this attitude, he will regard it as a service.

"Be on the alert to discourage any tendency toward an invalid complex. Encourage him to go on and be the useful citizen he would have been if he had not been hurt.

"Recognize the fact that whatever differences exist are purely physical, that they in no way make him a different person."

These rules are based upon sound psychological understanding of the harm that can be done to a disabled veteran by an oversolicitous family, but they have their point of danger in that they overlook the very great possibility of carrying this casualness, this bravery, too far. Both the disabled veteran and his family must react adequately to his handicap. They must face it and not try to pretend that it does not exist. They must mourn for his loss and win emancipation from their grief at the cost of pain. If a person tries to put such things out of his mind, they fester in the unconscious and produce neurotic symptoms. It is precisely from such ways of meeting situations, such often admirable courage, such militant ignoring, that neurosis arises; for the neurotic is only a person who has carried some virtue to such an extreme that it has become a vice.

If one dared to give it, a sounder pattern of advice to the mother, or wife, of the disabled veteran would be:

If your son comes home disabled or disfigured, cry! That is the natural and human thing to do. Let him cry too. Let everybody cry. Cry until you get it out of your systems. Then, when you have had your cry, and he has admitted and expressed his own heartache, try to pick up the pieces of your lives and put them together again. Admit the disability. Get used to it. Then help your son to build up the best possible life with what he has. This will rule out all possibility of pampering or encouraging invalidism. But do not start being hard-boiled until you have been sympathetic.

The disabled veteran who is too brave, so that he refuses to recognize his disability, runs the risk of building up inner tension that will sooner or later put him in a mental hospital. The wife or mother who tries to overlook a disability can easily spoil a relationship by imposing upon herself and the veteran a mental strain greater than either can bear.

The wife of a disfigured man stated her courageous but mistaken policy in these words: "If a man is disfigured, don't ever mention that fact to him. Imagine how it would hurt him! And above all, concentrate on what is left, not what is gone." Her psychology was shortsighted. By excluding such a fact, obvious to them both and very much in the minds of both, from their conversation, she will end by making the disfigurement—the horrible never-to-be-mentioned thing that both think about all the time—far more important to both of them than it would otherwise be.

The workable solution would be: Accept the disfigurement. Talk about it until you have finished. Grieve over it until you both feel better. Refer to it when necessary, and never let it get to the point where it cannot be referred to. Then it will slowly recede from the center of the field of consciousness and you may both forget it in a healthy manner, as you forget things that you take for granted and toward which you have no emotion.

It is absolutely necessary that the disabled veteran and his family should mourn in order to free their minds from his handicap. So long as the disability or disfigurement is not faced, it will dominate consciousness. The disabled veteran must say to himself, "I am crippled. I have lost an arm. Nothing can ever bring it back. It is a great loss," and then he must give suitable expression to his sorrow. Only then, perhaps after months of the psychic pain of grief, can he go on to other things with a mind free and void of tenseness. There is no recovery without an intermediate state of unhappiness. Nothing can cure grief but grief itself.

For the disabled veteran who mourns but not too long—as for the widow who weeps but not forever—the prognosis is good. He will recover, to accept his disability and to lead a calm and useful life. But if he does not mourn, if he does not get his sorrow out of his system by expressing it, if he does not learn to face the changed reality, his emotional life will be lastingly dominated by his disability. This is the risk we run by counseling casualness and bravery. Courage the disabled veteran must have in any case, and his wife or mother must have courage also, but perhaps, for the sake of their mutual hygiene, they should not show it until they have purged themselves with weeping.

Sending the Veteran Back to School

Present-day soldiers are, as we have seen, lukewarm about going back to school, and yet education has certain advantages over every other method of rehabilitation. These advantages are so great that it seems the part of wisdom to attempt to overcome the veterans' indifference to education and to rely upon the schools as a principal agency for restoring them to their place in society.

An educational environment will be good for veterans because it will give them a chance to recover their emotional balance. The school environment can be adapted to the veteran's needs, allowing him to take the kind of courses he requires in the combination he desires, permitting him a light or a heavy schedule, encouraging him to express and to develop his own unique individuality. A work environment can never be so adapted; a man in industry must submit to the discipline of the job, accepting it or rebelling against it.

The pressures, furthermore, of an educational environment are not harsh, and the penalties for failure not crushing. Schoolteachers, for all their faults, understand that their job is to foster the growth of personality, while employers, rightly enough, usually refuse to accept any such responsibility. A school, therefore, with its infinite adaptability, is a nearly ideal place for a veteran who is traveling the steep road back to civilian society.

If a veteran suffers a disadvantage in competition because of his military service, a properly planned educational program will enable him to overcome that handicap. Thus it may come about that some veterans will be able to take up occupations from which the expense of a long training period would have excluded them in normal times.

If after the war it is necessary to provide employment for some millions by make-work devices, an educational program would be an almost ideal outlet for surplus labor—non-competitive, as regards its relation to private industry, requiring little investment of capital, capable of being curtailed without loss when the economy may require it, and the best way of conserving for a future time the productivity of temporarily unusable labor. Schooling, furthermore, would return the laborers to the economic world in small assimilable driblets, and would thus not glut the market.

The Great Potentialities of Veteran Education

Better than any other rehabilitation program, education can work on the veteran's attitudes, helping him slowly to overcome the bitterness and resentment that may otherwise interfere with his adjustment throughout life. It often comes about that the teacher's dry didacticism, his objectivity and disinterestedness, his repetitiousness, are more persuasive than any eloquence. The teacher traditionally presents facts and leaves the individual free to make up his own mind, but by so doing he often commands the minds of others more effectively than can the demagogue. Furthermore, the better the student's mind, the more it is subject to the type of influence that the teacher exerts.

Lastly, education and retraining are the only possible solution for many disabled veterans. If a man has received an injury that incapacitates him for one occupation, train him for another in which this disability will not be a handicap. Such a solution is in every way superior to the previous device of pensioning him off and thus depriving him of the psychic rewards of work, productivity, and a career.

There are certain obstacles in the way of using education as a rehabilitative device for veterans. Veterans are, as we have seen, lukewarm in their attitude toward education. This is a poser. But we should note that the survey previously quoted deals with the attitudes of soldiers still in the service and that there is at least an even chance that these service men will change their opinions when they become veterans. Another obstacle is that the schools and colleges have suffered serious deterioration as a result of the damage done by war. College faculties have been raided by many agencies, while the supply of recruits has been cut off. This situation can probably be best met by training veterans who have already had some advanced work to become teachers of other veterans.

It seems reasonable to hope that in spite of their present lukewarm attitude, large numbers of veterans can in fact be reached through education. Benjamin Fine, education editor of the New York Times, recently reported on his survey of the opinions and attitudes of more than 1,000 veterans of the present war who had already returned to college. He found that many were working with great earnestness on their studies, but he stated that the schools should teach "what the veterans want, not what the schools or the Government think they should be taught." We should add that even if we could reach no more than 5 per cent of the veterans through education this would be very much worth doing, because a great proportion of the leaders of the veteran group would be certain to be included in the educable 5 per cent.

As to the method of supplying educational opportunities to veterans, school authorities seem agreed that the educational program for veterans should not operate by means of contracts that would put education under the control of the federal government. A great number of scholarships to be awarded to veterans best qualified and most in need would serve the purpose much better. Such scholarships should, of course, cover both tuition and living expenses. Loans have been advocated for this purpose, but they entail the great disadvantage of forcing young men to begin their occupational life heavily in debt. The history of loans to veterans indicates that many such loans would never be repaid, and that they would constitute a political football for a generation.

It would be most unwise to establish separate institutions for the education of veterans. It would be difficult to staff such institutions, or to supervise them in order to make sure that they do work of standard quality. It would open the door to political corruption. Worst of all, it would defeat the main purpose of veteran education, which is to restore the veteran to communication with the rest of society. The best practice would be to make full use of the educational assets and traditions of existing institutions. We may feel sure that the faculties and administrators of these institutions will display great adaptability in dealing with the needs of veterans.

Essentials of a Veterans' Program

It is clear that if we are to handle the problem of the returning veteran, we must make a radical change in our thinking. We must stop thinking about "veterans' benefits" and begin thinking about a veterans' program. The difference is essential.

A veterans' program is a set of co-ordinated activities designed to restore the veteran to his place in society. Obviously, such a program is what we need.

A veterans' program, to be worthy of the name, would be prompt and timely, and it would give adequate aid, once and for all; unfortunately, veterans' benefits do neither. A program aims at rehabilitation and the complete restoration of the veteran to normal life. When its work is accomplished, a veterans' program will come to an end; but veterans' benefits, as we know, have a way of going on forever. Furthermore, if there were an adequate veterans' program, there would be no need of, and no excuse for, veterans' benefits.

When we evaluate the hodgepodge of veterans' benefits that we have, in the light of the veterans' program that we ought to have, we see that many of these benefits are useless or worse than useless. Pensions, with a few exceptions, are valueless as a solution of the veteran problem, and sometimes, because of their pauperizing effect, they are a positive hindrance. Bonuses and gratuities, except for dismissal pay, are equally useless. Tax exemptions are likewise of little value. Mere concessions or privileges do not help the veteran very much.

If, then, we attempt to frame a veterans' program that will be adequate to restore the veteran to society, how shall we go about it? Various agencies must contribute, each in its own way:

The federal government must, of course, play a crucial role. It must, in the first place, so manage the national economy, with the co-operation of business leaders, as to assure full employment, a matter outside the scope of this book but essential in solving the veteran problem. It must give every veteran adequate dismissal pay and assistance in finding a job, as well as support during the period of job-seeking and economic readjustment. Further, it must supply guidance during this period of crucial decisions. The federal government must assume financial responsibility for the discovery, care, and rehabilitation of the disabled, as well as the support and possibly the retraining of their dependents. It must also develop methods and procedures for dealing with some hundreds of thousands of psychological cripples.

The federal government must supply financial backing for an extensive program of re-education, so designed as to reach as large a number of veterans as possible, but must not set up separate educational institutions for veterans or seek to dominate existing institutions.

Justice dictates that veterans who do not obtain education or trade training at government expense should receive something roughly equivalent in some not easily expendable form, such as a paid-up life-insurance policy with a limited borrowing capacity. The federal government should also assist veterans through loans to purchase homes or farms, and to establish businesses or professional practices. The program of governmental life insurance should be continued, as it is certain to be, because of its encouragement to thrift. Veterans' preference in civil service is not only politically inevitable, but also, within limits, a useful device for veteran rehabilitation.

The field of operation of state governments in a veterans' program is much more limited. They should abstain from bonuses and from permanent tax exemptions, on the theory that the veteran will receive ample justice without such concessions. They should conduct a search for cases of disability among demobilized veterans, and give aid in pressing claims. They should co-operate in the task of veteran education through the state-supported educational institutions, but should resist the temptation to establish separate institutions for veterans. They should supervise the organization of local communities for returning veterans, and arrange for state-wide organization of veteran social work. The field of small loans to veterans might also be a proper sphere of operation for state governments.

Local communities must bear much of the responsibility for veteran rehabilitation, depending upon federal financial support where necessary. *Each community should organize now* to help veterans find jobs, plan educational careers, choose vocations, press claims for disabilities, and provide small loan services. The local community must also adapt its educational agencies to the needs of veterans. It should also, where possible, provide help and guidance for the many veterans' organizations certain to spring up after the war.

Case-working agencies must prepare to assume heavy burdens in helping veterans in their personal relationships, and to develop new skills for dealing with a very difficult set of clients.

Social workers must also play a prominent part in the task of postwar community organizations, to help veterans and to deal with the generally chaotic conditions of the postwar world.

Veterans' organizations should prepare to receive dynamic new elements into their membership and to meet the competition of new and lively organizations among the veterans of World War II. A principal contribution of veterans' organizations in the next few years will be to see that aid given to veterans is timely, adequate, and properly administered.

The time when the veteran needs help is in the years immediately following a war, and this is the time when he is usually neglected. It is up to the veterans' organizations to supply the necessary pressure to assure that this does not happen.

The Cost of Saving the Men Who Fought for Us

The costs of our postwar program for veterans are certain to be great. A recent business letter estimates the monetary costs of veterans' care in the postwar years at from three to five billion dollars a year, adding that a "Veterans' Deal" is coming to replace the New Deal in those years. Included in this estimate are such items as hospital care, pensions, adjusted compensation, unemployment compensation, and education. Expenditures of state and municipal governments, which are certain to be heavy, are not included in this estimate.

Such estimates are useful only in giving us a conception of the size of our problem. They are not based upon an attempt to plan a really adequate veterans' program, but merely upon existing or proposed legislation, which is, at best, a structure of contradictions. An adequate rehabilitation program might cost more in the early years than proposed measures on behalf of veterans, but in the end rehabilitation would certainly save money as well as lives.

Rehabilitation is preferable to legislative patchwork in our treatment of veterans, but we do not know how much it will cost. For various reasons, it is impossible to estimate with any accuracy the money costs of an adequate program for veterans. We shall not know how large our problem of disability is until some years after the end of the fighting; service-connected psychoneurotic breakdowns will continue to occur for many years after the end of the war. Nor do we as yet know enough about the art of rehabilitation to be able to say just what specific benefits should be extended to veterans or what the veterans themselves will elect to take. Like doctors who do not too well understand some pathological condition of the human body, we must try out different remedies and treatments and use the medicines to which the patients seem to respond; the most useful medicines may be cheap, or they may be expensive, but we must not count the cost.

The cost of the veterans' program will also depend in part upon general economic conditions. If the removal of wartime controls produces a runaway inflation, that will affect the problem. If we are unable to solve satisfactorily the problem of postwar employment for veterans and war workers, that will make the readjustment of the veterans immensely more difficult and will call for increased expenditures.

In any case, while we should avoid emotionalism and excess in our provisions for veterans, we should not permit the expense of a program to be the decisive consideration. A father whose child is mortally ill should not bargain with the doctor or the hospital concerning the price of the treatments which may save the child's life. Our obligation to the veteran is equally overwhelming and in one way even stronger, because we have sent these young men out to fight as an incident of national policy.

If we choose to go to war we must be willing to take the responsibility of compensating its victims. The obligation is clear, unavoidable, and almost limitless. *Whatever the price of rehabilitating our veterans, we must be prepared to pay it.*

Along this line, it is well to reflect that if the war should continue until 1950, we should defray the costs of that extended conflict without any question. If war costs $100,000,000,000 a year, we do not try to avoid payment of that astronomical sum. But if we are asked to spend the price of one year of war in restoring our veterans to their place in society, many persons would consider this claim exorbitant. *And yet it would be a wonderful bargain for us as a nation if we could really rehabilitate the veterans of the present war and solve the veteran problem at a cost not exceeding the cost of a single year of war.*

However clear our obligation to the veterans is in morality and ethics, we may suppose that there will be great opposition to paying the bill. From the time of the Carthaginians down to the present, history is full of swindled and neglected soldiers. Apparently our national psychology reacts sharply to the emotional spree of a war; we feel guilty and ashamed and disillusioned; we feel so guilty toward the veterans that we do not permit ourselves to think about them.

After the war, people will no doubt say that an adequate veteran program would bankrupt the country. They will be wrong. A program which will restore the veterans to productivity will be cheap at almost any price.

To illustrate this point, let us take some entirely hypothetical figure. Suppose that the present war leaves us 3,000,000 disabled and handicapped veterans. We could pension them off at a hundred dollars a month, and that would cost $3,600,000,000 a year. At the end of ten years we should have spent $36,000,000,000, and the men would still be disabled.

Let us suppose, however, that we rehabilitate these men at the fantastically high cost of $10,000 a man. That would mean an expenditure of $30,000,000,000, but in a very few years the veterans would have contributed a vastly greater sum to the national income. Rehabilitation would still be a good investment if it cost $25,000 a man.

The same arguments hold for other than disabled veterans. Millions of men, without having any actual disability, will be less useful than they might have been if they had never gone to war. Their trouble, in many cases, is in their attitudes that unfit them for civilian society.

If we can devise a program that will enable the veterans to overcome these attitudes, the veterans themselves will repay the costs of the program many times over in the years to come.

WE HAVE deliberately put the case in cold-blooded, economic terms. If we think in terms of human life rather than in terms of dollars, the case is immediately stronger. Whatever we may do to prevent it, the present war will produce many millions of blasted lives—has already done so, in fact. Anything which we can do to reduce this damage will prove to be a good social investment.

The cost of solving the veteran problem will undoubtedly be high. The cost of not solving it will be immensely higher. If we neglect our veterans, we shall pay for our heartlessness in a thousand different ways. Not one of us will be able to escape the impact on our own personal lives of the mass misery of millions of maladjusted veterans.

Like disease, this misery will permeate the air we breathe and it will reach us in mysterious ways; no one will escape it.

If their needs are unsatisfied, the veterans of this war may become an extremely dangerous political group. If we do not rehabilitate our veterans, we shall certainly have to pay immense sums for pensions, bonuses, and other useless handouts from which no one will derive any benefit.

If, in the years immediately after the war, we do not give the veterans what they need and have a right to have, they will in later years force us to pay a heavy price for our thrift.

THE END

Puzzle 301 1/10/

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

PIONEERS OF THE OZARKS, a book of portraits and brief character sketches by **Lennis Leonard Broadfoot,** is a delightful contribution to the rediscovery of America.

Lennis Leonard Broadfoot

In this book you will meet some people who are more interesting than any collection of celebrities. They include Julius Hulsey, who hunts foxes without benefit of a fancy pink coat, and on muleback; Uncle Sammy Harrison, ninety-eight years old, who says, "It seems like the smarter people get, the dumber they get, and every so often civilization goes bankrupt"; Miller Bell, who says, "I reckon us ol' farmers air about the only animal on earth that can stand more than one skinnin', an' we git it, ever' time we vote or sell a pig"; and Mrs. Malinda Derryberry, who says, "We know a little somethin', whether we look like it or not, an' we've allers got the material in the hills to make most anythin' we want or need."

Mr. Broadfoot's illustrations and text are both aglow with vitality. It took a first-rate artist, and one who knew and loved the Ozarks, to produce this book.

Published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Price $5.

BURGES JOHNSON has many good stories to tell in his pleasantly informal autobiography **As Much As I Dare.** They range from the dry irony of New England, which he describes as a "trick of condensation," to the sophisticated wit of the Players and Dutch Treat clubs in New York.

Burges Johnson

Along the Maine coast, Mr. Johnson tells, two farmers discovered a corpse. They didn't recognize it, and thought the dead man might be Cap'n Tibbett, who lived at a remote point on the shore. They reached his cabin, and the door was opened by an old man.

"Found a body, did you?" he asked. "Was it wearing a pea-jacket?"

"Yep, had on a pea-jacket."

"Boots?"

"Yep."

"Was they knee-boots or these here thigh-boots?"

"They was knee-boots."

"Well, then—'twa'n't me."

As an editor, Mr. Johnson was for many years in the thick of literary life, but he never took that—or anything else—too seriously.

Published by Ives Washburn, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.50.

ROYAL STREET, by **W. Adolphe Roberts,** is a story of life in the New Orleans of a hundred years ago, when the word "American" was synonymous with "foreigner."

Mr. Roberts has gathered a wealth of interesting facts on the lives of the aristocratic French planters of the era. These he presents in terms of a love story that's a conventional romance in a by no means conventional setting. There's a dash of politics in the novel, too, but only enough to make obeisance to history; essentially, it's the social life of the period that the author is describing. He has succeeded in bringing it to life with clarity and vigor.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What Wyoming city is also a comic-strip character? (Hiya Toots!)
7 Complete this title: Oil for the —— of China
12 What race is chief element among Russian peoples?
13 Name the governor who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians
14 Name the so-called jumbo antelopes
15 The French rouse the appetite with what dish?
16 Russet (anag.)
17 A gold what on a G. I.'s sleeve denotes six months' service overseas?
18 B. C. Normandies would be whats?
19 Disjunctive
21 Photographer's Jena glass objective
22 Complete: —— *publicae*
23 Every new Congress, the President greets the new whats at the White House?
26 What Greek killed his ma and her boy friend because they'd killed his pa, Agamemnon?
27 Name the element from Peru and Colorado used in steel, dye, ceramics, as a catalyst, etc.
29 If they stay long enough, 23 Horizontals eventually become whats? (abbr.)
32 When a critic goes overboard about a play, his review's called a what?
33 Santa Fe's the capital of what state? (abbr.)
34 Who technically was the original Wandering Jew?
35 What used to be called Russian America?
38 Who ran for the Presidency against Cleveland in '84?
40 When you're not getting the brakes, what's it time to do?
41 Name a kind of lizard found indoors
42 Eats dirt or iron
43 What Christian holiday borrows many symbols from various ancient religions?
44 Name a rajah's girl friend
45 Mellerdrammers are most likely to be filled with villainous whats?

VERTICAL

1 Name one of the baldest of the world's great generals
2 Glamor
3 What's the common nickname for a ship's radio operator?
4 The Isle of what lies close off Cuba?
5 What is it that a divinity shapes, rough-hew them how we will?
6 When an old painting's been made like new, what's it said to have been?
7 What is it men in blue serge suits usually collect?
8 Your sinuses are also your whats? (Shane plural)
9 A word meaning muriform
10 You usually find a what at the bottom of America's favorite dessert?
11 It's a quartermaster's duty to help do what to a ship?
13 French possessive adjective
20 What's in the box of powder boxers step into before the bout?
23 Friar's title
24 Takes an unnecessary trip
25 What's a let-down in little girls' clothes?
26 What sort of order do pushy, important people give when barging through? (2 words)
27 Complete: de ——, Eire's F. D. R., was born in Brooklyn
28 What island was a Hit Parader a few years back?
29 Bernadette was a what?
30 A horse or person fraudulently entered into a competition's a what?
31 The antonym of plaudits could be what?
32 Complete: Men who give their seats to women in subways become —— every day
34 You can't have an effect without a what?
36 The patella is also called the what cap?
37 Anagram for sea
39 Could you call a person who gets money from a banker for you a —— arranger?

B	U	T	T	E	R	M	I	L	K	■	■	S	P	A
A	P	R	I	L	■	O	D	I	N	■	S	E	A	S
S	P	E	E	D	■	N	A	Z	I	■	P	E	N	S
S	E	E	■	E	V	E	S	■	T	R	U	D	G	E
O	R	D	E	R	L	Y	■	S	T	A	R	■	■	S
■	■	■	A	L	I	■	W	H	I	T	T	L	E	S
B	A	T	T	Y	■	G	A	I	N	S	■	A	D	O
A	G	E	S	■	W	R	I	N	G	■	B	I	E	R
R	U	R	■	H	E	I	L	S	■	B	A	R	N	S
T	E	M	P	E	S	T	S	■	A	L	L	■	■	■
E	■	■	A	R	T	S	■	S	C	O	L	D	E	D
N	A	R	R	O	W	■	G	L	E	N	■	O	M	A
D	U	E	T	■	A	R	E	A	■	D	O	N	O	R
E	R	I	S	■	L	O	A	N	■	I	R	A	T	E
R	A	N	■	■	L	O	R	G	N	E	T	T	E	S

Last week's answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	■	■	7	8	9	10	11
12						■	13					
14						■	15					
16						■	17					
18				■	19	20	■	■	21			
22			■	23			24	25				■
■	■	■	26							■	■	■
■	27	28							■	29	30	31
32				■	■	33		■	34			
35				36	37	■	38	39				
40						■	41					
42						■	43					
44					■	■	45					

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

2.12
AS PRESCRIBED
TOOTH POWDER

℞ for Home, Sweet and Safe! Home...

BICARBONATE OF SODA
ASPIRIN
OINTMENT
LAXATIVE
TALCUM
ADHESIVE

WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. And remember, *foods* packed in cans come to you with their vitamins, minerals, and nutritional values sealed in.

. . . household needs, kept safe in cans!

● Next time you stop at your druggist's, just notice how *many* products he stocks to guard the health and comfort of your home. And, after Victory, most of these products *will again come to you in protective cans.* Dental, bath, and baby powders—medicine and health tablets—salves—bandages—adhesive tapes—insecticides—antiseptics—deodorants—and dozens more—all kept clean and sanitary in modern steel-and-tin containers.

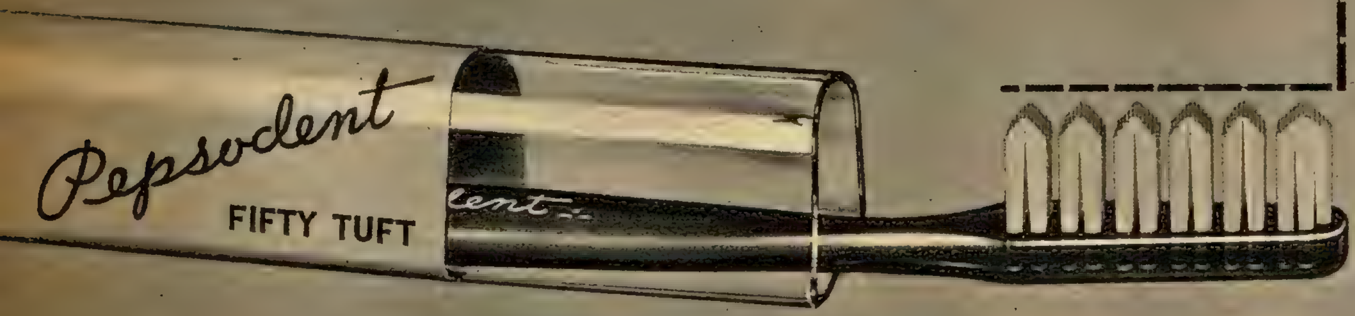
Why are these things so much safer in cans? One reason is, *cans don't break.* Another reason is, the names of the products, and instructions for their use, are generally *printed right on the can itself.* No labels to fall off and cause mistakes!

This same sure protection also applies to the myriads of foods—and to the thousands of other products—that come in cans. Cans are easy to carry, to store, to dispose of. And they give their contents lasting protection against light, air, dirt, germs, and spoilage . . . No wonder the can is the preferred container for more than 2500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 different industries. For *no other container combines all these advantages.*

No other container protects like the CAN

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

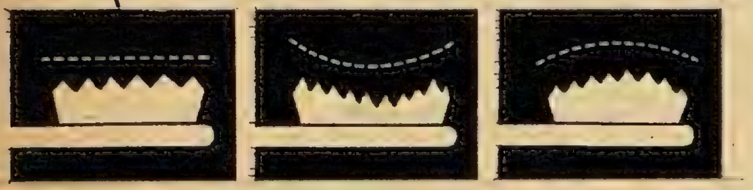
Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend



Straight Line Design CLEANS TEETH BEST SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:

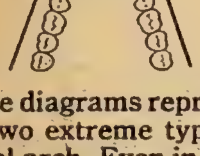


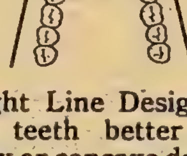
Straight Line Design   Concave Design   Convex Design

When 30,000 dentists where asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.





These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Get a Pepsodent Tooth Brush Today!

POOR OLD CUSS, EH?

Continued from Page 31

married. Alice waited table at Happy's Diner. She had her mother in three rooms over Whalen's drugstore, and Dad was getting in as much time hanging around supply stores by then as he was on tour. He and Jim had to unload the house and all Mary's fixings when Jim went to war. Dad had holed up in a room at the Mansion House, and after the bills were paid for Mary's last spell in the hospital and all, there wasn't much left, so those allotment checks came in pretty handy.

Yes, I'm at the Mansion House, all right, Dad thought. He made the stairs and opened the door of his room. The hot plate stood on a table in one corner. Back of it hung his skillet and saucepan. His dish towel, rinsed out, dried on a line between two hooks. He'd made him a cupboard from a store box and put scalloped shelf paper in it. His dishes were washed and stacked in the cupboard, and yesterday's socks dried over the back of the chair. Mary hadn't ever been so well after Jim was born, and many a time Dad had come off tour to do for her and the kids and himself. Peeling shakily out of his windbreaker, he lit the hot plate, set the coffeepot on, and took down the skillet. Then he caught himself talking to Mary again.

"I'm a little soft right now, mebbe," he was telling Mary, "but I forgot more 'bout making hole than Butch ever learned."

It was the time of day when he missed Mary most; the time when he'd always come off tour and home to supper to find Mary in the kitchen, her cheeks pink from the oven, glancing up at the clock to see if it was time to dish up. He'd got kind of a comforting notion into his head about Mary, though.

The way he'd got it figured, Mary was only on the other side of a door from him. She'd be in a kitchen, same as ever, and this kitchen would be fixed up pretty nice. Over the shiny new sink would be a big window with fancy curtains, looking out onto a garden in full bloom. Mary would be wearing one of her fresh print dresses, her cheeks would be pink from the oven and she'd be glancing up at the clock, figuring how long it would be yet before he came off tour. Sometimes, like tonight, his heart beat harder than usual against the door between him and Mary.

EATING his supper, Dad caught sight of the note on the floor that Alice, Jim's girl, had shoved under the door.

"Don't forget our Sunday night date," the note said, "and I got two letters!"

With the note in his hand, Dad sat looking out the window toward the tracks as a freight train rumbled past, and figures ran through his head. He thought, I figure I got the shirt to run me the hitch . . . if Mike don't pick him up a toolie for Butch somewhere.

He didn't toughen up on tour quite the way he'd figured he would and he was tuckered out again Sunday night, but he'd given his room an extra slicking up by the time Alice tapped on the door. She had her basket with her, a gay lunch cloth over it. She said, "I'll set the table, Dad, but you can make the best coffee." She showed him the parts of her letters from Jim that said, "Write me about Dad. How's he making out?" And Dad let her read all of his letters from Jim, mostly questions about her anyhow.

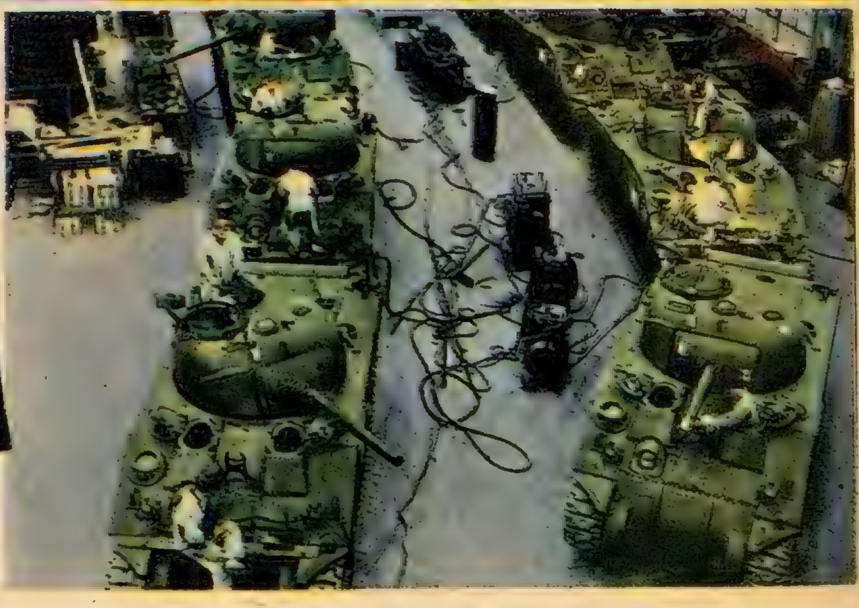
Alice looked as pretty and lively as ever. She had soft dark hair, eyes that laughed, a quick tongue that gave the drillers and toolies that ate at Happy's Diner about as good as they sent. But she was twenty-fiv

(Continued on page 54)

COAL?

IT MAKES THE WIRES HUM!

ALL AMERICA CAN BE PROUD of the 24-hour-a-day job being done by the nation's 1150 electric utility companies and their 204,000 loyal employees. Theirs is the vital task of maintaining a steady, dependable supply of electric power for our factories, farms, and homes. And the coal industry is justly proud that 55% *of all this electrical energy is generated from—Bituminous Coal!*



COAL IS THE SOURCE OF ELECTRIC POWER for most of this country's production lines—it is also a *basic material* from which many products are made, such as plastics, nylon threads, dyes, and many drugs—including the new life-saving sulfas! In addition, the production of steel, paints, explosives, thousands of chemicals, and some 200,000 other products depends on coal!

TELEVISION, one of the post-war wonders that will be yours, depends on electricity. So do your refrigerator, telephone, radio, washing machine, and lights . . . it powers the automatic coal-stoker in your basement. And remember, most of America's electricity comes from coal! On top of all this—Bituminous Coal heats 4 out of every 7 homes in the U.S. Truly, *Bituminous Coal is the Faithful Servant of Home, Farm, and Industry.*

BITUMINOUS COAL

Faithful Servant of Home, Farm, and Industry!

"AMERICA NEEDS ELECTRICITY FROM COAL!"

Last year, for electric utilities, railroads, home, factory, and farm, the coal industry produced over 600 million tons . . . more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history! And the industry is hard at work to make your post-war coal for home heating in more uniform sizes, practically dustless—cleaner than ever.

Surprising facts about Bituminous Coal

1. Electric utilities are the fifth largest consumers of coal . . . using in excess of 76 *million tons* annually! More electricity is generated from coal than from all other sources combined!

2. Electricity generated from coal costs less to produce—by a wide margin—than electricity generated from "free" water power! And modern coal-burning steam plants are the *most efficient* power-generating plants.

3. Experts say that without electric power generated from coal, over *700 million additional* workers would be required for America's annual industrial production.

Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 52*)

now, and back of the laugh in her eyes were shadows that came and went. She washed the dishes and, drying them, Dad said kind of offhand, "I figure any young fellow that had him round a thousand dollars cold cash could get married right off and hunt him a job when he got around to it."

"A thousand dollars!" Alice chuckled. Then her lip suddenly began to tremble and she bit down on it until she could laugh. "Heavens, Dad, he'd be killed in the rush."

The trouble was that it didn't take Dad long to get on to Butch O'Hara. Butch still bellowed at him, but the bellow came from a heart like butter. It was Butch that threw the heavy bull ropes on and off the wheels, and it was Butch that babied the engine for fear Dad would get caught. It was to ease up on Dad that Butch threw his weight around when they broke joints and set 'em up. Butch's sledge made two trips to one of Dad's so Dad's would make fewer.

And it didn't set so well with Dad for another man to do his work. He thought, Jim wouldn't want I should take my keep from anybody but him, either. Nope, it was no go. Dad was waiting only for Mike McGuinness to show up at the rig.

"I'm a driller, myself, Mike," he'd say. "I was only aiming to help out a couple tours. I don't figure on holding down any toolie's job permanent."

Then one day he noticed a difference in Butch's lunch. Butch had him an A-1 woman. Butch's sandwiches had always been neatly cut and wrapped in waxed paper. His coffee was clear and fragrant and Dad knew a piece of pie when he saw it. This day, though, all Butch had was a couple ragged slabs of bread slapped together, and even Butch scowled at the coffee. It was an old sign and Dad knew it from away back.

"I guess you got a new baby at your house, ain't you?" he yelled at Butch above the churn of the tools.

"A hell of a note," Butch let off steam, "when a man's got a wife in the hospital and three kids at home, and he can't get nobody t' give 'im a hand!"

"Shucks, you ain't in trouble," Dad told him. "You should've spoke to me before."

THAT night Dad didn't get out at the Mansion House. He rode along home with Butch, and sure enough there were the three kids, two girls and a boy, waiting on the steps and looking as if the world had come to an end. Dad fixed 'em their supper. He saw to it that they washed behind the ears and didn't skip their prayers. Then he went through bureau drawers, getting the lay of the land. Sure enough, too, there were the kids' clothes, all clean and in order. Nobody but Butch, who was nothing but a bull in a china shop outside a rig, would've been up against it. In the morning when they went on tour Dad and Butch took the three kids as far as the school in the car, fed, brand clean, and full of their oats, of course.

They were catbirds, those kids, and into everything. It took Dad back through the years the way that boy couldn't pass a mud puddle without bringing it home on him. And a fellow could figure just how many times those girls had slid down the slides at school, come recess, by the state of their panties. The laundry basket filled up and Dad scraped bottom in the bureau drawers. Butch was for beginning at the bottom of the basket and going the route again.

"What the hell else c'n a man do?" he asked Dad. "Send 'em to the laundry, and we get 'em back after th' war."

"I ain't worrying," Dad said, confident.

The laundry basket was in the back of the car with the kids when he and Butch set out on tour next morning, a box of soap chips on top of it and the missus' clothespin bag. At the rig Dad fashioned himself a good stout box with a lid on it from a couple planks. He hooked the box onto the pitman, filled it from the water barrel, and dumped the soap chips in. As the band wheel turned, the pitman went up, around, and down with the crank, and the soapy water sloshed through the clothes. The line Dad had strung down the belt haul filled up.

"You better gimme that shirt o' yours and them pants," he yelled at Butch.

Butch was greasing the bull wheels. Squatting there on his heels, he looked up at Dad.

"She'll have washing aplenty when she gets home with a new baby," Dad explained.

Butch handed his oil-soaked shirt over then, but he argued first and then wheedled about his pants until Dad, in the grip of wash-day nerves by now, yelled, "Get the hell outa them pants if you don't want a sick woman!" He had Butch's range there. Butch began to unlace his boots.

DAD hung Butch's pants in the April sun on a hemlock beyond range of the sand line's spatter. He was scrubbing the derrick floor when Mike McGuinness' car drove up and Mike got out. Mike stood there staring at Butch's pants.

His eyes traveled around the rig, but it was in A-1 shape and Mike would go a long way to meet the man that could make hole faster than Butch O'Hara, with or without his pants. Mike's eyes lingered on the line of panties and such down the belt haul, and then they settled on Butch in his boots and underwear. Butch gave the T screw a couple turns with the hurry-up stick, while the fiery red crept up his neck. The set of his jaw dared Mike McGuinness to make one of his dumb cracks now—dared him so much as to snicker.

Mike laughed. He leaned against the doorway and laughed until he cried. He straightened up, took another look at Butch, and then he threw himself down on the lazy bench and held his stomach while he laughed.

Butch's big hands knotted into fists as, galled to the quick, he walked up on Mike. Mike's laugh died in his throat.

"Any skin off your nose, is it?" Butch yelled at him, and the two of them measured each other like a couple gamecocks again while the butterflies fluttered in Dad's stomach. It was Mike that backed down this time. He got up, strolled over to the door, and his voice sounded only anxious when he said, "Better hang your pants in the rig, too, Butch. April showers bring May flowers."

But the night Butch was to stop by at the hospital for the missus and this new boy of his Butch came off tour looking like Monday morning. No woman, looking him over, was going to get the notion that

(*Continued on page 56*)

HE HAS YOUR BATTERY

Men's lives depend on supplies by air when advance combat units are cut off in enemy territory! Battery-powered parachute lights quickly guide these fighting men to essential food, ammunition and medical equipment. Batteries help light the way to Victory on every fighting front—that's why they are not available here at home. Your batteries will serve you better and longer if you use them sparingly, keep them cool and dry.

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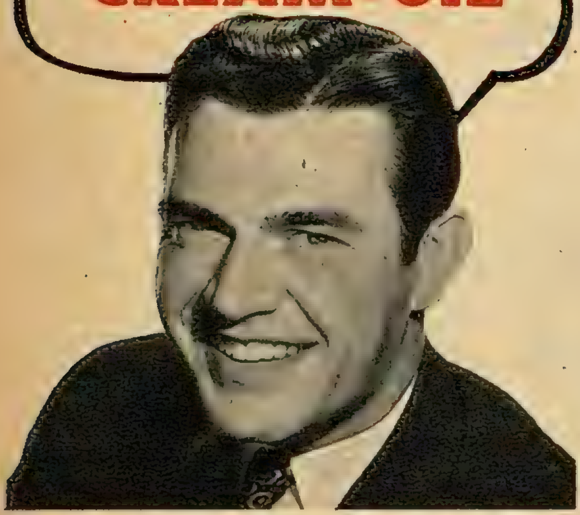

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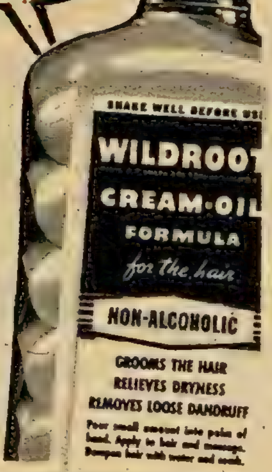

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(Continued from page 54)

things had gone to pot while she was away and that she was coming home to an upset house. He and Dad came to the Mansion House and Butch said, "I sure am obliged to you, Dad."

"You ain't obliged to me any," Dad said, and Butch got the meaning all right.

So, what with Butch being a family man, Dad had chances enough to keep the scales balanced. Butch's mother-in-law came down sick abed and his missus was called away. She took the baby along and left the three kids and the house to Butch and Dad. Now and again when she and Butch stepped out to their lodge doings and all, Dad stayed with the kids.

And the missus got so she was that petted on Dad! She smiled all over her face when she saw him coming and she said, "Hello Dad. How's my toolie tonight?" Come cherry time, when she made a fresh cherry pie she sent an extra piece along for Dad in Butch's box. Dad took it and ate it, but it stuck in his throat. Nothing could make him much lonesomer for Mary than the taste of crack pie in his mouth.

THEN it happened. Dad and Butch had brought Stoney Batter No. 103 in, and in nice time. The bailer had been run, the stem was set beside the hole, and they were waiting to turn 'er over to the shooter when Mike McGuinness drove up. He came into the rig, caught Butch's eye, jerked his head toward the enginehouse, and Butch followed him down the belt haul. Dad sat alone on the lazy bench, looking off across the hills. He couldn't hear what Mike said, but he could guess at it as Butch's maddened bellow got louder and louder.

Mike must've said that he'd run onto a toolie for Butch because Butch said, "I got me a toolie, ain't I? What's wrong with 'im?" Mike must've said Dad was an old man and a rig was no place for him because Butch said, "He ain't hurt yet, is he? I'm lookin' out for 'im." Mike must've said Butch couldn't wet-nurse a toolie forever because Butch said, "Am I kickin'? I'm makin' hole, ain't I?" Mike must've said that he was doing the hiring and firing and for Butch to get that into his head, because Butch let go with, "O. K., I got it into my head. Now hire yourself a driller t' take my place."

He came snorting down the belt haul with Mike at his heels. Dad got up, and squaring his shoulders, cleared his throat.

"I'm a driller, myself, Mike," he said. "I was only aiming to help out a couple tours. I don't figure on holding down any tool-dressing job permanent."

"O. K., Dad," Mike said quickly, and then Butch blew sky high.

"O. K., eh?" Butch grabbed his lunch box. "Come on, Dad. We can't find us no lousier outfit to work for, I guess."

He was halfway down the plank before Mike yelled, "Get back here on the job, you son of—of Erin. You're not walking out on me!" He had to cover for the shellacking though, so he yelled, "But after this war, you'll be hunting an outfit that suits you!" Butch was prompt about turning back, but he made his drawl mighty aggravating when he said, "I guess I'll find me an outfit sooner'n you'll find a driller t' match hole with me."

The trouble was that Dad saw through both of them by now. A couple Irishmen that loved each other like brothers, which was why each was always trying to show the other which was the best man. Part 'em and they wouldn't sleep nights, either of 'em, until they got back to taking each other's measure again. And Butch knew well enough that younger and nimbler men than Dad slipped around rigs; one of 'em somewhere, anyhow, for every time the sun set. It was all right as long as they kept Dad hid, but if Dad slipped, some desk driller in the office was bound to have Mike on the carpet about who'd hired Dad and why. That could just be the day Mike McGuinness went back to drilling.

It got so Butch wouldn't turn his back on Dad in the rig, and the strain began to tell on him. So Dad's vision of himself laying down the law to Jim and Alice, backed up by the cold cash, slowly dimmed out.

Then one night while he ate his solitary supper in his room at the Mansion House there was a loud and urgent pounding on his door, and he opened it to see Happy Offenbach, the proprietor of Happy's Diner, standing there. Dad sat on the edge of the bed and Happy sat on the chair. Happy was the shape of an egg. The outward curve of his stomach, straining at his suspenders, grazed his knees as he sat there. His shirt sleeves were rolled up. His face and chins were parboiled to a lobster-red by hot steam, and the long thin hair combed over his bald spot lay plastered in damp wisps. He mopped his neck and chins with a sodden handkerchief while he gave Dad a peek behind the scene at Happy's Diner.

Food was out of sight and the trade wouldn't stand for any corresponding rise in the price of meals. The help situation was enough to drive a man nuts. But this dishwashing machine he had was a honey.

"Why, a two-year-old kid could run it with one hand tied behind him," Happy burbled, "and I thought maybe I'd run onto an old fellow one o' these days with time on his hands. It'd be worth sixty cents an hour, and there ain't any limit to th' time a man can get in at it."

"I'm dressing tools for Butch O'Hara." Dad got onto the oil business and Happy's face fell. Swallowing then, and a little sick at his stomach, Dad said, "Course, I'm a driller, myself, and I don't figure on holding down any tool-dressing job permanent."

Brightening, Happy picked up his hat. At the door he said sociably, "Well, look me up some day, Dad. Any time!"

DAD sat at the window watching a switch engine pushing ten carloads of two-inch tubing and casing onto a siding. He'd always figured that when his time came it would be with his boots on and to the tune of the tools churning in the hole. He caught himself talking out loud to Mary again.

"Course, I ain't married to the oil business," he was telling Mary.

The next day while Butch was drilling off screw, they sat down on the lazy bench, he and Dad, to eat lunch.

Swallowing, Dad said, "I got me the offer of a pretty soft berth, and I don't know but what Mike'd like to see me land it."

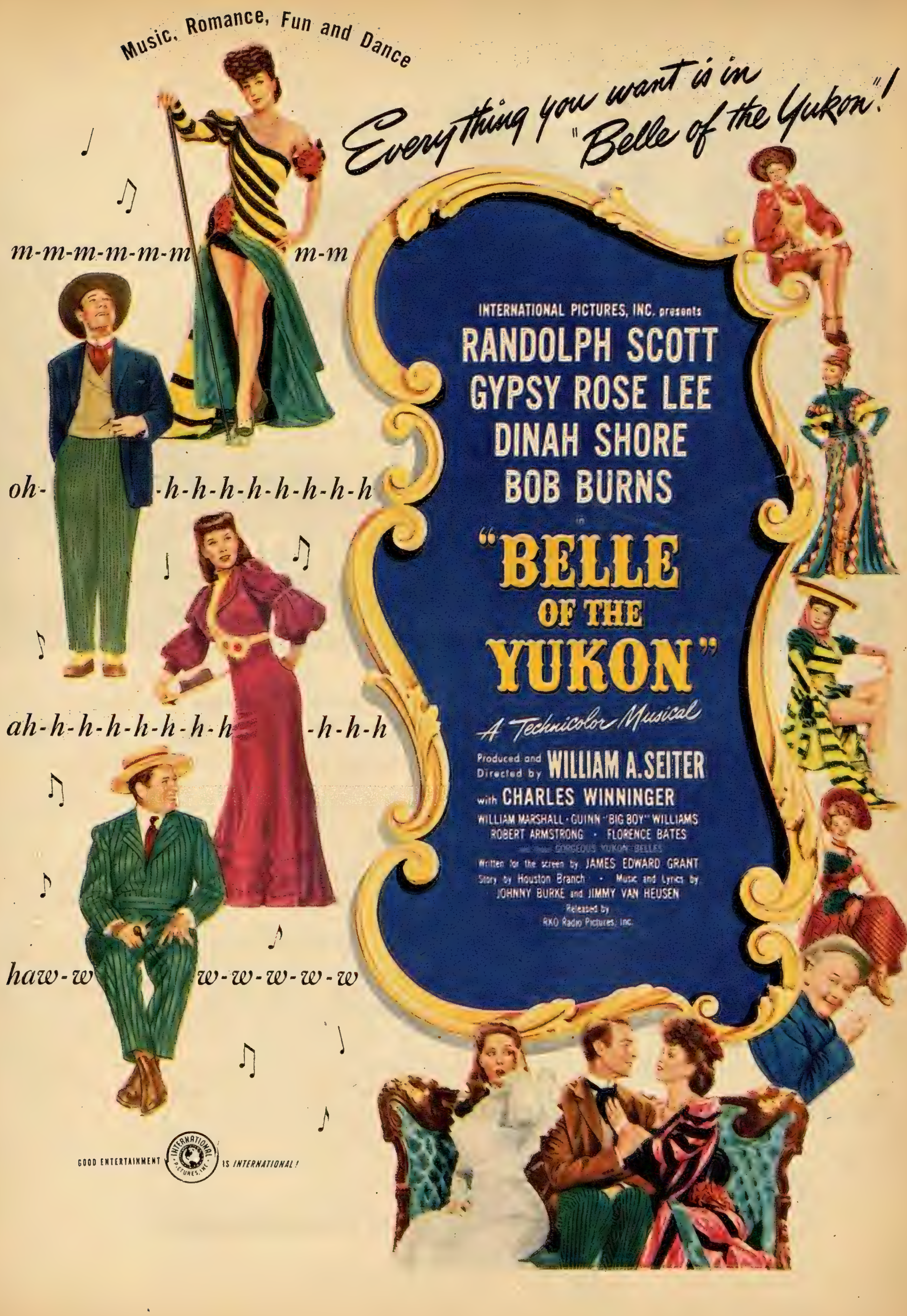
"Who the hell cares what he'd like!" Butch snorted. He gulped a piece of cake and washed it down with a swig of coffee from his thermos bottle before he said, "What f'r a snap've you been offered?"

"Happy Offenbach's trying mighty hard to get me," Dad said, and Butch flinched. He was caught, though, between Dad and Mike.

"Course, a man's only got t' slip once round a rig," he veered toward Mike; and then he veered toward Dad with, "But you ain't gonna slip 'fore a couple more paydays, I guess."

So, come July, he and Dad were still making hole. Mike was shorthanded and Butch made time. As soon as he and Dad were through the sand on one hole Mike had another rig waiting for them. They hadn't drawn much in the way of a rig this time. Equipment wasn't what it was, and Butch had to take the bad with the

(Continued on page 59)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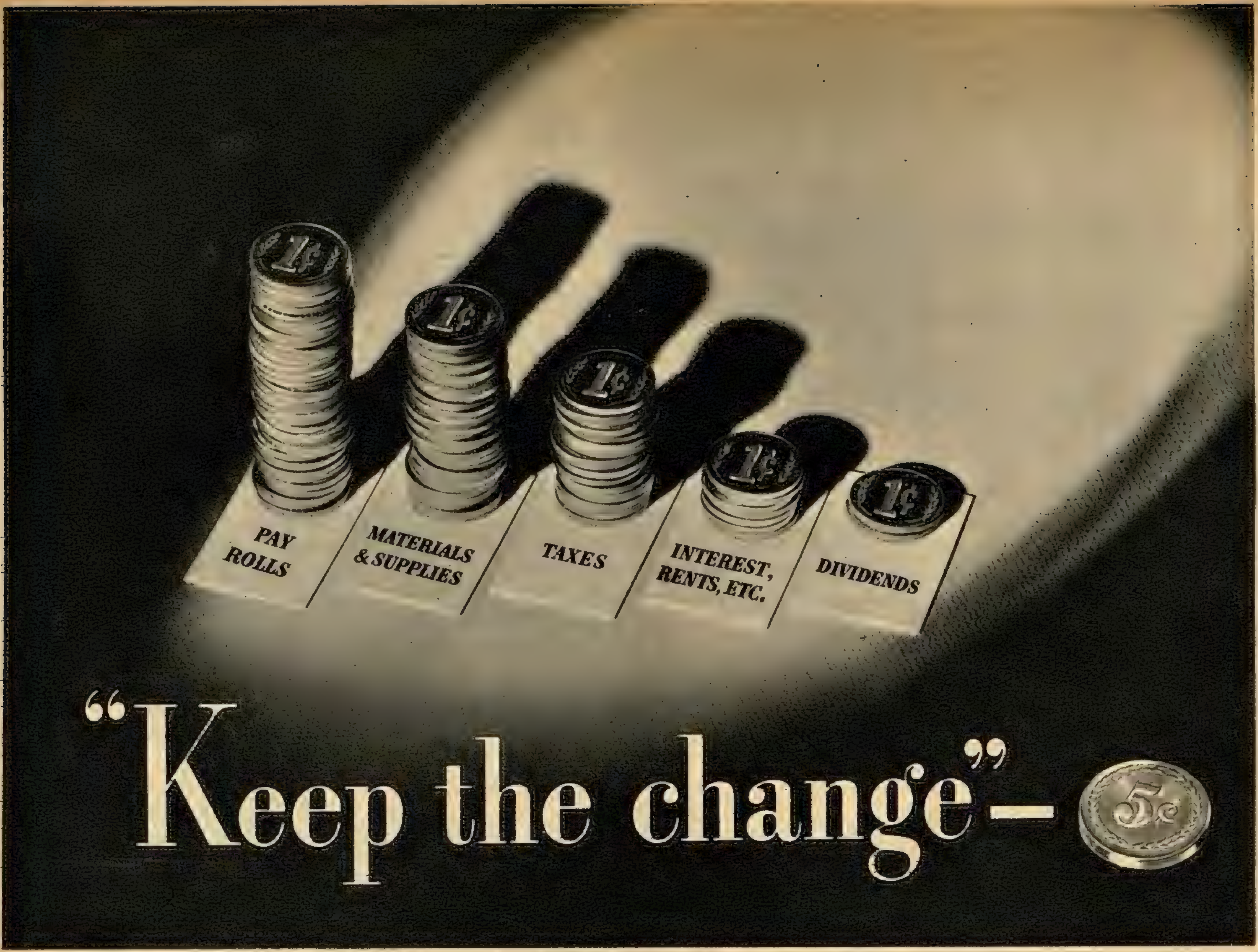

[*A simplified Annual Report of the American Railroads in their third year at war*]

IN 1944, the railroads rendered to the American public the greatest volume of service ever performed by any agency of transportation.

For doing this job, they received about 9½ billion dollars. That's a lot of money – but most of it was earned by hauling tremendous tonnages of freight for less than one cent per ton per mile and carrying passengers for even less than before the first World War.

Out of every dollar the railroads received –

38¢ was paid out in pay rolls.

29¢ was paid for materials and supplies of all sorts and other operating expenses.

19¢ was paid in taxes – federal, state and local.

7¢ was paid in interest, rents and other charges – a great share of which went to insurance companies, savings banks, endowed institutions.

2¢ was paid in dividends to stockholders.

5¢ was left over in "change" to cover all such things as restoring roadways and equipment after the war, paying off debts, and providing reserves for the improvement of plant and the modernization of service necessary to keep pace with American progress.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 56)

good like all the rest. Butch knew it but it was a chance for a set-to with Mike. Butch yelled at Mike, "Whatta yuh take me for? Can I make hole with one hand and hold a walkin' beam in one piece with th' other hand?" Mike advised Butch, "Make hole with both hands, chum. Only the good die young, and there's been men that could jig down a well."

Butch was making hole, all right, and at a clip. Stripped to the waist, he was on the stool letting out screw. Great drops of sweat stood out on his beefy shoulders. Dad sloshed buckets of water from the water barrel over the derrick floor. He swept the water toward the dump hole humming to himself as he swept.

Sometimes, of course, when a freight train rumbling under his window woke him in the middle of the night, he saw Happy Offenbach sitting there in the chair, talking up his dishwashing machine. Nestled away in the bank by now was a thousand dollars in cold cash, but it was marked money.

And daytime Dad saw marines filing down a gangplank. He saw them swing down an avenue in last formation while crowds cheered, flags flew, and bands played. He saw Alice and him waiting as a train pulled in. He saw Jim swing down the steps fit as a fiddle. Then Dad saw himself taking Alice and Jim aside.

"Now about you two getting married," he'd say, pulling this fat roll of bills from his pocket. "I guess there's no call for you to wait, because—"

THERE on the derrick floor, with the broom in his hand, Dad slowly stiffened while the sixth sense of an old-time driller rang a shrill alarm in his mind. He cocked an ear to the engine, but they weren't running light so they hadn't lost the bit in the hole. The alarm sounded all through his body. His mouth went bone dry, he felt the prickle at the roots of his hair.

His eyes went around the rig, down the belt haul, came back to Butch, and the hot July breeze sweeping through the rig felt suddenly cold to him. His eyes went from Butch to the temper-screw clamp, to the screw, and along the line to the beam walking right along over Butch's head. Then Dad lunged.

He caught the stool with his shoulders, toppled it, and sent Butch's huge bulk sprawling across the floor.

"What the hell—" Butch roared just as the walking beam, parting at the saddle, snapped the headache post as if it were a toothpick and crashed through the floor, missing Dad by the width of a hair.

It was Dad who high-tailed it to the enginehouse to throttle the engine down. This wasn't his first walking beam to let go on him, and he was humming again as he came down the belt haul. But Butch had got only as far as his hands and knees. His face was a sickly greenish-white, and his brush haircut stood on end as if he felt his own ghost tap him on the shoulder. He got to his feet and stood there shaking like a leaf, his eyes on the shattered driller's stool in the debris. Then big hands knotted into fists, and he shook one of them under Dad's nose.

"See this here pile driver, do yuh?" he bellowed at Dad. "It connects with them chins of Happy Offenbach's next time he offers one o' his snaps to a driller!"

Driller! And from Butch. Dad's heart swelled to the bursting point as he said, "I kind of think Mike's sweating some 'bout me, Butch."

Slowly the fire died in Butch's eyes. Only a gleam lit them when he purred, "I'm th' one you got t' look out for, ain't I? Let that Irish so-and-so sweat!"

THE END

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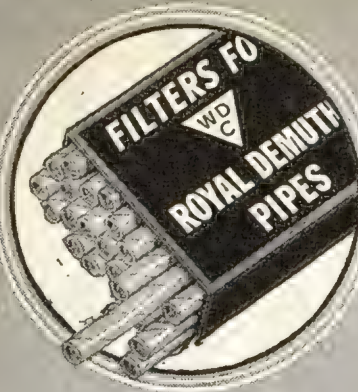

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REINDEER ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 27

The sergeant and I were kneeling with Guinn at the chute mouth, taking photographs of the bulldogging, when two wild-eyed steers slammed through the opening and charged straight at us. There was no time to dodge. A husky young Eskimo stepped quickly between us and the steers, caught one of the animals by its antlers and swung it into the path of the other. In the resulting collision, an antler tine went through the palm of his hand, pinning it to the snow. Later, while Guinn rendered first aid, the sergeant and I tried to apologize for having caused the trouble. The Eskimo was actuately embarrassed.

"It was my fault," he muttered shamefacedly. "I guess I must have slipped or something."

Many of the Eskimos were working barehanded, although the temperature was down to thirty below zero and a hard wind was roaring in off the Bering. The wind was so bitter and penetrating that the batteries of our camera flashguns froze and would not function, and film became so brittle it broke like glass. But the herdsmen were impervious to the blast. Even the children helping the butchers pile up skins and load meat on the sleds appeared to be comfortable. As I stood watching them, an Eskimo girl not more than eight years old, pretty as a china doll and barehanded and bloody to her wrists, looked up at me and smiled. She was chewing a piece of raw frozen liver she had begged from a butcher, and she held it out, offering me a bite. Mike Angitok shook his head, said something to her in Eskimo, and she ate the liver herself. I said, "Thanks, pal."

A NUMBER of the reindeer in the corral had been crippled by wolves, and Guinn was in a rage about it. "We've got the second largest industry in western Alaska," he said, "and the only agricultural resource in this part of the world, but we can't seem to keep the damned wolves out of our hair. Last year they killed 30,000 reindeer, and nobody knows how many they crippled. It's an appalling waste, and we'll probably lose as many this year. Nothing much we can do about it, either. The wolves are big powerful devils, weighing up to 150 pounds, and they usually attack at night, during a storm. They're so clever we seldom get a shot at them, and we haven't had much success with traps."

It was soon time for lunch, and we sat with an Eskimo family in the lee of an overturned sled and drank tea and ate hardtack and dried tom cod dipped in seal oil. The tea was drunk scalding hot, without sugar, and the tom cod were hard as rocks, but the Eskimos relished the meal noisily, smacking their lips and belching. We tried to talk with them, and they bobbed their heads and smiled, but none spoke more than a few words of English. They were so primitive and out of touch with the world that they still referred to white men as "Cossacks," the word their ancestors had learned from the Russian sea-otter hunters. Like all tribal Eskimos, these villagers have earned the reputation of being honest, frugal, and hard-working, a good and self-respecting people.

MEN like Mike Angitok stay with their herds the year round, following them over the vast reaches of the treeless wind-lashed tundra. In the summer the families live in small tents, camping beside springs where the sparse scrawny arctic willows are available for fuel. In the winter they return to their ancestral villages, rows of huts built fronting the sea, and the men journey back and forth between home and the herds by dog team. The herdsmen on duty hollow out wind-stiffened drifts for shelters, and take their dogs inside with them at night for the additional animal warmth. They subsist on reindeer meat and wear clothing made of reindeer skins, and they think and talk almost exclusively about the herds, without which they and their families could not exist.

To illustrate the hardships and dangers of the winter ranges, Mike told us about Old Sampson, a herder in the Kiana district. Old Sampson was out alone with a small herd in the dead of winter. He was living in a hollowed drift on the shore of a frozen lake. One night he heard an uproar among his dogs and rushed out to quell the disturbance. In the darkness he ran into a giant black timber wolf which had crippled two of the dogs and was fighting with a third. The wolf leaped at Old Sampson's throat, hurling the old man back against the side of the drift. With the wolf's fangs in his throat, Old Sampson drew his belt knife and stabbed and slashed so desperately that the wounded wolf left

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

WEIGHTRESS: A 200-pounder brings you the pudding.

POLLYTICS: Parrots in Washington.

HAH! MONICA: A comedian's mouth organ.

HURRAHCHESTER: When Jack Benny's stooge comes on the stage.

BREWTE: A big bad beer baron.

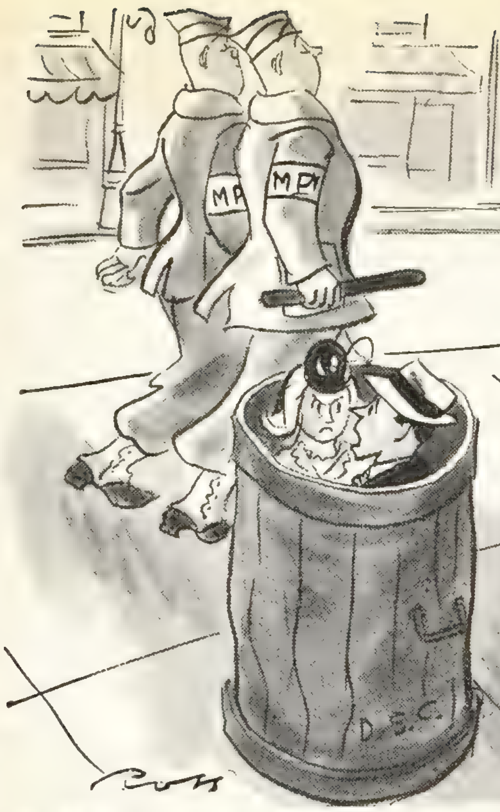
AURATORS: After-dinner speakers at a ghosts' convention.

DONKEY OATY: He kicks at windmills ass-iduously.

NORTHOPEDIST: A doctor devoted to curing deformities in Eskimos.

G.A.R.B.: Uniform for Civil War vet.

STAT-CHEW: What they will raise to Mr. Wrigley.



"I keep forgetting I've been honorably discharged."

him. Old Sampson crawled back into his fawn-skin sleeping bag, where his sons later found him dead. The Eskimos found the wolf in a thicket across the lake, partly disemboweled but still alive.

The first reindeer were brought to Alaska in 1892 and given to the Eskimos by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who purchased the herd in Siberia with funds raised through popular subscription. A farsighted humanitarian, Dr. Jackson saw that white commercial hunters were depleting the supply of wild game on which the Eskimos depended for their living. He believed the only way to save the tribes from extinction was to set up a reindeer economy patterned after that of the Siberian reindeer people, whom he had visited and found to be prosperous and independent. Personal investigation had shown that the mosses and lichens on which reindeer feed were plentiful on the Bering coast and that the climate was suitable for reindeer husbandry. So he bought 171 reindeer, shipped them across the Bering, and trained a group of Eskimo herdsmen to take care of them.

THE vast herds descended from the original small band are owned exclusively by the Eskimos, white men being prohibited by law from possessing live reindeer. Sale of meat and skins is handled largely by the Reindeer Service, which in most instances holds the profits in a common fund for the Eskimos. Expenses of the industry are paid out of this fund, and careful accounting of all money taken in and disbursed is made at the weekly meetings of the various associations of reindeer owners. The Reindeer Service also serves in an advisory capacity to reindeer owners, making available the benefits of forage studies, market surveys, data on modern packing technique, and helpful statistical information gathered from all Alaskan, Canadian, and European reindeer ranges.

The salaries and recoverable expenses of Reindeer Service officials are paid out of federal appropriations.

The Service people tell you that the reindeer is the only domestic animal capable of thriving in the arctic regions, and that this may be attributed to the animal's heavy coat of hollow hair, one of the best-known insulations against cold, and to its large cushioned hoofs which enable it to travel swiftly and easily over any kind of terrain and to climb among icy ledges as safely as a mountain goat.

One of the striking sights of the North is a herd of adult reindeer running at racehorse speed over quaggy tundra in which any other animal, wild or domestic, would bog down and become helpless. And in summer, when the herds go up among the late drifts and glaciers to escape flies and mosquitoes, they often outclimb the herdsmen and even the herdsmen's dogs.

Yet few Alaskan Eskimos have adopted the European custom of using reindeer for drawing sleds. They prefer dog teams, because dogs are faster and because, they admit, a man cuts a more dashing figure behind a team of huskies or Malemutes than behind a reindeer. Mike Angitok demonstrated the Eskimo's pride in spectacular dog driving the morning Sergeant Gyuriak and I arrived at Tununak village.

We got on Mike's sled with our camera gear, and Mike banged a seal-gut whip over the heads of the ten shaggy lean-muzzled dogs. The traces tightened with a snap and we lined out across a frozen lagoon, up a hillside, and down a long slope slashed with cut banks and frozen stream courses. The sled soared over the banks like a sailplane and should have turned over a hundred times, but miraculously did not.

It was a ride to tell your grandchildren about, a ride to remember when watching dog teams running easily and picturesquely along Sun Valley snow trails, a ride to rattle your teeth and shorten your spine and make you respect the virtuosity of Mike Angitok as a musher.

We were speculating apprehensively on how Mike planned to halt the headlong run of the dogs down the hillside, when we suddenly arrived at our destination. Mike reached into the sled and picked up a thirty-pound kayak anchor with a length of line attached. He pitched the anchor into a drift—and the sled stopped with a jolt that slued it half around and brought the dogs to a halt as abruptly as if they had collided with a brick wall.

Later, when we asked Mike about driving reindeer, he shrugged and shook his head. "Reindeer can run like hell when they want to, but when you harness them to a sled they never want to. Too slow. All right for kids, maybe."

Before we left the reindeer country we visited a herd at night on the open tundra. The herders had placed lighted lanterns on poles to keep the wolves away, and were periodically firing their rifles and shouting. They knew the wolves were waiting back in the darkness, skulking among the great drifts, watching for an opportunity to rush in and stampede the herd. It was a spooky, blood-chilling scene, something out of an old Russian folk tale—primitive stockmen doing their best to protect their herds from their ancient enemy.

REINDEER men tell you the best solution to the wolf problem would be to place a high bounty on the brutes. At present any trapper expert enough to catch wolves can make more money trapping other fur bearers and do so with less effort and a smaller outlay for equipment. The unanimous opinion is that if the present federal bounty of twenty dollars a dead wolf were raised to $100, the animals would soon be brought under control.

Mike Angitok summed up the reindeer industry for us the morning we left Tununak.

"We are in a big, growing business now," he said, "and it is something we never thought would happen to us. So we'll need a little time to get used to it. But we'll do all right—in spite of the wolves, in spite of anything. We are going to sell the world a lot of meat."

THE END

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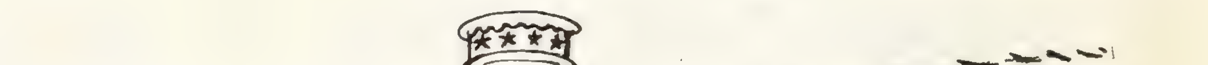

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THE TOUGHEST MOP-UP IS AHEAD

Continued from Page 21

very fertile soil. Cultivation of the land is simpler. The fishing is just as good. And the original stocks of supplies on bases such as this were certainly very large. But we actually know little of Truk. We do not even know how many thousands of men are there. We only know that it is still a very dangerous spot to bomb, for the AA. is invariably heavy and accurate. Needless to say, this does not prevent routine bombing.

Mark it well that not from a single island, a single by-passed and cut-off garrison, have we received even a hinted offer of surrender. This underscores one more item of news from our rescued native chief in the Marshalls. Our bombs had destroyed the Jap radio sending station on his island. But a number of small receiving sets remained. These picked up all broadcasts from the Japanese homeland. We well know how those broadcasts go. Time and again we have heard that all our Navy has been sunk. We have been told of fabulous Japanese victories in the air and on the ground, all so weirdly imagined as to be comical to us.

BUT it is possible that much of this broadcasting is directed at the half million Japanese troops cut off from home in the Pacific islands. The chief said that as far as he could judge, all the Japanese on his island believed firmly that they would be rescued or reinforced in time to share in the final victory of the empire.

Well, what are we going to do about it?

It does not seem very likely that these people, able to survive on the bare minimums of existence, can be starved to death. We know that there is a limit to the attrition of bombing. It is highly improbable that any of these strongholds will ever surrender. So, even after Japan is totally defeated, these by-passed Japs would constitute the bulk of the population in the whole vast rich strategically-important area of the Pacific unless they were disposed of.

It will be an anticlimax if we must turn from the thrilling day of Japan's unconditional surrender to clean out a hundred tough little strongholds whose commanders will not believe or acknowledge the news of that surrender. Yet that seems the inevitable prospect. It will be sad to lose the lives of marines and sailors and soldiers in the storming and taking of these positions—after the war is actually over. Yet it appears that such a mopping-up cannot possibly be avoided.

For without it the Central and South Pacific island empires will be Japanese empires. They will be an incessant threat to peace in the Pacific. Japanese ideas and manners and ideology, Japanese ruthlessness and passion for expansion will overwhelm the gentle civilization and the peaceful thinking of the handsome Polynesian island dwellers. Even in defeat the Japanese Empire will have absorbed a world of its own.

It seems simple to assume that the mopping up of the Japs in New Guinea is a problem for the British and the Dutch, for each of these governments controlled about half of the big island. We might assume that New Britain and New Ireland and the Solomons are also Great Britain's headache, for the flag which eventually flies over all these islands will be the British flag. When our Navy and Marines won Tarawa and Makin at grievous cost of life, it was the British flag which was broken out over the bloody ground, for these Gilbert Islands had been a possession of Great Britain.

BUT the Central Pacific is a different story. The Marshalls, the Carolines, the Palau group, and the Marianas, save for Guam, belonged to Japan, and we have taken them away. What flag eventually will fly above the by-passed islands—Truk and Wotje and Jaluit, Ponape and Yap and the rest?

The answer finally will be given by thoughtful men around the council table of the United Nations. But until that answer is given, we must assume that it is unlikely for American forces to be called upon, singlehanded, to secure those islands—to reduce their savage garrisons and leave the rest to a peace table. It is a dirty and inglorious job of mopping up after a war is won. One suggestion is that all hands pitch in to get it done.

THE END

* * *

Bennett Cerf, the publisher, tells about the resourceful missionary who fell into the hands of a band of cannibals. "Going to eat me, I take it," said the missionary. "Yes," bowed the chief. "Don't do it," advised the missionary; "you wouldn't like me." He took out his pocketknife, sliced a piece from the calf of his leg, and handed it to the chief. "Try it and see for yourself," he urged. The chief took one bite, grunted, and spat.

The missionary remained on the island fifty years. He had a cork leg.

* * *

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DESTITUTE ITALY—AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM

Continued from Page 17

Sicily joined to the British Empire, and also by the Mafia, the old Black Hand gang.

A flourishing black market in grain has reached such proportions that special police measures have been introduced and by August 8,849 persons had been arrested for illegal trafficking in food.

These things have occurred in spite of a campaign by "press, radio, cinema, poster, and sound van," according to official AMG reports. Colonel Hancock told a meeting in late August, "It is becoming evident that Sicily is not yet mature enough for a democratic attempt at government."

In October, striking workers in Palermo, the seat of the AMG administration from the early days, fought a pitched street battle with Italian soldiers.

Why are these things happening in the first liberated section of Europe a year and a half after the Germans were driven out?

One simple, stark fact rises behind the mountainous reports which the AMG officials file on Sicily and other parts of Italy—hunger. A great population is being semi-starved.

The hunger of the Italians is a piteous thing to see. In Naples I visited the city's three garbage dumps at twilight, when the trucks arrived with U. S. Army refuse. Crowds of gaunt ragged women and children had gathered to wait for empty tin cans in which a scrap of food might remain; potato peelings are treasures to these people. Outside our Army mess tents in Florence and Siena I saw people stand in line to beg for the leavings from our soldiers' plates.

Hunger is making the Italians weak and sickly. A Psychological Warfare branch report states that more than a quarter of the school children in some sections of Italy stay home from school because of "undernourishment and poverty." In Rome, doctors estimate that more than half the children are tuberculous. In the north, malaria has climbed to a record rate.

The food legally distributed by AMG to the Romans is 200 grams of gray bread a day—or two thick slices. (This diet is, in calories, about half the minimum of 2,000 we need.) Anything else must be found in the black market by those who can pay four dollars for a pound of meat, twenty-eight cents for a single egg, six dollars a liter for olive oil. The poor Italian can get no salt, no sugar, no meat, no white bread, no butter, no soap, no candles. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration could not begin to relieve the situation until this year. Its plans include a supplementary daily meal for nursing and expectant mothers—but for no other adults. UNRRA will feed the *hungriest one fifth* of the Italian children. And the UNRRA program will stop even this help when its $50,000,000 are spent.

AMG cannot be entirely blamed for the lack of food in Italy. Many hundreds of thousands of farmers have moved, as refugees, away from their land. Mines planted by the various armies make it impossible to cultivate many other farms. In Littoria Province an AMG agricultural commissioner found 50 per cent of all farm land filled with mines. In that region alone peasants trying to work the soil were being killed at the rate of ten to twenty a day.

Even when the food has been gathered, it may be impossible to get it to the hungry people in the cities. In Naples some vegetables sell for eight times the price in the country eight miles away; in Rome, for four times the price in Naples. The vegetables cannot be moved to the markets.

For transportation in Italy has been wrecked by the war. The train ride from Naples to Rome once took two hours. Today it takes sixteen. The trucks and carts which the Germans did not take to the north with them have been requisitioned by our own armies. Shipping space is also at a premium. Boats which might normally deliver food from other countries are today carrying munitions of war.

AMG was confronted with a very difficult problem, the same it will have to face in other countries as they, too, are first wrecked and then liberated. The only question it is fair to ask is whether AMG has done the best job possible to relieve civilian distress and help restore Italy to peacetime living.

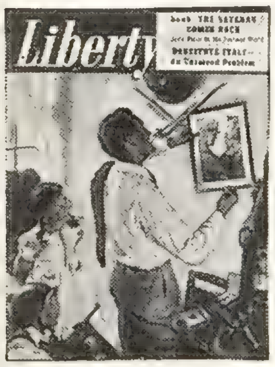
Opinions certainly differ. The War Department answers: "During 1944, in addition to military supplies, 1,186,000 tons of food, clothing, medical and agricultural supplies, with a value of over $117,000,000, and over a million tons of coal have been shipped to Italy for the purpose of relieving civilian distress. This represents a greater tonnage of food than was imported by Italy during peacetime, and amounts to more than could be carried on 250 fully-loaded Liberty ships."

On the other hand, we have this statement from Sumner Welles, former Under Secretary of State, in the New York Herald Tribune of December 6: "From the material standpoint it has been only too clear that Italian complaints in many areas that the basic needs of the civilian population were being flagrantly disregarded have been well founded. Neither fuel nor food supplies have been received in even the minimum quantities needed to keep the level of civilian life in the liberated regions at a point required by considerations of humanity, let alone those of political expediency."

The Allied Military Government's real job is to protect the fighting army's rear. It helps relieve civilian distress as far as military requirements permit. The Allied Commission, which follows after AMG, is charged with seeing that the Italian government lives up to the armistice terms (still unpublished) and continuing the work of AMG.

The directive governing the duties of AMG is susceptible of widely different interpretations. There are a few American Red Cross workers in Italy—fewer than fifty—who have been incorporated, as tech-

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



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Bill is fast getting used to the old home town and its ways once again, and will soon be back at his job, picking up life where he left it to answer his country's call.

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nicians in welfare work, into the AMG setup. To these socially-minded people, suffering is a problem to be relieved. They help the crippled Italian social-service organizations to start up again, and they are sometimes able to provide medical supplies for civilian hospitals. (But of the six ambulances allotted to them, five were out of service last summer for lack of tires or tubes.)

But there are also AMG officers like the food commissioner whose report to an Allied Commission conference began: "There have been no food demonstrations for several months now; our program is a success."

To this man I said, "Doesn't the starvation of the Italians disturb you?" He answered, "No. After all, they bombed London." Not all AMG officers feel this way, but among those who do, the word "co-belligerent," as applied to Italy, is a jest. They admit it freely, and treat Italians as a conquered race.

IT is from this unforgiving viewpoint that we appear to have decided upon our treatment of the Bonomi government, whose members could not get gasoline rations to attend important official meetings. Until September, months after electricity had been supplied for all American and British Army hotels and clubs, the Italian government offices were lit by candlelight. And, for "fear of inflation," the Bonomi government was not allowed by the A. C. to honor the countless I O Us given to individual Italians when their houses, automobiles, and merchandise were requisitioned. Judges in the Italian courts, under our regime, are paid eighteen dollars a month—the price of four and a half pounds of meat!

But A. C. indifference to the Italian government's prestige with its own people is indicated best, perhaps, by one typical case. In August, two very well-run refugee camps had been established near Rome, with A. C. personnel and salvaged equipment. When this section of the country was given to the Italian government to administer, all the equipment was taken away by the Allied Commission!

The belief that Italy must be made to suffer for her part in the war, that Italy's good will is not worth courting, was often expressed to me by highly-placed A. C. officials. Is their attitude the one officially determined by Washington and London?

Perhaps. Yet there are numerous contradictory facts. The very printing of the Four Freedoms on the Italian money indicates that *someone* in the higher-up brackets wishes Italy to enjoy freedom from fear and want. The very presence in Rome of our Ambassador Alexander Kirk, who entertains distinguished Italians in the American Embassy, suggests that our State Department, at least, believes Italy's good will worth cultivating. More than forty Federal Economic Administration representatives are now in Rome engaged in advising Italian industrialists on the rebuilding of their factories. These men work, officially, for A. C., but they were told, before leaving Washington, to do "all you can to help Italian recovery," according to one of their top men. The Psychological Warfare branch shows in numerous publications that part of its assignment is the selling of democracy to Italy.

BUT the Psychological Warfare branch is given a difficult task when it is asked to convince the Italians that they like our way of life. The foretaste we have given them is not appetizing.

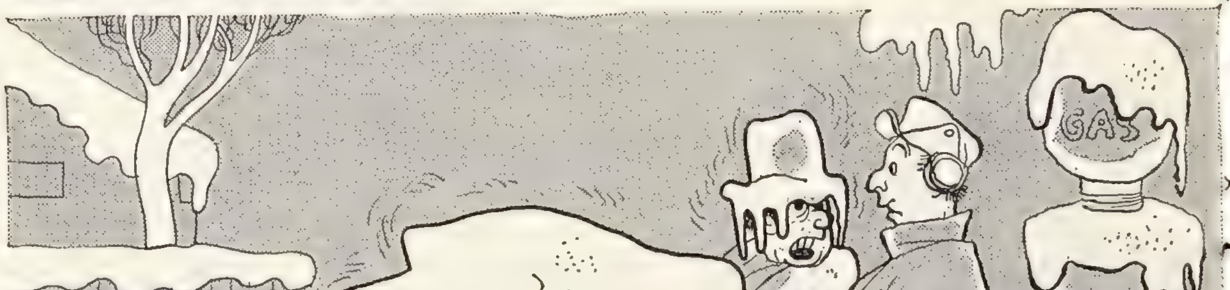
There are, for instance, the quarter of a million bombed-out poor who are spending this winter in hillside caves. In the little town of Valmontone, which I visited, the 1,700 residents had lived in damp and fetid caves for seven months. Their beds were wet straw. They cooked their gray flour on piles of charcoal. They had a few pitiful possessions piled in the dark recesses of the cave, to which a ragged woman led me by the light of a candle stump—her last. They had received no salt, sugar, fats, meat, or medicine since their homes were destroyed. Because there was no soap in the town, every one of them suffered from an infectious skin disease.

The Allied Commission has made no plans for providing emergency shelters for the cave dwellers of Italy during the icy winter months, nor has UNRRA or any other agency. With no fat on their bones and no wool on their bodies, 250,000 Italians must huddle for warmth into the earth. The propaganda of PWB and the good-will banquets of our embassy have not, so far, convinced these people that our system of government is one they like.

In Valmontone there are numerous signs on the walls saying "Lenin"; there are crudely-drawn hammer-and-sickle symbols of Communism. In the working-class quarters of Rome, buildings have been scrawled with the message, "Better the Stinker, Mussolini, than the A. C." But

(Continued on page 80)

THE HOME FRONT



"Some antifreeze—*quick!*"

FACE IN THE DARK

Continued from Page 19

violet eyes . . . the only really violet eyes I ever saw.

"Don't worry," I said. "He'll be O. K."

Like I said, getting information was tough. Everybody had it, but all in bits and pieces that didn't make sense. I did get certain facts. The Senator wasn't at the Inn alone. There were five other guys in the party, one of them his secretary. The secretary was the young man who had been so stunned when he saw the Senator's body. His name was Patrick O'Rourk. I tried to find this O'Rourk, but he was up to his ears in phone calls, doctors, and the local sheriff. It seemed the sheriff worked on the ski tow and he'd gotten there pretty quick.

I did get the names of the other four guys in the Senator's party, and three of 'em added up to something. They were G. L. Evarts, Henry Pickett, and Paul Dain. Anybody who knows anything about airplanes knows these names. They represent the three biggest aircraft-building outfits in the United States. The fourth guy in the party was named Manuel Gonzales. I had never heard of him and neither had anyone else. This whole group, I discovered, had been at the Inn for four days, and there wasn't any definite date for their leaving. I thought it was kind of queer that three big business executives and the Senator should be taking a holiday up here in Vermont with things cooking the way they were all over the world. About Mr. Gonzales I didn't know.

I also found out that this party had taken one small upstairs wing of the hotel and that they had a private sitting room and had all their meals served up there. They weren't mingling much with the hoi polloi. I also found out the Senator had taken himself a sleigh ride every afternoon since he arrived. Young Mr. O'Rourk was a skier, the aircraft gentlemen took their exercise walking the veranda, and Mr. Gonzales stayed close to the hottest fire he could find.

I HAD just finished getting this stuff down in my book when I was buttonholed by the local sheriff. He was a nice-looking, weather-beaten New Englander in his fifties. He had worried gray eyes. His name was Luke Gentry.

"You're Mr. Chandler's secretary?"

"That's one of my jobs," I said.

"Your name?"

"Buchanan . . . Rod Buchanan."

He wrote it down.

"Tell me, Mr. Buchanan," he said, "Mr. Chandler stopped the runaway, didn't he?"

"He caught the horse as it came through the gate."

"I understand he expressed the opinion that the Senator had been murdered?"

"That's right."

"Why does he think that, Mr. Buchanan?"

"You'd better ask Max," I said.

"I can't," the sheriff said. "He isn't around. Do you know where he's gone?"

"He said he was going to find the scene of the crime."

Sheriff Gentry shook his head. "It's a terrible thing," he said, "but I don't believe it's murder."

"Max is likely to convince you," I said. "That's a talent of his—convincing people. I might add, he convinced me. If you want to come out to the barn I'll show you how." I didn't see any harm in letting Gentry in on the facts without waiting for Max.

The sheriff was a countryman. He might have been lost with fingerprints or scientific crime stuff. But, being a countryman, the welts on the horse and the bent handrail on the sleigh were signs he could read.

"I'll have to get the State Police," he said. "This kind of thing is over my head."

Gentry was going to have more than the State Police on his hands, I knew. Before many hours the town of Coldstream was going to be bulging with reporters, photographers, FBI agents, politicians, and statesmen.

I looked down the country road. It was getting dark. I wished Max would get back.

WHEN I got back into the lounge I ran into the young man in the blue pants and the leather windbreaker. His face was the color of paste and there were little beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Mr. Buchanan?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"I'm O'Rourk, Senator Waldron's secretary. I've been looking for you. Mr. Evarts wonders if you'd come up to our suite for a moment."

I hesitated. "I'm waiting for Mr. Chandler."

"I know that," O'Rourk said. "I wish Mr. Chandler were here. But Mr. Evarts is anxious to talk to you. Miss Ames is there now."

That made it different. "Lead the way," I said.

They had a nice sitting room. There was a big fireplace at one end. The walls were paneled in white. The furnishings were antique, but solid looking.

Lee was there sitting in an armchair by the fire. There was a funny, tight little look about her eyes. Sitting opposite her, making with charm, was a number who had to be Señor Manuel Gonzales. He looked like all the pictures of Mephistopheles I used to see in books when I was a kid—without the red tights, of course. He had slick black hair, a black mustache, and a pointed beard. His eyebrows tilted upward at the outer edges, and when he smiled he showed the whitest evenest teeth I ever saw.

There were three other gents in the room. There was a sort of country-boy simplicity about all three.

Two of these guys were sitting at a round maple table which was loaded down with papers. The third was pacing up and down. He was stout and his brown hair was thinning. This was G. L. Evarts, and O'Rourk introduced me.

"It took you long enough to get here, Buchanan," he said.

"I only just found him," O'Rourk said.

"I want one thing understood at once, Buchanan," Evarts said, ignoring the explanation. "This nonsensical talk about murder must stop. It must stop at once."

"I didn't come up here to get yelled at," I said. "Come on, Lee, let's go."

"Just a minute, Buchanan." It was the thin white-haired gent at the table. He had a kindly face with lines of sadness in it. "I'm Henry Pickett," he said. "Mr. Evarts is upset. We're all deeply upset, deeply shocked."

"That goes for the whole country," I said.

"That's the reason there must be no irresponsible talk about the Senator's death," Pickett said. "I know Mr. Chandler is a reporter. But without any evidence whatever, to announce publicly—"

"Why do you say there's no evidence?" I interrupted.

"Well, because obviously—"

"Because obviously you haven't taken the trouble to look around. The sheriff has. He's sent for help."

"You mean Chandler's convinced the sheriff of this nonsense?" the third man asked. He was Paul Dain, of Dain Aircraft.

"I convinced him," I said.

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"Then there is some basis for Mr. Chandler's assertion?" Gonzales asked. He spoke more like an Englishman than a Spaniard.

"Mr. Chandler doesn't make statements without reason," I said.

"It's impossible!" Evarts exploded. "You don't realize the damage this kind of loose theorizing can do. You don't seem to realize what it can do to us, and to Señor Gonzales, who is a distinguished diplomat from a friendly South American country."

"What can it do to you," I said, "unless one of you killed him?"

I thought Evarts was going to explode. He started toward me, and then stopped. He was looking past me at the door behind. I turned around to have a look. Max was standing there. There was snow on his shoulders and on his boots. In his hand he held a long black horsewhip.

"Rod's quite right," Max said. "What *can* it do, unless one of you killed him?"

MAX had an astonishing effect on those guys in the paneled sitting room. Maybe it was because he gave off an aura of authority and those birds understood that kind of thing. Max told them about the whipped horse and the bent railing.

"I discovered the place where it happened," he told them. "Unfortunately it's started to snow and the story it tells will be blanketed out. But the evidence *was* there. Somebody hailed the Senator and he stopped his sleigh. He evidently got out to talk to the person who'd hailed him. That person was the murderer. He had a small sharp-pointed stone in his hand and he beat in the Senator's skull with it. Then he pried the handrail of the sleigh out of shape and arranged it so the Senator would appear to have fallen and been dragged. He took the whip out of the socket, slashed at the horse, and started the animal home. He couldn't replace the whip so he tossed it over a stone wall. That was a mistake. If he'd left it in the road it *might* have looked as if it had dropped out of the sleigh."

The suave Mr. Gonzales gave up charming Lee and came over to the table.

"We must face facts, gentlemen," he said. "The Senator was here with us. Suspicion will fall on us. I suggest we tell Mr. Chandler as much of the truth as can be told."

"I'm against it," Evarts said. "I'm against talking at all till we're approached by the proper authorities."

"Unless we take Mr. Chandler at least part way into our confidence," Gonzales said, "we cannot ask favors of him. And we must ask favors of him, gentlemen."

The three aircraft magnates looked at each other. Gonzales went on talking.

"I am trying to negotiate a deal for postwar commercial air lines for my country, Mr. Chandler. That country is Brazil. As you know, we are a friendly nation. The financial end of the deal as it relates to these gentlemen and me is settled. But there are political and diplomatic angles. It was mutually agreed that ex-Senator Waldron should be called in and that his decision would be final. If he decided that the coast was clear from a political and diplomatic point of view the deal was—how do you say?—in the bag. If not—" Gonzales shrugged.

"And he hadn't decided?" Max asked.

"Not yet. There were many documents to go over, many aspects to be discussed."

"Had you any idea what his decision was going to be?"

Gonzales' black eyes were unwavering. "None. But it would have come soon."

"And if it had been negative," Max said coldly, "one or all of you might have had reason to murder him. I gather this deal is not a small one."

"It is not small," Gonzales said.

"You recognize, gentlemen, that you're going to have to stay here and face the music. I'm sorry, but that's how it is."

Gonzales inclined his head.

We left the Senator's party to stew in its own juice and went to Max's room. He wanted to know how we happened to be with Evarts and Company. We explained how we got there.

Max walked up and down the room. "It's murder," he said, "and the motive seems fairly clear. Someone was afraid of the Senator's decision."

"He was going to turn thumbs down on the deal," I said.

"It seems probable," Max said.

"Why didn't you ask 'em for alibis?"

"That's police work," Max said. "Besides, the murderer will have an alibi."

"It seems to me," Lee said, "an investigation of this deal would show who would be most hurt by its failure to go through."

"That's a job for accountants and experts in the field of politics and diplomacy."

I thought Max was going to say more, but he was interrupted by a knock at the door. He called out an invitation to come in. It was young O'Rourk, the Senator's secretary. His face had that pasty look.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Chandler," he said, his voice shaken.

"Come in. Sit down."

He lifted his hands up and covered his face. His whole body began to heave with great, uncontrollable sighs.

"I killed him," he said. "I killed him!"

WE didn't any of us speak. Max stood looking down at O'Rourk and his pale blue eyes were so cold they frightened me. I knew he felt deeply about the Senator. Finally the young man looked up.

"Not in the way you think!" he said sharply. "Not the stone and the sleigh and all that. But if I hadn't been a miserable coward it wouldn't have happened."

I heard Max's breath come out slowly. "You could have prevented it?"

"Yes."

"You knew it was going to happen and you let it happen?" Max's voice held a repressed but terrible anger.

"No, not that," O'Rourk said. "I didn't think they'd kill him. I didn't think they'd dare. *But I knew they'd kill me!*"

Max took out his cigarette case and fumbled in it for a butt. "Suppose you tell this story from the beginning," he said. He held out the case to O'Rourk. The young man took one. I struck a match for him.

"It was yesterday," he said. "Last night. The Senator called me to his room. He looked pretty upset. 'Pat,' he said, 'something about this deal stinks. There's someone in this group who's working against the interests of our country. Someone who's looking ahead to a powerful Germany again and a third world war.' I asked him who. He said he didn't know

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)

yet. 'We need help to get to the bottom of this,' he said. 'The Federal Economic Administration in Washington has investigators. I want one of their men here. I want you to go to your room, get a person-to-person call through to Caldwell in Washington, and have him send his best investigator here.'

"So I went to my room, Mr. Chandler. I sat down on the edge of the bed by the phone. I had just picked up the receiver when the lights went out. I felt the butt of a revolver pressed against my neck.

"'Sit perfectly still, Mr. O'Rourk,' a voice said. 'You and I are going to talk.'"

"Did you recognize the voice?" Max interrupted.

"N—no. It seemed to be disguised. I—"

"Go ahead."

"Whoever it was," O'Rourk said, "knew exactly what my orders were, what the Senator's suspicions were. He said I wasn't to make the call. He said if I did I would die. I was to tell the Senator I had made the call and that a man was coming.

"'All I need, Mr. O'Rourk, is a few hours; till tomorrow night, say.'

"God help me, Mr. Chandler, I was paralyzed. Ever since I was a child I have had an enormous neurotic fear of death. That's why the Army wouldn't have me. Psychoneurotic, they called me. I—I didn't see what harm a day's delay could do. I— Mr. Chandler, I didn't want to die!"

"There was no light at all? You never saw the man's face?"

"No."

"And you have no idea who it was?"

O'Rourk hesitated. "I *think* I know, Mr. Chandler. I think it was Gonzales."

"Why?"

"The cigarettes."

"What cigarettes?"

"He smoked two or three cigarettes while he sat there in the dark, talking to me. They had a funny smell, Mr. Chandler. Gonzales smokes a Cuban cigarette that smells like that. Of course someone could have taken his cigarettes to throw me off."

"And he smoked two or three?"

"Yes. You don't understand, Mr. Chandler. I didn't think the Senator was in danger. I didn't care about the deal. I knew from the way that man talked that he would kill me."

Max was silent for a long time. O'Rourk looked at him with pleading eyes.

Finally Max said, "Does Gonzales drink?"

"Why—why yes!"

"I want you to get hold of a glass he's used," Max said. "I want to get his fingerprints, Mr. O'Rourk. Handle it carefully, with a handkerchief, so that your prints don't get mixed in with it. If Gonzales isn't what he seems to be they may have records on him in Washington."

"I'll do it," O'Rourk said.

"It may help to make up for your cowardice, O'Rourk," Max said, coldly.

An hour later O'Rourk appeared with a highball glass that he carried carefully in a handkerchief. Max had instructed me to get out my little camera, which was a special part of my equipment. I took pictures of the prints on the glass. O'Rourk watched, fascinated. Max told him that the prints, when they were developed, would be sent by plane to Washington and that in twenty-four hours we'd have a report on Gonzales.

We developed the prints and Max went off to phone and arrange for delivery.

The Mountain View Inn was gradually turning into a bedlam. Reporters and public figures were beginning to pour into the place. As I had known would happen, there was an FBI agent named Rogers who took over from the sheriff, a very grateful sheriff, I might add. The aircraft boys and Mr. Gonzales and O'Rourk were closeted with Rogers all the next day. I wondered if O'Rourk broke down and told him his unpleasant little story. I suspected he hadn't.

About four in the afternoon Max got a long-distance call from Washington. His face was a study when he left the telephone.

"Report on the fingerprints," he said. "They belong to a man who was a known German agent for years."

"So Gonzales is an agent!"

"The agent's real name is Schrader," Max said. "Carl Schrader. Let's go get him."

We went down the corridor to the Evarts' suite. A plainclothes dick let us into the sitting room when Max sent in his name to Rogers. The FBI man looked tired and frazzled. The room was thick with smoke.

Max told them about O'Rourk and his night visitor. It was clear the story hadn't come out in the day's investigation. Gradually it began to dawn on the aircraft boys and Rogers that Mr. Gonzales was "it."

"O'Rourk brought me prints," Max was saying. "We photographed them and sent them to Washington. The report is conclusive. Those prints belonged to a well-known agent named Carl Schrader."

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Rogers turned on Gonzales, his eyes blazing with anger. "You rat," he said.

Gonzales didn't ruffle by so much as a hair. "My dear fellow, there's some very odd mistake here," he said. "I—"

Rogers slapped him across the mouth with the back of his hand.

Gonzales lifted a hand to his bleeding lip. "I tell you," he said sharply, "there's some mistake. I—"

"Easy, Rogers!" Max said. "There *is* a mistake. Mr. Gonzales is not Carl Schrader."

"But the fingerprints! I thought—"

"I said the fingerprints were Schrader's. I didn't say they were Gonzales'."

"But O'Rourk brought you Gonzales' glass!"

"Did he?" Max said. The pale eyes were fixed on the secretary, who was slowly rising from his chair. "Mr. O'Rourk brought me his own fingerprints, gentlemen. How do I know? Because when he was telling me his little fantasy about his armed visitor I offered him a cigarette from my case. He took one, leaving his own prints on that case. I preserved them. I didn't believe Mr. O'Rourk's story."

"You didn't believe him?" Rogers said.

"Certainly not. He said the man lit two or three cigarettes while he talked to him, yet he never got a glimpse of his face. If Gonzales was such a smooth operator, do you think he'd give himself away by smoking those cigarettes?"

Max turned and began to move slowly toward O'Rourk. "The cigarettes were a sour note, O'Rourk. If your story was true, then someone was trying to frame Gonzales. But I knew it wasn't true, because I knew a man couldn't light several cigarettes in a dark room without your seeing his face. You knew you were going to be held here until someone was arrested. You tried to fix it so someone would be. You brought me that highball glass with prints on it—but they were your own prints. You thought I'd take your word for it they were Gonzales'! Gonzales would be arrested, everybody would be allowed to leave, and you would be able to stage a getaway before the FBI discovered their mistake. You used your own prints because there would be an authoritative report on them. It was very clever, Schrader. It might have worked if your invention hadn't been a touch too fancy."

Then, suddenly, Max lunged forward. His fist caught O'Rourk, or Schrader, on the point of the chin and knocked him kicking over a chair.

"He's got a gun, Rogers," Max said. "Take it away from him."

WE pieced it together afterward. Schrader knew he was trapped and couldn't get away unless someone else was arrested. His intricate spy mind devised the dangerous trick with the prints.

Far from turning down the deal, the Senator had meant to O. K. it. Schrader and the people he represented didn't want it to go through. They had plans for other air lines over which they could have control. The Senator's murder was meant to throw the whole deal with Gonzales in such a bad light that it would fall through.

"The trouble with Schrader was that his mind worked too intricately, too cleverly. ~~It's a German failing.~~"

"You'd better watch your step," Lee said. "You're getting to be almost too darned clever yourself."

Max looked at her for a moment. "Some day we may live in a sane world again," he said. "Then it won't be necessary to be clever. Then it will be possible to live and feel as a man should live and feel."

Something in his eyes and the tone of his voice brought the color slowly rising into her cheeks.

THE END

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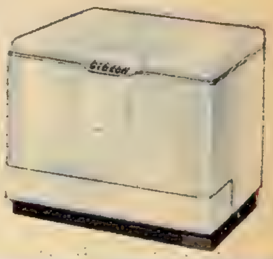
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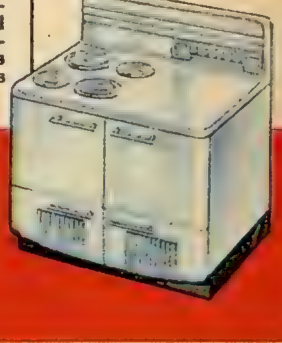

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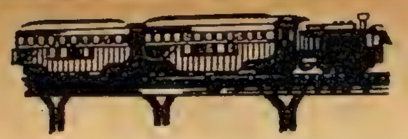

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THE UNFINISHED SAGA OF SAMUEL MacBAIN

Continued from Page 29

"A war hero should be also a postwar hero," argued the writer. "We'd show him doing rehabilitation work."

"I don't think I feel it," said Mr. Dritz regretfully. He was obviously sorry to do this to China. "No, I don't feel it at all. What else?"

Writer number two stepped forward. "I'd like to see the crusading spirit kept alive. Something inspirational, you know. The old spiritual build-up. I'd like to turn him into a great evangelist."

Sam leaned forward, his eyes bugging out. "But I ain't much good at—"

"A preacher's not too good and not too bad," interrupted Mr. Dritz. "I like the spiritual build-up. Make a note, somebody. What else?"

A nervous young man cleared his throat. "I'd rather keep it folksy," he said. "He's a great influence for good in his home town. He buys the local newspaper; stirring editorials, and all that. Reform stuff. And for a final fade-out, if it could be arranged"— he glanced apologetically in the direction of Millie—"I'd like to see him bouncing another set of twins on his knees."

Sam got away from me and leaped out of his chair.

"Now wait just a minute!" he cried. "If you folks don't mind—"

Rex Crane tapped him on the shoulder. "Mr. Dritz is thinking," he said.

Mr. Dritz had his eyes closed and his head thrown back. "I like twins," he said. "Twins are cute. Make a note. Anything else?"

The fourth and last tortured soul sprang into action. "I see it this way," he began. "He had glamor in war and he's got to keep glamor. This is a Dritz super-special. We can't double-cross the public." He raised his hand dramatically. "Sam MacBain has got to run for Congress!"

The intake of many breaths was like a mighty whisper in the room. Everyone felt the impact of those ringing words. Even Sam. He held his head in his hands and groaned. Mr. Dritz sprang to his feet. "I feel it!" he cried triumphantly. "It hits me! Make a note!"

THE inspired writer hurried on. "We close on his acceptance speech!" he exclaimed. "His neighbors crowd around his porch steps with tears in their eyes! Millie is beside him, her face glowing with pride! The twins pull at his coat tails! A new Lincoln is born!" He fell back into his chair, overcome. "What a fade-out!" he whispered.

Mr. Dritz's arms were raised to heaven. "I feel it!" he cried again.

A murmured chorus backed him up. Everyone felt it except Sam. He spoke up weakly: "Old Joe Barlow's been our congressman for twenty years. And he's done pretty good."

"So what?" snapped Mr. Dritz. "You can run against him."

"I ain't much at politics," murmured Sam. "The folks got too much sense to nominate me."

Mr. Dritz frowned. He never approved of defeatism. "They'll nominate you!" he growled. His arm moved in an encircling gesture. "Make a note, everybody! Tell Publicity to get busy. Get New York on the phone. Tell them to send their best man. Start the spadework—MacBain for Congress. We got three months before primaries. High-pressure it. I'm doubling the publicity budget. I want him nominated—unanimous!"

The room came to life. Men scurried. Everyone talked at once. Mr. Dritz screamed into the square box on his desk. Three telephones rang. Sam kept talking, but no one listened. He reached across and poked Mr. Dritz in the chest.

"Well, what do *you* want?" demanded Mr. Dritz, two telephones pressing against his head like ear muffs.

"Mr. Dritz," Sam said, "in the movie you can run me for Congress or even the Senate. But me, personally, I want to work in Ed Tupper's garage and fish on the side."

Mr. Dritz glared angrily. "Is a biography biographical or ain't it?" he cried. "You want me to break faith with the public? I should put something on the screen that ain't true? I should run you for Congress in the movie, and everyone knows—and it gets in the papers even—that you're really a grease monkey?"

"Just the same, I ain't aiming to—"

Mr. Dritz dropped both phones into their cradles and threw up his hands. "So you're holding me up!" he cried accusingly. "What can I do? So you get a five-thousand-dollar bonus if you run for Congress!"

Sam's arms fell to his sides. He opened his mouth and closed it. The phones began ringing again. Secretaries brushed by to converge on Mr. Dritz. Sam felt Millie's hand on his shoulder. "Take it," she snapped, "before he changes his mind!"

Sam's head drooped.

"Shucks!" he muttered.

"*Nuts*," Millie corrected.

"All right," Sam said. "Nuts!"

I DIDN'T see Sam again for ten weeks. There was the small matter of his nomination to be attended to. It wasn't so difficult, even though Sam wasn't enrolled in any party. No one wanted the job of running against old Barlow, who hadn't been beaten in twenty years. So we whooped Sam up in the press, and put on the pressure where it would do the most good. When I hopped a plane back to California it was in the bag.

Sam wasn't on the set when I got to the studio. I found him in a café across the boulevard, hunched over a glass of beer. "How're things going?" I asked. "I thought you'd be on the set."

He shook his head glumly. "I get all mixed up on the set. Is that guy Rex Crane acting like me or am I acting like him?"

"He's you, glorified. He's Sam MacBain with Dritz trimmings. How's Millie?"

"My Millie or the movie Millie?" he asked. "The movie Millie is a cute little thing with yellow hair. She's about half the size of my Millie and her eyes are twice as big. As for my Millie—" He broke off and sighed heavily.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"We ain't speaking. Ever since Millie's seen that Crane fellow behaving like me she wants me to behave like *him*. She sits around watching that guy make love to the movie Millie and she sighs like a tired hound dog. Then she bawls me out. So once I told her she ain't much like the movie Millie, either. Since then—"

"The Dritz standard is pretty high," I sympathized. "How's the movie Susie?"

"My Millie picked her out personally," he answered. "She's a bony female with a long face. The real Susie was cute."

I ordered two more beers. "As long as Mr. Dritz is satisfied—" I said.

"He ain't. Not enough sex in the picture, he says. I didn't have enough love affairs before I was married and none at all since." He shook his head sadly. "I feel like an awful heel about it," he said.

"We've all made our mistakes," I said consolingly. "Anyway, it won't be much longer. You go home in a week."

His face lit up. "You ain't kidding?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

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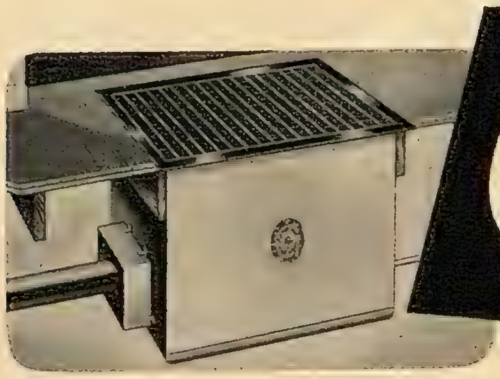

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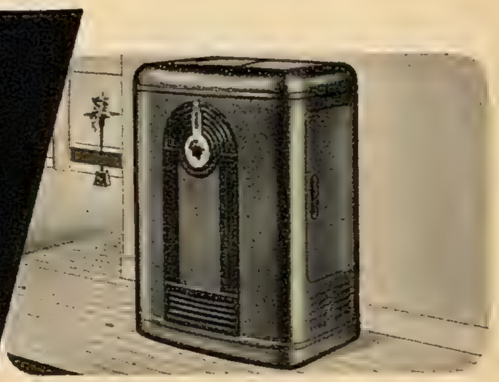

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(Continued from page 70)

"To accept your nomination for Congress," I told him, and he groaned softly. "It's all set," I went on. "We did a bang-up job. The way things look now, I wouldn't be surprised if you beat out old Barlow in November and got yourself elected."

He turned white as a sheet. "They can't do that to me!" he said. "Not to *Congress!*"

I shrugged. "The will of the people," I said. "And also of Mr. Dritz."

"And Millie," he added mournfully. "She's all for it."

I emptied my glass and stood up. "Look," I said. "I work for Mr. Dritz and maybe I should shut my big mouth. But you got the Distinguished Service Cross, didn't you? It was for bravery, wasn't it?"

"You don't know Millie," he said.

"And General Tompkins called you the fightingest soldier he'd ever known."

"Millie," he muttered, "is different."

I gave up. "You're the doctor," I said. "We leave Saturday. Six of our writers have written your acceptance speech for you. And Mr. Dritz has had a brainstorm. He's taking the principals and a camera crew to Scroonsville. After you make your speech from your front porch to the neighbors, Rex Crane will make the same speech and the cameras will shoot it. On to Washington!" I said.

He moaned softly. "Don't!" he whispered.

WE built a speakers' platform long enough to hold six chairs and a rostrum for Sam, and we ruined the petunias with rows of benches on either side of the walk. When the American Legion band began to warm up, every chair was taken.

Promptly at two Sam came out of the house wearing a new blue suit and a white carnation. He looked at the platform as though it were a gallows, but he mounted the steps with Millie on his arm and sat down in his chair. All but one of the seats on the platform were filled.

The band finished the national anthem. Millie gave Sam a poke and he stood up and took out the speech Mr. Dritz's writers had given him. That chair on the platform was still empty. Sam said, "My friends and neighbors," and I turned away.

"My friends and neighbors," Sam said again. Then he stopped. The screech of a car's brakes stopped him. A taxi pulled up outside the gate and a man in uniform got out. He was a tubby little man with two stars on his shoulders. He hobbled down the path with the cane he still had to use. I looked at Sam, and I'd never seen a grin like the one he was wearing.

The general limped up the steps to the platform and put out his hand. "How are you, sergeant?" he said.

"General Tompkins, sir!"

"Tommy the Tub to you, you damned civilian," said the general.

"Swell of you to come," Sam said.

"I thought I'd drop by," the general said. "You look scared. Like that day we hit the beach in Normandy."

"Worse," nodded Sam.

"But you went in fighting."

Sam grinned. "Right behind you."

"We went places that day."

"You were way out in front, yelling. Someone said, 'Look at Tommy the Tub out there!' It was like a shot in the arm." Sam looked like he did in the battle pictures of him that the newspapers had printed.

"Going to make a good speech?" the general asked.

Sam put back his head and chuckled. "Best damned speech you ever heard," he said, and turned to the crowd. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "thanks just the same, but I don't want to run for Congress."

Millie went white. "Sam!" she yelled.

He didn't even turn. "Shut up, Millie!" he said. He looked over the crowd again. "Joe Barlow's a pretty good congressman. Let's keep him working at it. Me, I—"

Mr. Dritz's voice came screaming from the back. "Cut! That ain't in the script!"

Sam grinned and tore the Dritz speech in half. "A guy's free to write the story of his own life, ain't he?" he called. "Far as I can see, that's what the war was all about." He leaned over the speakers' table. "Listen, folks. You call me a hero, and maybe I am, the same as any other G. I. But I don't want to keep on being one. No real guy does. When a G. I.'s through with the war, he wants to disappear back where he came from, and go his own way. Me, I aim to putter around Ed Tupper's garage. There's been a lot of killing so that folks can live the way they want to. And I want to live like I always did. So thanks, anyway—and don't tramp on the petunias on your way out."

The crowd started to yell, and the general shook Sam's hand, and Millie just sat in a white-faced daze. Mr. Dritz came running down the walk. He climbed the platform and pounded Sam's back. "That does it!" he said. "It's terrific!"

"You mean you ain't sore?" Sam said.

"Hero renounces glory!" cried Mr. Dritz, dancing around. "That's our finish. I feel it! You get another five thousand bonus!"

I STAYED to have dinner with Sam and the general. Sam went to the kitchen to fix us a stiff one, and I was alone with Tommy the Tub. "I was afraid you weren't coming," I said.

"I didn't get your letter at the hospital until yesterday," he said. "Why shouldn't I come? He saved my life once, didn't he?"

"And you saved him today," I said.

Tommy the Tub grinned. "From Congress," he said. "We're about even."

THE END

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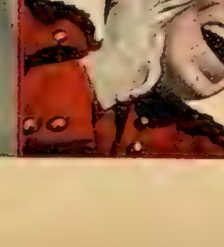

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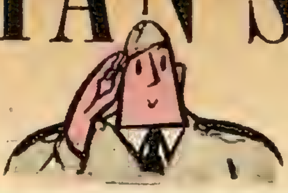
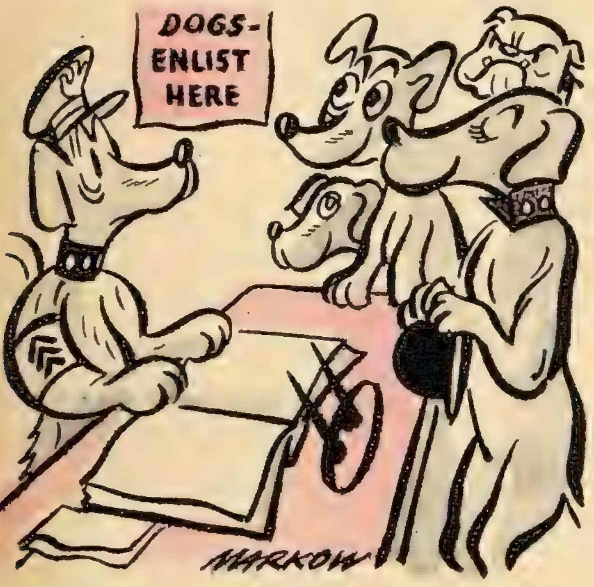


CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I HAVE two dogs, one a male and the other a female, which I must have taken off my hands in the near future. The male is a mixed-breed, Doberman pinscher-looking dog and the female is a mixture of pointer and chow. I understand that the K-9 Corps will accept these pups, but haven't been able to find out where to communicate with them or what steps to take in order to put these dogs in the Army. I would also like to know if I may by chance have them returned to me after the war.
A/C G. C. P., R. A. A. F., Roswell, N. M.



Joining up

To put your dogs in the Army, communicate with the Regional Director of Dogs for Defense, Inc., Box 59, Santa Fe, New Mexico, or write the national headquarters of that organization at 22 East 60th Street, New York City. Dogs must be donated unconditionally, but when released from the Armed Forces they will be returned to their owners.

* * *

Where can I obtain the Combat Infantryman Badge? I am getting the ten bucks, but haven't been able to find the badge.
Sgt. L. T., Battey General Hospital, Ga.

Submit an application to the Commanding Officer of the hospital. According to WD Circular 408, October 17, 1944, an individual no longer present with the unit wherein he was awarded an Infantryman Badge, and who has received the order but has not received the decoration, will submit application to his present organization commander.

* * *

Quite a bit of argument going on around here about how the Navy uses its system of serial numbers. Will you kindly explain this to us hard-headed gobs?
Coxswain R. E. K., Newport, R. I.

The Navy Department issues service numbers in blocks to the various recruiting stations, which give them out serially. In other words, your number is a matter of chance and when you were sworn in. The same number is never given out twice. The Recruiting Station in New York has had to get several additional blocks of numbers since Pearl Harbor. They are now issuing numbers over 8,000,000 (written 800-00-00) to inductees, and numbers beginning with 646-23-00 to volunteers. Old Sarge talked with a man there who was in the first World War and volunteered again for this one. His number is 113-42-14. The system was started around 1917 with 1,000,000.

* * *

Do WACs come under the provision of getting their jobs back or an equivalent thereto? *C. J. K., Daytona Beach, Fla.*

Yes, on discharge WACs have the same rights to their former jobs that soldiers have.

* * *

I was recently discharged from the Marine Corps for disability and was given a pension, but I feel fine now. If I were to join the Army, would my pension be continued? *H. S., Keystone, W. Va.*

It will be suspended if you are accepted again for service with the Armed Forces.

* * *

My husband enlisted at the age of forty-two. He has served in the Pacific one year, also was in the first World War, and was overseas both times. Now he is thinking of putting in his request for a discharge. Will he get his mustering-out pay?
Mrs. W. H., Winchester, Ill.

If a soldier over thirty-eight has performed service outside the limits of the continental United States or in Alaska, he is entitled to mustering-out pay when he is discharged on his request.

* * *

I received a letter from my brother in France stating that he is not in combat service and requesting me not to send him Christmas packages, as he wouldn't get them. He gave me this address: G. F. R. P. What do these initials indicate?
Mrs. L. D. S., Bergoo, West Va.

Ground Forces Replacement Pool.

* * *

If a serviceman is court-martialed and fined, does he get the fine back when he eventually gets his discharge? If not, what do they do with the money?
Pvt. P. J., Ogden, Utah.

He gets no refund. Army fines are for keeps. The money may be applied to some general benefit, such as a new post flag, or it may go into a prisoners' recreation fund.

* * *

Oops, sorry! S/Sgt. L. R. S., Vancouver, please note! In the November 25 This Man's War we said General Patton's permanent rank on August 22, 1944, was lieutenant colonel. We should have said colonel.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

"LIFT WITH YOUR MOUTH OPEN": The above is a bit of advice given to women employees in a bulletin prepared by the Office of Defense Transportation. Entitled Practical Hints to Employers of Women, with Special Reference to Transportation, the bulletin observes that "the average woman differs from the average man in certain physical, psychological, and experience factors which have a direct bearing upon her ability to learn and perform certain jobs. . . . The elbow and the knee are constructed differently in women. This partially accounts for their tendency to grasp tools differently from men and to be less steady on their feet." According to the bulletin, the ODT believes most women are handicapped in a man's world because they never played with mechanical toys or did such jobs as mowing the lawn or driving delivery wagons. On the other hand, women have superior manual dexterity as a result of sewing and doing other delicate tasks. The bulletin further advises women to wear long underwear when doing outdoor jobs in winter, to observe safety rules, and behave in a businesslike manner, which means they mustn't expect continual praise.

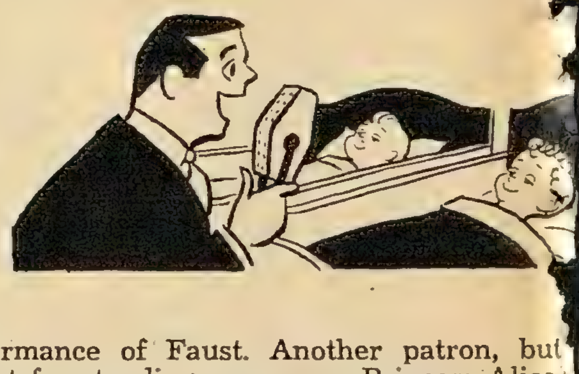
HAPPY DAZE

I claim at this date
  I'm the optimist utter:
I just bought a plate
  For a whole pound of butter!

RECORD BUSINESS: In an unsolicited testimonial, the record expert in our home continues to award his personal laurels to Decca singer Frank Luther for his rendition of ton upon ton of Mother Goose rhymes, not to mention such modern classics as the tuneful stories dealing with Babar, the French Elephant. Our authority, just slightly on the sunny side of three, is an authority in the field, preferring records to any gift rich uncles or doting friends can unload on him. Catholic in his taste, he has worn out several copies of the Victor record Clair de Lune, as played by the Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski conducting. A close favorite is The Trolley Song, one of the noisiest records on record. Fred Waring's Christmas album and Frank Luther's Christmas in Song are likewise popular the year round, with plenty of Bing Crosby between, especially his Swinging on a Star and The Star-Spangled Banner. Tinkle-Tonkle Town, sung and talked by Alice Remsen, is likewise a rainy-day favorite, not to mention the raucous number Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet. You may well ask whether it is worth while keeping our own little milkman quiet when his silence is bought with such a continuous outpouring of canned music. His close relatives often question the system too.

MUSIC ON THE AIR: Morton Downey, who was heard Mondays through Fridays at 3 P. M. Eastern War Time over the Blue Network, is another singer who has attained enormous popularity with the very young, not to mention their mothers. Many listeners claim he has such a soporific effect on their small fry that they settle down for their naps without a yap as long as Morton is on the air. Whether Mother can turn Morton off when Snooks is asleep without waking the child, I don't know. Perhaps she finds him soothing too. Incidentally, Mr. Downey has checked several child psychologists and a child-guidance clinic; they are convinced that men's voices appeal to children more than women's and that the kids prefer the male voice to sing them to sleep. Me too. But I haven't yet been able to get Daddy to sing any of us to sleep come nightfall. Besides, in our little nest I find music makes the young want to stay up and hear more. Which doesn't prove we have a budding Toscanini on our hands, but just that it's more fun to stay up than go to bed.

EXTREME CASES: My nomination for foremost opera enthusiast goes t fifty-five-year-old Herman O. Jaeger o Flushing, Queens, New York. After rising at 4 A. M. and walking his route from 6 A. M. to 10 A. M. from the General Post Office, he hotfooted it to the Metropolitan Opera House to be first in line to bu standing room for the opening night performance of Faust. Another patron, but not for standing room, was Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, wife of the Governor General of Canada. The princess, obviously a lover of fur as well as music, wore a mink coat *over* an ermine jacket. She had a dress on too—white taffeta adorned with a floral design.



FULL HOUSE: Minor Broadway productions, as well as super-hits, have been selling out so briskly that Broadway Sam, the ticket broker, was moved to observe, "People are buying theater tickets just to get off the streets."

BREAKFAST FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Continued from Page 11

desperately because her playmates didn't like the strange formalized speech acquired from her incessant childhood reading of the classics.

Because she finds it impossible to begin a second sentence until the first means exactly what she wants, she writes and rewrites. The completion of one page of copy sometimes fills a wastebasket. The effort to peg one thought to one sentence usually makes the sentence paragraph-like, cut up with dashes and dependent and parenthetical clauses. Quotations are tossed at random into the maze.

A Washington public-relations officer and his wife have made a game of breaking down the elaborate, complicated sentences, seeking grammatical errors, without success. Her bosses, fearing she may be writing over the heads of her readers, have suggested she give her worn-out dictionary a rest, even paraded a poster emphasizing that "little words have guts." But she is certain her style fits the "infinite march" of her problems. Besides, she insists, she writes for the ear, not the eye.

She never discusses her column lightly. At a party, for instance, she never talks about her letters, either for a guest's real or simulated interest or for someone's amusement, nor does she ever make a glib, patronizing remark about a correspondent. "In any circle of society," she explains, "I never know when someone at my elbow might have written me with a problem."

Her youngest correspondent was a girl of twelve who wondered how to handle the lives of her Army parents. The oldest was a woman past seventy, "humiliated and heartbroken" by her husband's philanderings with a younger woman.

A MOTHER whose legitimate daughter fell in love with her illegitimate son presented the knottiest problem. Left pregnant by a World War I soldier, the mother had given the child to his parents, hoping she could marry the father and reclaim their son after the war. He was killed and his parents insisted the mother promise never to try to see her child again. The son now was a Navy officer who wanted to marry her daughter before he went overseas. Her husband approved the marriage.

The truth, Mary Haworth decreed, must be shared with both children and her husband. The husband, she suggested, might help break the news to the children, but not necessarily. The daughter, she thought, should be given the facts first, then the son, with the daughter present if she desired.

"If you don't feel that you can do it," Miss Haworth cautioned the mother, "have a psychiatrist preside."

Religious, medical, or legal advice frequently is recommended. She works closely with psychiatrists, and once listed the names of eleven in her column. One psychiatrist with thirty years' experience and an admittedly hostile attitude paid her a grudging compliment by making her an exception to some rather contemptuous remarks about "the presumption of you and other laymen daring to venture into the psychiatric field."

Utterly fearless in her efforts to help, Mary Haworth will answer any problem the paper can print. Sex isn't emphasized, but when sex problems arise, as they do inevitably in "human relations," she deals with them realistically and frankly, on the theory that there is nothing that can't be bettered by antiseptic discussion.

A woman reader, for example, was

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warned that "it begins to appear that your attachment to your excitedly sex-conscious girl friend is significantly tied up with your complicated neurosis. The fact that you continue to yearn sentimentally after her suggests that your interest in her is emotionally unwholesome; perhaps latently homosexual in quality, although innocently so, on your part."

Although she was raised a Catholic, still retains much faith and confidence in the Church, and has always sent her daughters to Catholic schools, she recommends divorce unqualifiedly "as a desperate remedy for an otherwise hopelessly sick relationship." Her own marital experience doubtless influences her belief that "this painful amputation is plainly indicated as the only possible means of salvation (of psychic and social resuscitation) for many suffering couples."

LEAVING much to be desired, contends Miss Haworth, is "the rigid cultural attitude toward marriage which holds that the relationship is sacrosanct, per se, and that any and all evils suffered in process of preserving its outward form, when the spirit of unity has never blessed it or has long since fled, are saintly afflictions, and that, by the same token, divorce is a damning disclosure of personal unworthiness and a blasphemous repudiation of the Almighty's handiwork."

At the core of every problem, Miss Haworth has discovered, is someone's selfishness. She thought the war would sweep away a great deal of self-concern, but her mail has remained the same and, of course, new problems have been produced.

A Navy wife's objection to the desire of her husband, an officer on sea duty, to have a child "to carry on, just in case," resulted in Miss Haworth's most popular column, from the standpoint of mail received.

"God help humanity," wrote Miss Haworth, "if your alleged 'thinking' on this subject were a typical example of what gallant men in general had to cope with in process of seeking to forge a living link with the generation that is to come after—as their stake in the civilized world order they are preparing to lay down their lives to make possible." The Navy wife's "harebrained and frivolous attitude" filled the lady columnist with "a blend of nausea and dismay."

Mary Haworth seeks to conduct an adult column for adults and, on the assumption that her readers are intelligent, likes to present for their "delectation" what she calls the can-you-believe-they-really-exist type. So she gave them "Another Navy Wife" who had been so angered by the pen-lashing administered to the Navy wife that "it left me trembling for hours."

The "trembler" revealed herself as the highest honor graduate of one of the country's largest universities, "unselfish enough to leave my home for the first time in my life to come to a strange and infinitely lonely city to marry and be with the man I love very dearly." Because she would "rather die than bear a child," the day they were married both she and her husband abandoned their traditional religion.

"If human babies seemed lovable or attractive in any way, we might perhaps feel less strongly," she confided. "But they are probably the most repulsive young in the animal kingdom. I have never seen one that was not screaming ear-splittingly, or vomiting, or soiling its diapers, or simply drooling idiotically. Once I had to hold a six-month-old infant for five minutes, and when I was relieved of my unwelcome burden, I found myself violently ill—probably because I could not rid myself of the mental picture of what its mother must have endured to produce it."

Before the wolf pack baying against her had subsided, the smarting "Another Navy Wife" wrote again to explain that her revulsion for babies was expressed tongue-in-cheek, and that her fear of childbirth was due to her own mother's suffering and the deaths in childbirth of the first two of her intimate friends to marry.

"There can be no excuse for your general poor sportsmanship, intellectual dishonesty, and lack of courage," Miss Haworth concluded, unappeased.

The war also has produced this problem, especially on the Washington sector of the home front: "The erstwhile dutiful husband who puts on an officer's uniform, gets a crush on himself in his new exalted dress, and sallies forth to fight the battle of the sexes." Hardly was the ink dry on one Haworth column blistering an officer whose uniform had given him a Casanova complex when the offender was transferred out of Washington.

THROUGH the years an increasing number of persons have given Mary Haworth testimony that she has helped them organize and integrate their lives, bringing them happiness and peace.

"A dear friend of mine had a problem to which he could see no answer and I recommended you," wrote a male reader. "I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that your solution to his problem saved his sanity."

Another enthusiastic reader likened Miss Haworth to "the true spirit of the Good Samaritan," modern style, and a Washington American Legion post presented practical evidence of its esteem, its annual Americanism award.

It is not Miss Haworth's intention, however, to try to play God in anyone's life. Of her own knowledge, a confused perso needs a "voice of certitude quietly speaking," and she attempts only to be that voice, although it must be admitted that quiet speech isn't always a part of the pattern.

Seeking the essential significance of things has helped her own approach to life; trying to formulate attitudes for others has made her own clearer.

"Someone once said," she explains, "that he who helps his brother's bark to land will find his own has reached the shore.

"No reader has gained as much as I.

THE END

TRADE
MARK
CHICAGO BURNS!
Chicago, Oct. 9—The fire which threatens to destroy the whole city of Chicago was
still raging today and is not yet under control. The entire city is endang
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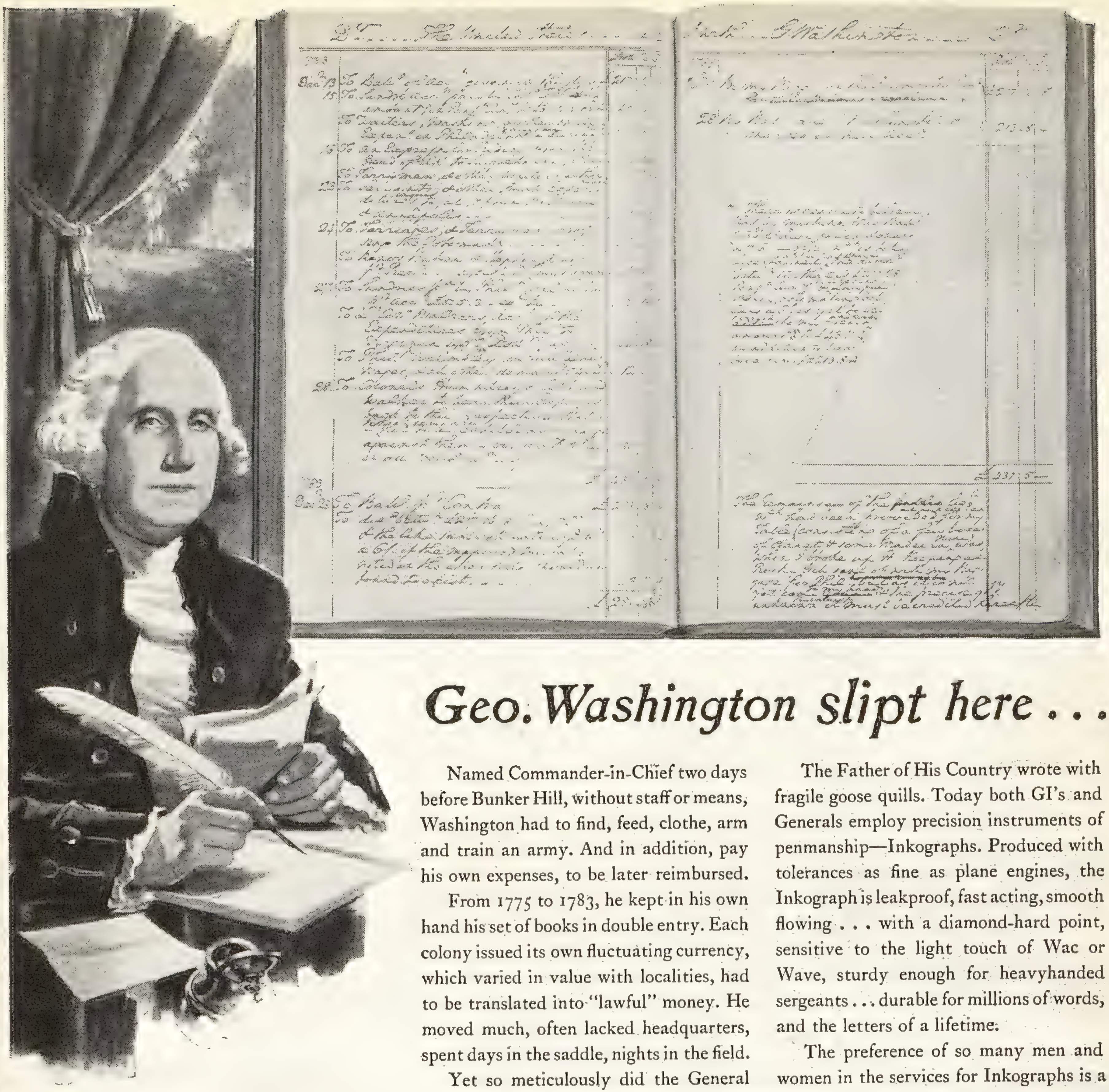
Starkle, starkle, little twink.
Who the heck I are you think?
I'm not under the alfluence of incohol,
Although some thinkle peep I am.
I fool so feelish I don't know who is me,
The drunker I set here the longer I be.
—Big Stone Gap (Va.) Post.



Geo. Washington slipt here . . .

Named Commander-in-Chief two days before Bunker Hill, without staff or means, Washington had to find, feed, clothe, arm and train an army. And in addition, pay his own expenses, to be later reimbursed.

From 1775 to 1783, he kept in his own hand his set of books in double entry. Each colony issued its own fluctuating currency, which varied in value with localities, had to be translated into "lawful" money. He moved much, often lacked headquarters, spent days in the saddle, nights in the field.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Father Chisholm (Gregory Peck) starts out in China with one follower and an orphan baby.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Gregory Peck, Thomas Mitchell, Vincent Price

GOING MY WAY and The Song of Bernadette may now make room in their exclusive company for another distinguished film on a spiritual theme. It is The Keys of the Kingdom, an imposing if somewhat rambling version of the popular novel by Dr. A. J. Cronin which covers more than half a century in the life of an obscure Scottish missionary priest.

The journal of white-haired Father Francis Chisholm (Gregory Peck) is an engrossing document. Most of it deals with his dramatic sojourn in China, but it ends, as it begins, in the little village of Tweedside where Francis was born. It is here that he hopes to round out his last days as priest of his native parish, but tragedy threatens when cold-eyed Monsignor Sleeth (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) comes to tell him he must retire. Fortunately, the monsignor comes upon the journal, and the past life of Father Chisholm springs into vivid detail. Some two and a quarter screen hours later, the Rev. Sleeth has changed his mind, and a whole beautifully-produced saga has been unfolded in the meanwhile.

The tale includes brief, touching glimpses into the life of the young Francis (Roddy McDowall) and sketches in the tragedies of his early youth. But his real life begins when he lands in China. So far, he's been a failure; he's too full of searching questions and real humility to become a successful "ecclesiastical mechanic," and his wise mellow old friend and counselor, the Rev. Hamish MacNabb (Edmund Gwenn) hopes he will find fulfillment as a missionary.

But there is a long, heartbreaking struggle awaiting Francis in the ruined mission ten days' journey up the Ta Whang River. There are no friends to meet him, no flock, no buildings. Nevertheless, out of desolation there finally come a church and a little group of loyal friends. Then, in the sudden terror and destruction of civil war, everything is laid waste. Father Chisholm himself blows up a bandit gun emplacement and works among the wounded. He watches silently while the straw houses of the ravaged village go up in a roaring inferno of flames; he sees his best friend die. But years later, when the aged priest finally goes home, he leaves a flourishing mission as a living monument to his faith and perseverance.

This story becomes real and compelling through the performance of long, lean, ascetic-looking Gregory Peck. Handsome enough to be intriguing, fervent enough to carry Father Chisholm plausibly through a cinema lifetime, he gives the exacting role integrity and depth. Vincent Price as an unctuous mealy-mouthed ecclesiastic, Thomas Mitchell as the atheistic Dr. Willie Tulloch, and Edmund Gwenn, the jolly patriarchal cleric, are vivid personalities in a picture rich in human interest.

The Keys of the Kingdom is overburdened with its own finely-set narrative. But though it achieves little of the tender humor of Going My Way, or the pure spiritual poetry of Bernadette, it, too, goes beyond creed and makes the goodness and faith of human beings a vital, inspiring reality.

Home again, old Father Chisholm brightens his last days with another child to love.

BY EVE STANLEY

TOMORROW THE WORLD

(United Artists)
Fredric March, Betty Field, Agnes Moorehead, Skippy Homeier, Joan Carroll

WHAT would happen if a coldly clever and fanatical little twelve-year-old Nazi were suddenly turned loose in a normal American home? That's the thought-provoking situation behind this picture, and it makes exciting first-rate cinema fare. Young Skippy Homeier, who created the role on the Broadway stage, outshines a top-notch cast in his portrayal of the supercilious, destructive little Emil Bruckner, fresh from Germany, who comes to live with his uncle (Fredric March), a tolerant, easygoing professor. Emil has been taught to despise the memory of his father, a German liberal leader; now that he's an orphan he brings to the household a full-fledged Nazi ideology and a grim determination to carry it out.

At first no one can believe what Emil is up to. He's disturbing, with his alternate heel-clicking and fawning, his shrill nasal recitation of Nazi formulas, his sneaking and scheming. But the professor and his motherless daughter, Pat (Joan Carroll) have faith in him; Pat's pretty Jewish teacher (Betty Field), who is engaged to the professor, starts him in with her class of young Americans and copes with his insults, his racial hatreds, his swaggering and bullying. But it isn't until loyal little Pat is found lying in the basement, beaten with a poker, that Emil's violence reaps its own reward. There's a chase and a real grunting, flailing, fist-smashing small-boy fight. Even the professor loses his self-control. It seems to be all up with Emil; underneath the vicious product of Nazi teaching there's evidently nothing left of the real, human boy.

What finally becomes of him is important—not only for the sake of the plot, but because Emil and the American youngsters stand for two opposing sets of ideals. When Pat sums it all up in the classic phrase: "Emil—*you stink!*" it's every American describing every Axis fanatic. But what makes the story's idealism touching and valid is the fact that with kids there's a whole new world of hope ahead.

Emil, taught to be ashamed of his liberal German father, slashes at his portrait.

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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 64)

nowhere on any Italian wall did I see a sign indicating that the Allies were making friends among the Italians for the democratic way of life.

Press control, exercised through an Intelligence officer who visits each Italian newspaper nightly, has proved an unconvincing evidence of "freedom of speech," as promised on the Italian money. If an Italian editor prints something which alarms the A. C., he is threatened with the withdrawal of his supply of paper. When the Jewish community in Rome last September elected a representative who was displeasing to the A. C., its leaders were told that no funds from America would be available to them until they chose a different candidate.

"Freedom from fear" does not exist in Italy. In September a former Fascist official was lynched by a street mob while the city remained under martial law! Jail riots broke out during the same week in Rome, and an A. C. commissioner, investigating, found that the prison's 300 inmates had been rounded up on the word of informers several months before and never brought to trial. When he asked the Allied police authorities how many of these men they wished held for trial, they gave him thirteen names! The others had been thrown into jail and forgotten.

Such an interpretation of "democracy" has failed to win it many friends. A former colonel in the Italian Army told me the names of ten Italian officers of high rank who had joined the Communist Party that month. "They wish to save Italy," he said, "by any political system that will make her strong. We have become disgusted with Fascism. We have been starved and robbed by democracy as the Allies have shown it to us. What is left to choose but the system of Stalin?"

The Italian Army officers with whom I talked were especially bitter. They have been reduced to civilian status, and their request that they help us fight the Germans has been denied. The Italian air force, reduced to token strength, is permitted only to rescue fliers at sea and to drop medical supplies into the Balkans. Several hundred thousand Italians, still in uniform, are held on a Mediterranean island and not permitted to bear arms.

Perhaps the Italians are prevented from fighting the Germans for excellent military reasons. But they do not interpret it this way. "The French," they say, "surrendered in 1940. They were ashamed of it later, and they have been allowed to redeem themselves by fighting the Germans in France. We, too, made a bad mistake; but the Allies will not let us show them that we are patriots and fighters, too. It is," they whisper to you, "because the Allies want a weak Italy after the war. They won't permit us to come to the peace table with a record of achievement."

Whatever the reason may be, the Italians are bitter over this decision. They have received no explanation from PWB to soften the blow to their national pride.

THE result? An American officer of high rank in the Allied Commission outlined it to me: "We are insulting the Italians in one department of this building and wooing them in another. This contradictory policy has resulted in making us hated everywhere.

"We are identifying 'democracy' with the direst misery this country has ever endured. The misery is not by any means entirely our fault. The Germans made it inevitable. But we have managed, by our foolish propaganda, to make the Italians believe that the system we have introduced is a 'democratic' one—and when they suffer under it they blame democracy."

An FEA official expressed it this way: "There is no democracy in Italy. Thanks to us, there is no enthusiasm for democracy. As a result of muddled thinking, we have wrapped the country up in red tissue paper and asked the Communists to call for it. We have done more than all the Communists have done to advance the Communist revolution in Italy. When the revolution comes—and it will, as soon as our troops are withdrawn—don't blame Stalin. Blame London and Washington, which could not make up their minds whether they wished to make a friend of Italy or beat her to the earth."

Nothing that I saw in three months in Italy contradicted what he said.

THE END

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WORLD BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Continued from Page 25

agreements. Temporary aid in the way of food, housing, and medical attention is being provided by organizations such as UNRRA. The International Red Cross is doing similar work. Scores of private agencies, such as the Joint Distribution Committee, the American Friends Service Committee, and the American Committee for Christian Refugees, are easing the plight of the disinherited wherever found.

But the I. M. S. is doing far more than case work. Even more important in the over-all picture is the direction individual members of the I. M. S. have given to governmental and private agencies. George L. Warren, for instance, who has been international director of the I. M. S. since 1929, was loaned to the President's Advisory Committee on Political Refugees. He's now consultant on the program for Displaced Peoples in UNRRA.

Suzanne Ferrière, associate director of headquarters in Geneva since 1928, organized the International Red Cross Inquiry Service there, the one agency which has been able to shuttle information across international boundaries during the course of the war. She's also directing a survey among the people in Swiss refugee camps. Out of this study, involving some 80,000 persons, will come new techniques for the future handling of world migrants.

Mlle. Hohermuth, director of the Swiss branch, is today making preparations for the immigration and repatriation of all the refugee children in Switzerland—some 40,000 at the last count.

RUTH LARNED is part parent of the Central Location Index. This organization, chartered in June in New York City, is setting up master indices of missing persons around the globe. It will serve as a clearinghouse between the Red Cross Message Service in Geneva and private agencies like the I. M. S. At present there are nearly 500,000 records on file. It is prepared to receive two million more.

Here's how it works: The I. M. S. office in New York recently received a request printed on Egyptian V mail. It came from a Viennese refugee, now stationed with a New Zealand unit somewhere in Egypt. He's trying to locate his mother, who was stranded in Austria.

A clerk in the I. M. S. office made duplicate records of the case, forwarding one copy to the Central Location Index. There the data were entered in the master files. The missing woman can't be found immediately. But one day, one of the 3,000 volunteer workers in the International Red Cross Inquiry Service in Geneva will pick up the card forwarded from the Central Location Index in New York City. She'll check in the massive Soundex files, and then she may exclaim:

"She's here! She's here in the files!"

Or she may not. The refugee mother may have been among the thousands who took the long ride to Lublin or Maidanek.

But meanwhile the I. M. S., working individually and through such organizations as these, is getting ready. Through its efforts many of the separate and collective tragedies that followed in the wake of World War I may be averted.

Whether the frightening mass displacement of mankind in World War II will end quietly or not remains to be seen. This much is certain, in the words of Elizabeth Clark:

"We won't have peace if we have too many people with no roots anywhere."

THE END

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JAN. 20, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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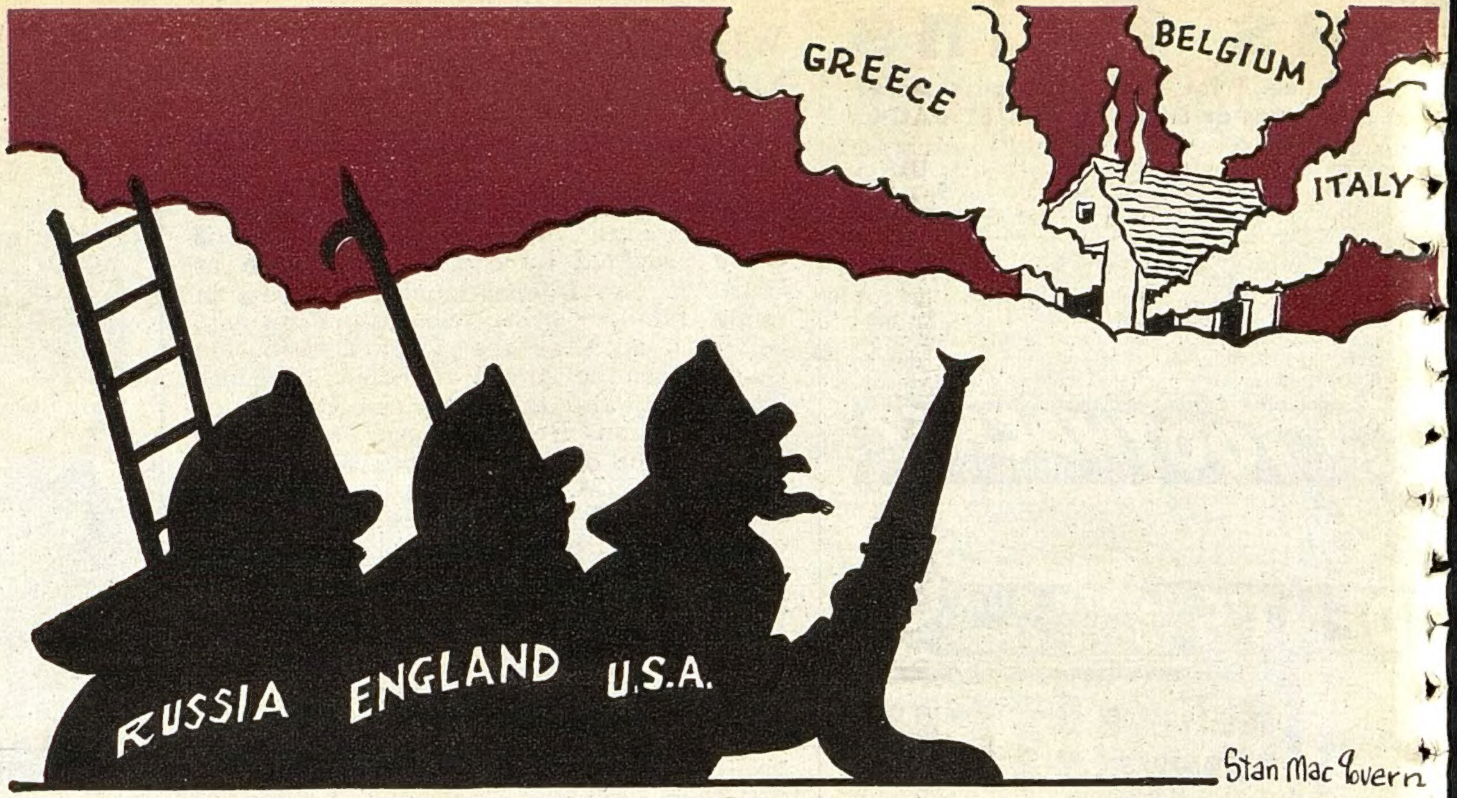

The Allies must settle these problems together.

INTERFERENCE IN THE POLITICS OF SMALL NATIONS

A BONE of contention between the Allies, which if not removed promptly is certain to ossify still further, is this matter of interference with the internal set-ups of the liberated countries. The Atlantic Charter advocates "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live."

This broad declaration of policy also implies the right of peoples to choose the men who will govern them.

As might be expected, there are difficulties in the way of putting these principles into execution. In the first place, it is certain there will be interference in the internal affairs of other countries if such interference seems necessary to keep world peace. We will not again allow a nation to adopt a form of government likely to lead it to war. We had enough of that with Germany and Italy. However, if the spirit of the Atlantic Charter is to prevail, interference is justified on this ground only, and only if it is demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that interference is necessary.

For a big power to interfere in the internal affairs of a smaller nation for the purposes of trade or political advantage or to secure concessions is wrong. If one big power does it, the others will have to also. Ever-increasing rivalry will result and another war will be inevitable.

However, a further complicating factor in applying the Atlantic Charter is the chaotic state in which most liberated countries find themselves. There is danger some group or clique may seize and hold power, thus fastening on the people a form of government and a ruling body which they don't want at all. As Mr. Churchill said, "Democracy is no harlot, to be picked up in the street by a man with a tommy gun."

There is only one way to negotiate safely these dangerous waters. America, Britain, and Russia must handle these situations jointly and with firm faith in the good faith of one another. Any action taken in regard to the political set-up of a liberated country must be a joint action, worked out beforehand in mutual trust. No other course is possible if the spirit of unity among the Allies is not to deteriorate.

Mistrust of European power politics is still very much present in the minds of the American people. If all these high-sounding declarations break down into a cat-and-dog fight, our inclination will be to wash our hands of the whole mess and turn once more to the isolation we have but lately abandoned.

Sometimes we in America are told we incline too much toward idealism in international affairs--that we are not realistic enough. It is said we can afford to be this way because geography protects us. We are not under the guns as the nations of Europe are said to be. Our answer to this is that the guns are of their own making. The world now has an opportunity to assure peace and honor among nations. If the opportunity is missed all the regional agreements and petty alliances in the world won't prevent a future war or lessen its impact on the big nations of Europe. For thousands of years the world has tried realism in international affairs without much success. We are risking little in giving idealism a chance.

Paul Hunter

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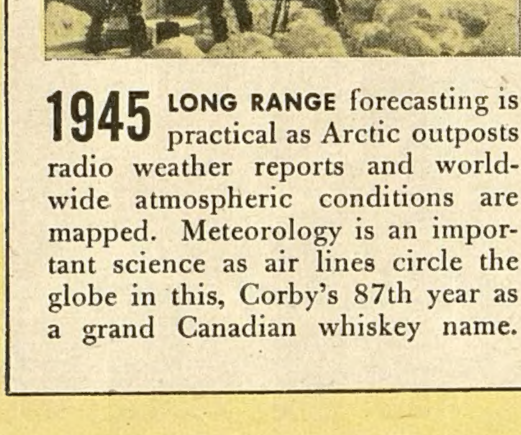

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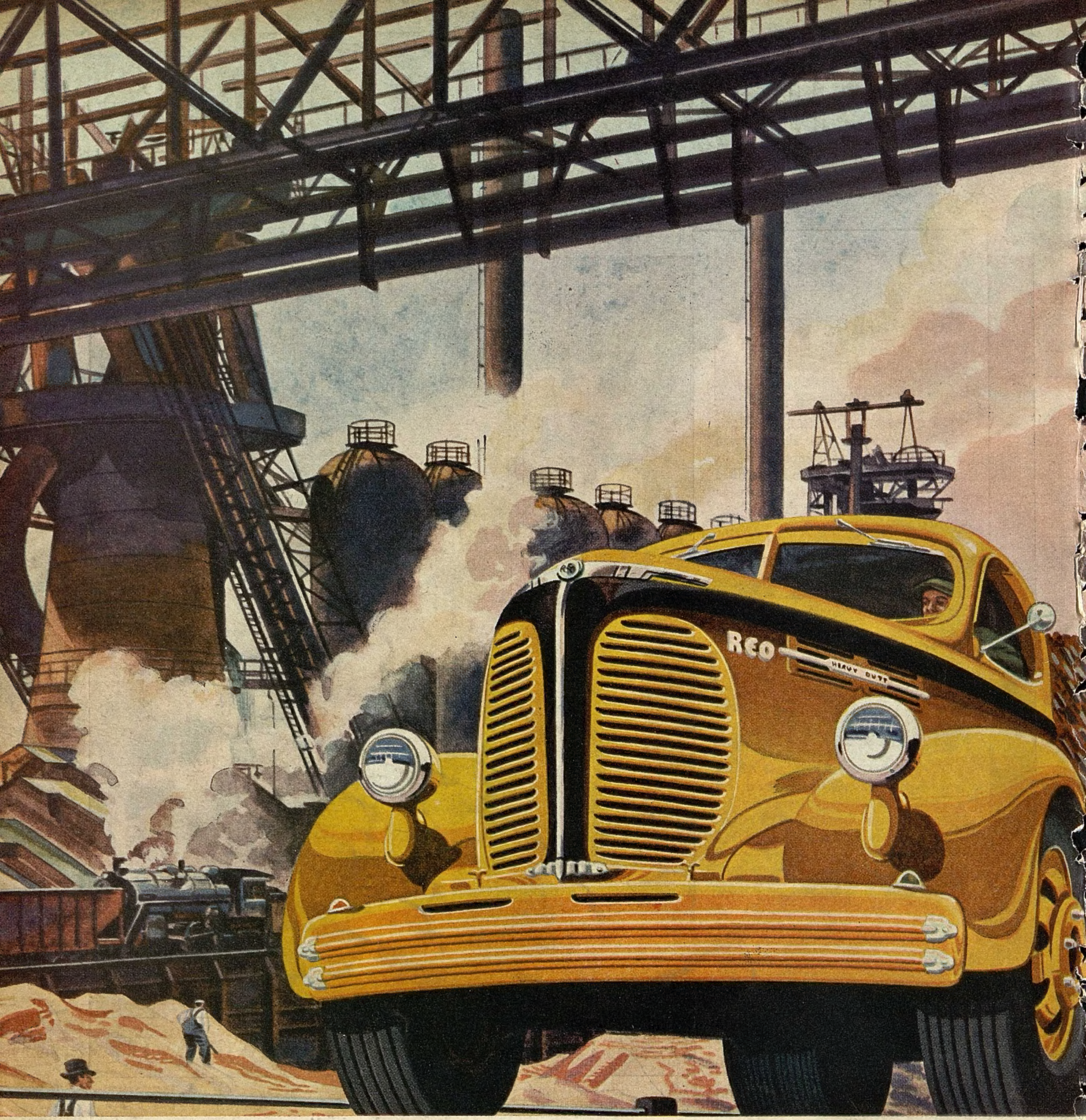

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